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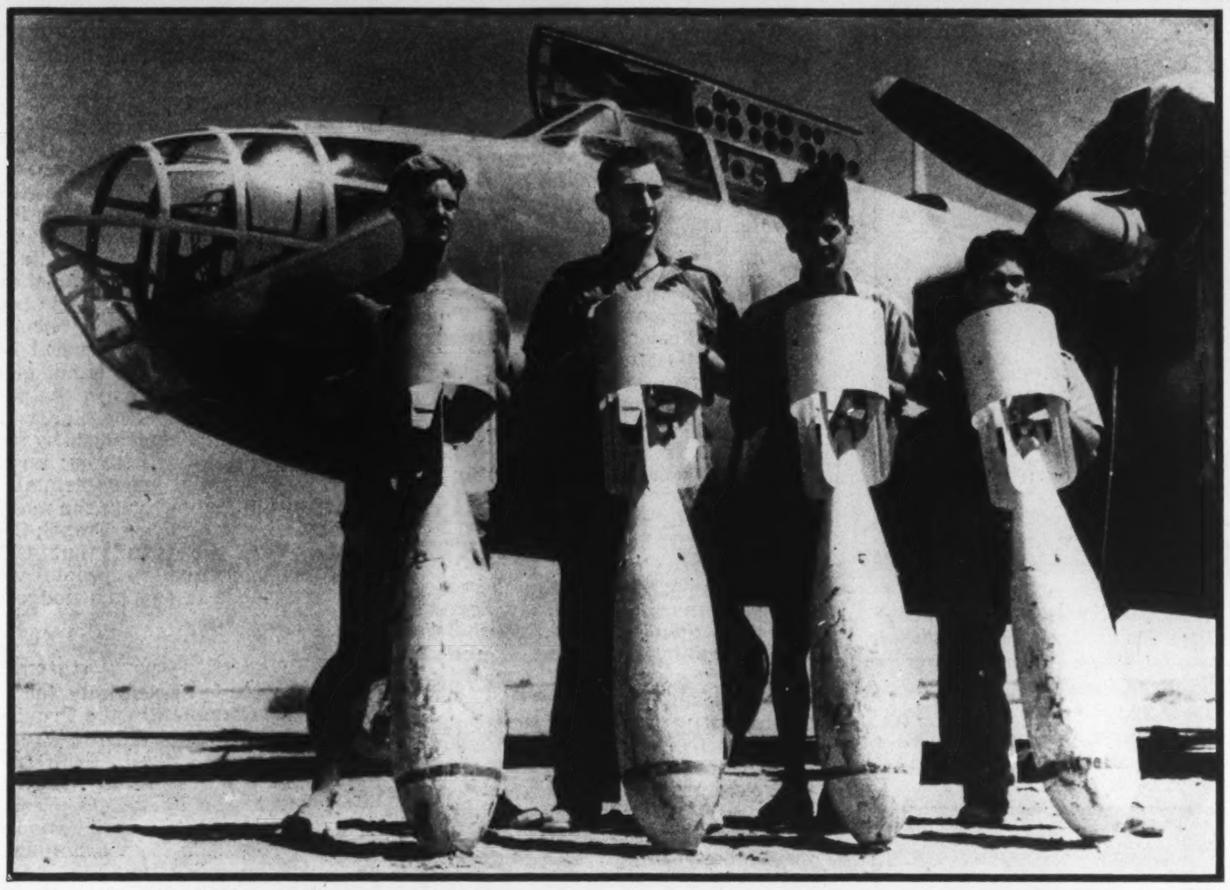
THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

The Front Page

THE Conservative convention at Winnipeg takes place next week during the period that elapses between the time when this journal goes to press and the time when it is read, so that it will be impossible for us to comment upon it in that issue. This week we find a very general belief among Conservatives of both the older and younger varieties that the convention will be controlled by elements which are still chiefly concerned with the project of ousting Mr. King by means of a realignment of loyalties in the present House of Commons, without waiting for an election. This means, of course, the driving of a wedge between the French Liberals and a portion of the English-speaking Liberals, and effecting a combination with the latter which will make a majority of the House and establish a so-called National or non-partisan Government.

If this should be the case the convention will be both wholly unrepresentative of the younger Conservatives and wholly unrealistic. There may have been a time when that project had some dim prospects of success, but that time came to an end with the South York by-election. We can see no possible reason—short of a major disaster to the Canadian Army—why the Liberal majority in the present House should be split by any Conservative devices; and while the resentment of veteran Conservative leaders at finding themselves excluded not only from the whole business of running the war but also from the very important and showy business of helping to make the peace is readily comprehensible, we do not think that it should be made the basis of party policy. Indeed Mr. King is so consummate a manipulator of elections that unless the Conservative party shows a good deal more long-term wisdom than it has been showing lately it is perfectly possible that he may not only survive the present Parliament but get himself returned for one more, in spite of the inevitable unpopularity of a wartime Government when the war has come to an end.



AFTER HEAVY BOMBING OF AXIS TUNISIAN POSITIONS, ALLIED LAND OPERATIONS THERE HAVE BEGUN. SOUTH AFRICANS DID THEIR PART WITH BOMBS LIKE THESE.

Next Parliament

THE proper business of the Winnipeg convention as we see it, and as the Port Hope element undoubtedly also sees it, is to prepare the party to offer the electors, at the next general election, an alternative Government to that of the Liberals, and an alternative Government which can be trusted to carry out an advanced program of social reform without effecting any economic revolution, and without maintaining any more of the wartime controls of economic effort than are utterly indispensable for the peace-making period.

In the not unlikely event of the next Parliament being divided among three parties, none of them with a majority, it is generally believed that the C.C.F., unlike the Progressives of twenty years ago, will refuse to ally themselves with either of the "bourgeois" parties. If this decision is made on principle, and without regard to the terms on which the alliance might be effected, it will in our opinion mark the C.C.F. as a definitely revolutionary party, and will constitute a flagrant departure from the parliamentary tradition that the King's government must be carried on, and should be carried on by whatever groups can most easily agree to act together. The Liberals and Conservatives in that case would obviously come together as the parties with a common interest in resisting revolutionary change. The argument for their coming together before the election rather than after it is that by running candidates in a three-candidate field they may split the anti-revolutionary vote and permit the C.C.F. candidate to get in. The opposite argument, which we think has a good deal of weight, is that by getting together before the election they produce two undesirable results: (1) they confer a great deal of prestige on the C.C.F. by appearing desperately afraid of it, and (2) they create the appearance of combining not merely to resist revolution but in defence of old and out-of-date structures of privilege. Moreover many people who will want to vote *against* the Liberal party in 1943 or 1944 will not be satisfied to vote *for* a Liberal-plus-Conservative candidate but will vote for a C.C.F. candidate if he is the only one available, just to register their disapproval of the late Government.

Coalition When?

A PRE-ELECTION coalition would obviously not bring into its ranks any of the Quebec members, and in the subsequent election these members would certainly run, and be returned, either as uncoalesced Liberals, as Independent Liberals, or as a straight Quebec Nationalist bloc. They would total something like sixty seats, untied to any other element, and they and the C.C.F. between them might easily have it in their power to defeat the policies of any combination of other groups, producing a state of chaos at a most dangerous moment in the country's history.

In a post-election coalition they would follow the rest of the Liberals into the coalition, for we do not believe it possible that they and any out-and-out socialist party could find common ground enough for an even temporary union.

Coalition *now* would be a definitely anti-French move, and would make French participation impossible for perhaps a generation to come. On the other hand wise management of a separate Conservative party for the next few years might easily bring it a large measure of Quebec support, based on hostility to socialism on the one hand and to the centralization of economic powers in the Dominion on the other.

Making Hitler Sick

THE $100,000 which the Health League of Canada is going after in its financial campaign in Montreal and Toronto next week will be a very small price to pay for the benefits which the League will be able to effect in the health of workers, and the consequent productivity of industry, through its recently organized Industrial Division; in addition to which there will be new energy imparted to the campaign against venereal diseases (rather a danger spot at present owing to the social disturbances of war), and the propaganda for toxoiding, pasteurization of milk, and better nutrition. While the fund-raising campaign will be confined to the two centres, the resultant educational efforts will be carried on wherever the League has branches, which means most of the industrial areas of the Dominion. There are few social improvement agencies which have used a dollar to better advantage in recent years or seem likely to do so in the near future. Health education is just beginning and has enormous potentialities.

Little's Letdown

See article by G. C. Whittaker on page 6

Upstanding France

ONE of the most interesting and inspiring of the journals which come to our desk is *Pour la Victoire*, the weekly published by the Fighting French in New York, and those Canadians to whom the French language is an available medium would probably find it as interesting and inspiring as we do. It contains the best current thought of such great and free-minded French writers as Tabouis, de Kerillis, Philippe Barrès, Maritain, Laugier and Torrès, all of whom are by now well known in Canada. The views of these people are of special importance in these crucial days when the breath of life is beginning to return slowly into the long inanimate body of prostrate bleeding France. The editors are in the closest touch with what is going on in France under the present regime; and it is very certain that France as soon as she is free will turn to the leadership of those who have been able to keep alight the lamp of her culture and her patriotism through all the years of her agony.

The comment of these distinguished Frenchmen on the appalling tragedy of the French fleet has not yet reached us, but we have little doubt that its line has already been expressed by their intimate friend and associate Dorothy Thompson. The officers of that fleet probably did not want, and certainly did not dare, to use it to fight *for* Germany and Italy; but they were equally unwilling to use it to fight *against* those two governments of tyranny in company with Great Britain and the United States. They were trustees of what should have been one of the great implements of peace and civilization in the world; and they destroyed it because they could not make up their minds what to do with their trust. A whole tragic epoch of French history lies at the bottom of Toulon harbor with the hulks of the great ships, and must like them be cleared away before the free life of France can be resumed. But British and American policy have so much responsibility for that epoch that none of us (who have always had the salt sea between us and Germany) can afford to be aloof and superior about it.

A Socialist Empire

THE political labor parties of the British Commonwealth are planning a joint conference to be held at an early date, before the end of the war—unless it ends much sooner than expected. The C.C.F., which describes itself as a labor party despite the fact that a large proportion of Canadian organized labor does not believe either in socialism or in a political labor party, is supporting the project with enthusiasm and urging that the meeting be held in Canada. The British Labor party, which is the author of the proposal, is of course pretty substantially socialist, and the C.C.F. *News Comment* thinks that the conference should not only declare socialism to be the goal but discuss concrete ways for bringing it about not only in the Commonwealth but in Europe. It sounds like a large order, but if one is profoundly convinced that nothing but socialism will save the world one has to be prepared for imposing socialism on a large scale, whether all the people on whom it is to be imposed are intelligent enough to want it or not.

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Value of paratroops in modern war has been effectively proven by both Germany and Russia. Now for the first time Anglo-American forces are making good use of such troops in the present North African campaign. (Paratroops took and held control of French African airfields, pending arrival of the main Allied air forces.) How supplies reach paratroops after their descent is illustrated here. Containers packed with guns, ammunition and field rations are floated to earth by parachute where . . .

. . . paratroops dash to retrieve them, free them from 'chute cables and remove contents, as shown below. Flown to their jumping-off point by transport planes, paratroops drop almost directly on their objectives behind enemy lines where they act as reconnaissance and combat troops.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

To Catch Flies With Sugar

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of October 17 you published an article entitled "An Inadequate Grievance".

You were commenting, as did Mr. Grant Dexter in the Winnipeg *Free Press*, on an article of *L'Action Catholique* which was already four months old. The figures quoted in this article were not complete, and the editor, Mr. Eugène L'Heureux, has since acknowledged the receipt of fuller information from Colonel Henri DesRosiers, Deputy Minister of National Defence.

You are most probably right, of course, when you state that "the claim of discrimination, in business circles and in public service circles, against French-Canadians merely because they are French-Canadians is almost wholly without foundation", but you might have added that, very often, French-Canadians lose out because those who have the giving of the positions have more sympathy for their own people. French-Canadian employers would doubtless feel the same way if the positions were reversed, but there you are, and the higher-ups must bear the responsibility. A friend of mine, who is in a position to know, was telling me that, in the early months of the war, Prime Minister King laid down the law to his Ministers that more positions would have to go to French-Canadians. He failed to ask for a periodical report of progress, and the results were just about nil for a long time.

FRENCH Canada has so few staunch and good friends, such as yourself and Grant Dexter among others, that it can't afford to lose these few. We can differ on many points—on conscription, on imperialism, on the Manitoba and the Saskatchewan school questions, not forgetting the present school impasse in Ottawa,—without necessarily having to drop our friendships. There are many points upon which you can compliment the French-Canadian; if you were to recognize these points and compliment Quebec on that which it has done well, you have no idea of the excellent effect this would have when re-echoed in the French-Canadian press. Almost everything that the French-Canadian ever reads about himself in the English-speaking press of Canada is negative, very seldom positive. Education is always quoted as being sadly behind the times but nobody ever offers a practical solution or much less any money to help correct the supposed evils.

THE French-Canadians,—the thousands who are on active service, and the men on the street,—who are for a total war effort, are riled when they hear of attacks on the Province of Quebec with little if any reference to its contribution, nor any explanation about the stand taken by the mass. For the last twenty-five years, politicians have told the people that never again would they be conscripted for service out of Canada. They have had the assurance of Ministers that they would resign if such a measure were passed. Even French-Canadians who are out for total war understand why so many of their compatriots feel differently. What does the mass know about the reasons that make it necessary for a people to go to war? The word "Freedom" has been sounded abundantly, but try to imagine the effect upon the farmer in the backwoods. He feels quite free where he is; he feels that Europe is very far away, and that with a great big ocean between, with plenty of defenders on this side, he is pretty secure. He has not yet been convinced that unless war-birds and war-fishes are destroyed in their habitat, he may yet be personally affected. And he has once in a while been told that a country which has nothing to do with the shaping of policies which result in war has not the same interest as the rest.

LEAVING aside the question of war effort, for the time being, we might go back to the alleged claim of discrimination in business circles and in public service circles. For the purposes of this letter, let us suppose that French-Canadians are not discriminated against because they are French-Canadians, but still it is a fact that even amongst our English-speaking compatriots who live in the Province of Quebec, and should therefore know French-Canadians best, there is an impression that between individuals of the same general levels, the French-Canadian is not quite as good. Take, for example, the positions of foremen and foreladies in the large plants controlled by our English-speaking compatriots; an enquiry would reveal great inequality, sometimes in plants where the majority of the workers are French-Canadians, with the result that their work is supervised by people who have very little if any knowledge of their language.

MANY question your statement that there is no necessity for the non-French-Canadian in the Province of Quebec to be able to use French freely, or indeed at all. Even from the business point of view, this applies only to the immediate present. Because the non-French-Canadian does not learn the French language, he is sowing seeds that tend to affect his business interest in the future. French-Canadian workers are often suspicious of employers, especially those in big business, who cannot speak to them in their language. This feeling is as old as the Tower of Babel. From the broader point of view, from the point of view of unity, what a pity that, especially in the large centres, more of all English-speaking classes cannot speak French! When so many French-Canadian boys and girls speak English, (and large numbers of the girls do not need the language), what a pity that more of the others cannot speak French! They tend to create an impression that the only language worth while is the English language, and this is resented.

WHAT a difference when the other fellow can speak to the French-Canadian in his own language. Do you remember the time when at the Tercentenary celebration at Gaspé it was announced that the next speaker would be a Mr. Fisher, a member of the English representation. When this Mr. Fisher started to speak in the purest French, he was unable to proceed for some time, because of the vociferous applause. He went on afterwards, and in such a vein, that he stole the show from Pierre Flandin, the French representative. One of Mr. Fisher's remarks caused a great deal of laughter; it was that "We Englishmen have in the past been conquered by the French, and . . . it has done us a great deal of good".

A year or so ago, at a meeting of Service Clubs in Quebec, the speaker was introduced as a Mr. James S. Duncan, of Toronto, Deputy Minister for Air at National Defence in Ottawa. He also could not proceed for some time because of the applause, after he began to speak in most excellent French. Mr. Duncan was born in France, and lived there many years. You have no idea how much French - Canadians appreciate this and you will realize what the effect would be if a great many of our English-speaking friends could also speak French.

TO COME back to the war effort, I think that when our friend of *L'Action Catholique* advocated a military training college for French-Canadians, he had given more thought to the need for providing French-Canadian officers than to the way in which this might be brought about. It is too late now to provide even a French-Canadian wing at the Royal Military College, and the policy should doubtless be to speed up the existing facilities, but what ghastly mistakes have been made in the past! French-Canadian units (mostly infantry) were not sufficient to absorb all those called for compulsory training, many of whom were in the course of time retained for defence service, and the surplus went to units having no French-speaking officers or non-commissioned officers. Many of the men knew no English at all, and to properly appreciate the situation, you have only to reverse the positions. The late Mr. Lapointe, then Minister of Justice, told some friends at the time of a collective letter signed by a dozen or more of young French-Canadians who were serving under the conditions referred to. This letter was to the effect that conditions for them were such that they intended to run away. They realized that this might mean a penitentiary sentence for them, but as they would doubtless go to a place where French was spoken, and they would be understood, they were satisfied!

Given this angle on the French-Canadian's mentality there is much that well-disposed friends such as you and Grant Dexter could do. Sodom and Gomorrah would have been saved by the presence of a few just men. You could both get more friends to preach a better understanding of Quebec, in view of the contribution made and of the peculiar conditions there.

IN AN item dated September 25, *L'Action Catholique* referred to the possibility of a French-Canadian officer being appointed to the General Staff. In an editorial dated September 29, Eugène L'Heureux commented on this possibility. The same question was referred to in *La Presse* of October 6. To my mind here is a move that would indicate plain common sense. Why have not our military leaders thought of it long ago? What a feeling of confidence would be created amongst French-Canadians at the thought that one of their own would have his word to say over decisions which affect an ever-growing group of their compatriots. Why should not you, and others like you, take up the cudgels? You could not be accused of any selfish motives, and your views would carry much weight. There is not a great deal of suitable material available, but there is some. Two military men often mentioned by the French Press were Generals Tremblay and Panet and others can be found.

You will not be surprised to hear, I am sure, that even here in Quebec we are still catching more flies with sugar than with vinegar.

Montreal, Que. VICTOR SOUCISSE.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

There is need, says *News Comment*, for "a ringing statement by the socialist movement of the Commonwealth that it will not tolerate any compromise whatever with British imperialism." There must also be "complete self-government, or even independence, for India, Kenya and other British possessions." We do not know how deeply the Canadian Socialists have looked into the problem of British imperialism and the Kenya Colony. Kenya has a population of about two and a half million native Africans and a few thousand Europeans and East Indians. Independence would of course mean the responsibility of looking after its own defence as well as its own internal order. We have not heard of any demand from any part of the population of Kenya for this responsibility, and considering the location of the territory we should imagine that, in a world in which force is still an important factor, no such demand is probable. The East Indians in Kenya have been very busy for years claiming equal treatment for themselves with the European population, but if they have also claimed that the Africans should enjoy the same equality we have heard nothing of it. There are no doubt grievances on the part of the native population, but we doubt greatly whether these have the effect of making the natives want "British imperialism" to get out of their country altogether and leave it to themselves and their adjacent enemies.

PARCEL FOR OVERSEAS

THOUGH leaves still cling to maple trees,
It's time for parcels overseas.

For weeks I've purchased this and that,
And even filmed the dog and cat!

So here we go: a shirt and socks
To help make up your Christmas box;

A pound or two of fresh fruit-cake,
Enclosed in tin so it won't break;

The usual gum and chocolate bars,
Adorned this time with silver stars.

Now let me see: some razor blades,
Shave cream and soap as beauty aids!

And batteries for the small flash-light
Which points your path through black-out night.

I must include a murder story—
You always liked them grim and gory!

Oh yes, a service tie or two,
And extra laces for your shoe.

And finally a sprig of holly
To make the whole affair look jolly,

All parcelled up with ribboned kisses,
And my most loving Christmas wishes.

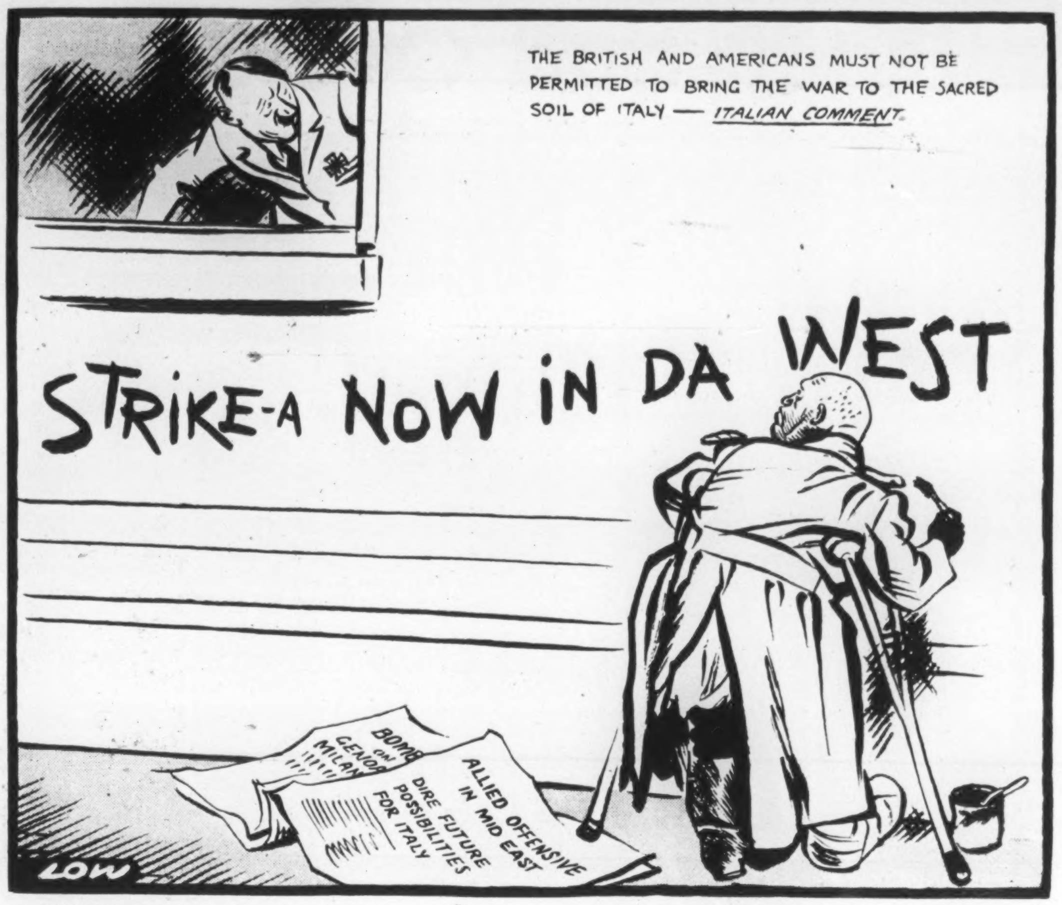
CLARA BERNHARDT.

Harsh Criticism

GENERAL ODLUM castigated Toronto, in a much-commented speech last week, for "harsh and bitter" criticism of Canada's national leaders. He erred, if at all, only in concentrating his castigation upon a single city. The habit for which he rebuked Toronto is the characteristic habit of practically the entire country. It is the habit of a nation which is so afraid and so unwilling to be a nation that it sometimes seems doubtful whether it ever can be a nation at all.

General Odlum, as everybody knows, when he spoke of our national leaders meant our national leader, Mr. Mackenzie King. It is the habit of a great many of Mr. King's political opponents to use harsh, bitter and contemptuous language about Mr. King; but more serious than that, it is the habit of a great many people who have no desire to substitute any other visible leader for Mr. King—people who voted for Mr. King's candidates in 1940 and would vote for them again in 1943—to accept this language as natural and to make no protest about it, and that is why Mr. King's opponents keep on using it. General Odlum makes a protest, but that merely proves our point, for General Odlum has been out of the Canadian political atmosphere for most of the last two and a half years.

There is only one excuse, and there is no justification, for the long-continued and artfully contrived campaign to represent Mr. King as a politician with no interest in the cause of the United Nations or in the future of Canada or in anything else except his own continuance in power. That excuse is the 1940 election, a piece of over-cleverness for which Mr. King is now paying the price and will continue to pay it for a very long time. We do not suggest that it was improper to call an election in that year, while the war was still in the preparatory stages, in order to avoid having to hold one while it was in full blast. But the circumstances and method of its calling were unworthy of a statesman, and the result was a House of Commons which everybody knows to be unrepresentative of the constituencies, and a bitter resentment against the Prime Minister in the hearts of those opponents who feel that they were done out of their fair and proper chances. This resentment may excuse but cannot justify the campaign of denigration.


THE BRITISH AND AMERICANS MUST NOT BE PERMITTED TO BRING THE WAR TO THE SACRED SOIL OF ITALY — ITALIAN COMMENT.
STRIKE-A NOW IN DA WEST
BOMB ON GENOA MILAN
ALLIED OFFENSIVE IN MID EAST
DIRE FUTURE POSSIBILITIES FOR ITALY
LOW

Mr. King and Quebec

MR. KING desires power, as any statesman must, and as many who are not statesmen do. But he desires it not for itself alone, but for the purpose of building the Canadian nation, a process for which he considers the Liberal party a much better instrument than the Conservative. His concept of the Canadian nation includes the French-Canadians who constitute nearly one-third of the population; and he is profoundly concerned that this one-third of the population should not be driven into unanimous opposition to the Government of the day. This is a legitimate concern, in which Mr. Ilsley and Mr. Power and Mr. Ralston share as fully as the Prime Minister himself; but it is habitually represented by his opponents as a purely personal concern of the Prime Minister and as based solely on his need for French-Canadian votes.

So far Mr. King has been successful in preventing the misfortune of a solid French-Canadian hostility to the policies of the country, and at the same time he has been successful in securing from French Canada several things which are not without importance for the winning of the war. They include compulsory military service on this continent, a very energetic industrial effort, a too small but very high quality enlistment for overseas service, and the tolerating of an enormous financial gift to Great Britain. In total this is far from a negligible achievement.

The grounds upon which Mr. King is harshly, bitterly and contemptuously criticized—by people in other parts of Canada as well as Toronto—are that he has "truckled to Quebec" by refusing to impose conscription for overseas service, and that he has sought party interests rather than national interests by refusing to admit non-Liberals to his Cabinet. The politicians who thus criticize him were almost without exception running for Parliament in 1940, or supporting candidates who ran, on a pledge against overseas conscription as emphatic and complete as that of Mr. King himself; Quebec appears to have suspected that they did not mean to abide by it, and their subsequent behavior does not altogether dismiss the suspicion as baseless.

As for the exclusion of non-Liberals from the management of the country, the administrative services are crammed with non-Liberals of the highest ability and the deepest sense of public duty; the Cabinet is the only place from which they are excluded (several of them were at one time invited to join the Cabinet with no other condition than the usual one of loyalty to its head and did not accept the invitation), and what good could be achieved by bringing into the Cabinet a group of members advocating policies with which the majority members have no sympathy we have never been able to see.

If Canadians in any true sense felt themselves to be a nation—a historical and spiritual unity in which the French-Canadians are as much a part as any other,—there would be a much wider understanding of the principles which govern Mr. King's policies, and a much higher regard for his statesmanship. He has an extremely difficult task to perform, in which he is bound to make errors—though his besetting error is that of excessive caution in trying to avoid errors. We have not the slightest desire to suggest that he should be exempt from criticism. Mr. Churchill is not, and heaven knows Mr. Roosevelt is not, and Mr. King is neither a Churchill nor a Roosevelt. But criticism of the Prime Minister of a great nation in a time of war should not be bitter nor harsh nor contemptuous; and those who suggest that it should not ought not to be described—as we fully expect to be described in consequence of these words—as slavish partisans and obsequious fawners upon an ignoble personality.

D'Arcy McGee's Tomb

THE St. Patrick's Society of Montreal is raising a fund, the subscriptions to which are not to exceed one dollar, to restore the vault in Cote des Neiges Cemetery in which lie the remains of D'Arcy McGee. We hope that this worthy undertaking will receive support from many other parts of Canada besides Montreal, and from many other kinds of Canadians besides the Irish. The contribution which this great Irishman made to the founding of a Canadian nation was of the first importance. One of the most regrettable things about Canadian history is the tendency of present-day Canadians to treat the dead heroes of past generations (except such overwhelming figures as Sir John A. Macdonald) as if they were the private property of the special section of the nation which happened to produce them. Too few in our calendar of political saints receive more than local reverence. The services which McGee rendered were to Canada even more than to his fellow-Irishmen in Canada; and Irish-Canadians of today will not deny to Canadians of every kind the right to cherish his memory and restore his last resting-place.

THE PASSING SHOW

BY J. E. M.

WHEN a lot of poets get together to read aloud their latest stuff would it be fair to call it a jam-session? It sounded like one. Ned Pratt's trombone wowed 'em.

•

Somebody is always reminding us that it is better to wear out than to rust out. Why is it? If you're out, you're out, and how you got that way is useless information.

•

Three hundred hotels at Miami have been taken over for the United States Army. We knew that some day something would happen to cramp their style.

•

LOOKING BACKWARD

My Thundering Eight is not too bad
When I can get some gas.
The heater works, and warms my feet.
But Mary's gone, and she was sweet
As daisies in the grass.
I'm rich; and old and poor and sad.

I might have lived another way.
O Time, turn back the clocks,
And show a fool the old farm sleigh
With pea-straw in the box!

•

So many children in Holland have been named Winston and Franklin that the Nazis are in a dither. They are whispering to themselves, "What would Herod do in this most difficult situation?"

•

On Nov. 12, 1941 the fishermen of Margaree Harbor, N.S. caught an average of 700 mackerel to each boat. This year, on Nov. 13th, each boat caught 200. We print this merely to annoy a friend who fished all one day last summer in Lake Simcoe and caught one rock bass and two sunfish; total weight half-a-pound.

•

Did you ever eat an honest-to-goodness fresh mackerel? If not, you ain't tasted nothin' yet. The possible opportunity is one of the main reasons for visiting Nova Scotia.

•

Stephen Leacock has done a fine history of Montreal. Not only has he assembled the facts but he has regarded them with cheerfulness which forever discredits him among historians. He fixes upon the University Club as the place where Jacques Cartier read the Gospel of St. John to the savages, and adds "It is a thing that would stand doing again." If he ever gets another LL.D it won't be with the consent of the Faculty of History.

•

MILD PROTEST

If black-out tests are held because the public must not fail
To know there is an air-raid on whenever sirens wail,
And so to learn to pull the blinds lest outdoor light might seep.
Or switch off lights inside and sit in inky darkness deep,
WHY need they make them last so LONG? I'm sure less time would show
That most of us know what to do; that none is quite so slow.

NICK

•

Sez Arthur Stringer, sez he, "A poet is a shameless fellow baring his heart to the world." Then rises another poet livid with protest, denying that he is a male Gypsy Rose Lee. Gentlemen, gentlemen! Order!

•

CONFESSION

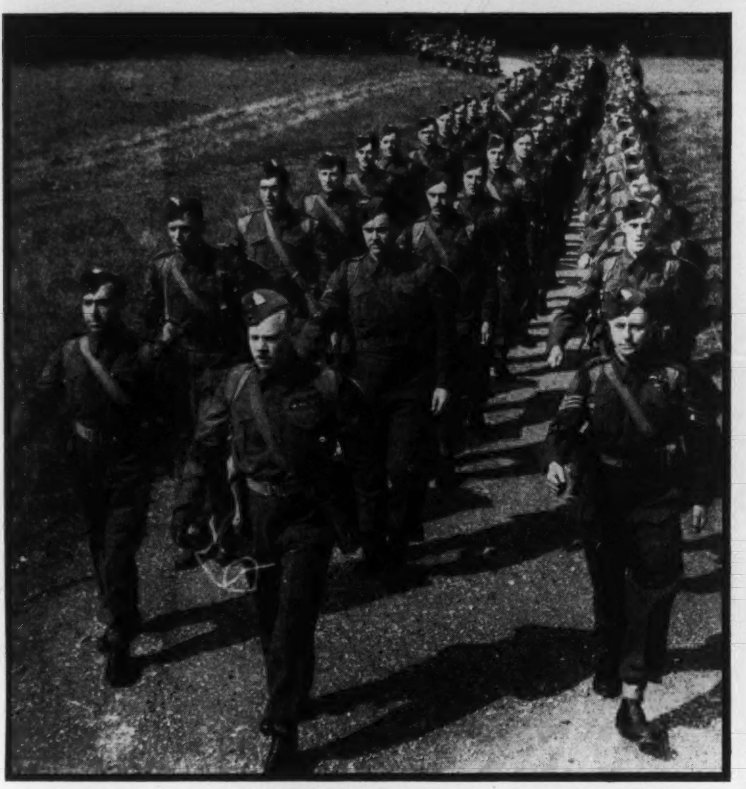
I relish more
Than rank or pelf
Just feeling sorry
For myself.

N.T.S.

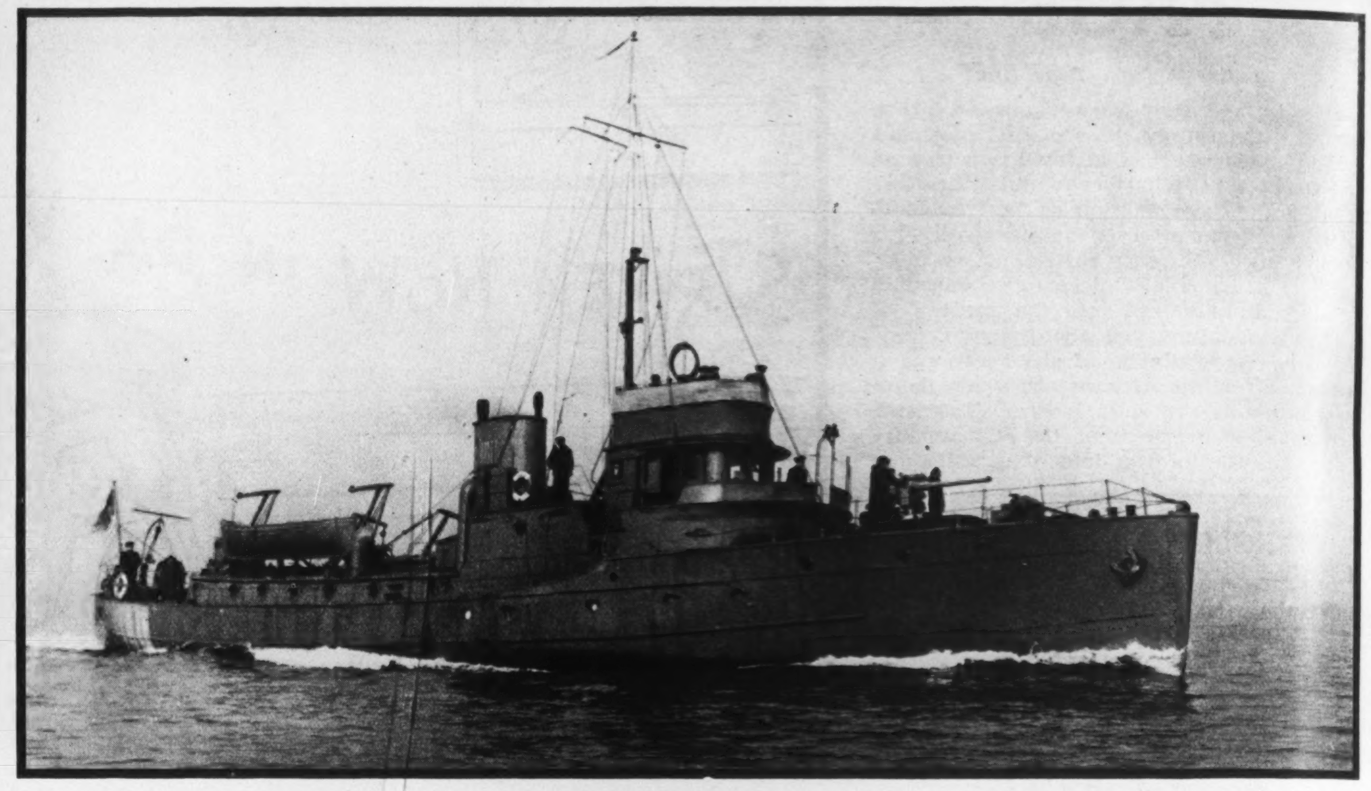
•

"After a very pleasant evening playing Contract Bridge—" says a news-item. Questionable. If you really play Contract you are serious to the point of grimness and bark at your partner; which isn't so darn pleasant. And if you're pleasant and chatty you're not playing Contract but making an exhibition of yourself. The only card-games that can do with pleasantry as a side-dish, are rummy and old-maid.

On the Home Front and Overseas, Canada's . . .



R.C.M.P. in Britain: khaki clad, they serve as Army police.



R.C.M.P. patrol boat "Laurier", fully armed and manned by former Mounties, now serves in Canada's Navy.

Traffic control, a responsibility of the R.C.M.P. overseas, is very important in a modern mechanized army. This Mountie checks a route.

Courtesy is the rule for the R.C.M.P. wherever they are. Here one shares a joke with an old inhabitant.

They used to ride horses, now they cover the ground in an army jeep. These members of the Canadian Provost Corps overseas must know every road and lane for large-scale manoeuvres.

ALL of Canada's famous Mounties are not wearing wide-brimmed hats and scarlet tunics today. There are members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police wearing khaki battle-dress as members of the Provost Corps of the Canadian Army, there are others wearing the dark blue of the Royal Canadian Navy, another group wearing grey-blue of the Royal Canadian Air Force, a large number wearing dark blue uniforms as guards of industrial war plants, some wearing plain clothes, while the majority are wearing the khaki undress uniform of the force, with flat cap or wide-brimmed hat. Spurs jingle on few Mounties today.

The entire Marine Section of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police went over to the Royal Canadian Navy when Canada went to war in September 1939. About 200 men and their patrol boats, used formerly for running down rum and narcotic smugglers, for patrolling the coastal waters of the Dominion as Canada's coast guard, are now doing similar patrol work on Canada's coasts and on the St. Lawrence River, though now they are hunting submarines, are checking incoming and outgoing armed merchant ships, are doing a job as part of the navy in the waters they know so well.

A similar number are riding motorcycles as the provost corps of Canada's overseas forces. They are the policemen of the Army, have been with the Army since shortly after the outbreak of war. And the small air force which the Mounties were starting to develop, has been loaned in its entirety, men and planes, to the Royal Canadian Air Force. The Mounties now keep only one aircraft in use, mainly to make inspections and long patrols in the far north.

At home the Mounties are also busy on war jobs. A peacetime force of about 2,500 has been augmented to wartime proportions of 4,300 with over 1,200 returned soldiers of the last war serving as special constable guards, and over 3,000 wearing the Mountie uniform. Added to their many peacetime duties of patrolling six of Canada's nine provinces as well as the Yukon and Northwest Territories, and enforcing federal statutes in the other three provinces, they now also have work to do in enforcing the Foreign Exchange Control Board's regulations, in registering and keeping track of enemy aliens not interned, in certain departments of the censorship control, in aiding municipalities and industries to protect against sabotage and fire.

Early in the war intelligence work by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and other police forces was successful in breaking up Nazi and Fascist inspired organizations whose members took their orders directly from German and Italian cabinet ministers. The Mounties, through preparatory undercover work as the Dominion's Secret Service, had proof that these organizations were working directly with high staff officers in Germany and Italy. When Japan attacked Hawaii, the Mounties were given the job of rounding up the Japanese throughout Canada, mainly on the Pacific coast. They accompanied the Japs who were moved from the coastal areas to the prairie

STORY BY

. . . Famous "Mounties" Are Mobilized for War

Above: members of the R.C.M.P. Aerial Section who are now on active service with the R.C.A.F.

provinces and Ontario to work camps. They checked up on the Jap fishing boats on the Pacific coast, guarded the residence of the Japanese ambassador at Ottawa.

Since the start of the war the fingerprint section of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Ottawa headquarters has grown. Today the Mounties fingerprint all alien enemies, check fingerprints of persons employed in war industries, of prospective entrants to the Royal Canadian Air Force, fingerprint all civilian prisoners of war brought to Canada, check fingerprints of personnel for large increases in other police forces and similar work. The fingerprint section has set up branches at Edmonton and Winnipeg.

The Mounties have had many jobs added to their regular duties. With Canada at war they now guard vulnerable points, bridges, canals, dockyards, assist large corporations furnishing public utilities in the protection of their plants, check insurance inspectors, register firearms, and do many other unromantic tasks. Because of their widespread organization the Mounties come in closer contact with the job of maintaining Canada's security than do the police forces of individual provinces and municipalities.

There have been few reports of sabotage in Canada, largely due to the efficient work of the force. Early in the war they set up an anti-sabotage section of their Intelligence Branch. This section was formed to prevent any sabotage in the war effort, industrial or otherwise, and for the dissemination of up-to-date information. Close liaison is maintained by this section with the security officers of war factories, and also with branches of the armed services and foreign police forces. Canada keeps in close touch with the FBI in Washington and Scotland Yard in Britain. It is of interest to note in connection with anti-sabotage work, that citizens tip off the Mounties most during periods of bad news. Even though they may be suspicious of persons for many days or weeks while the war news is good, it is during periods of bad news that the Mounties are flooded with phone calls, personal calls and letters.

During the First Great War the Royal Canadian Mounted Police had only 36 detachments and a total strength of 483 men. Today there are 411 detachments and about 4,300 men. At the close of the past war the Mounties used only horses. Today they operate a fleet of 600 cars, many trucks, motorcycles and one airplane. Then there were more horses than men. Today there are only 125 horses on the roll.

Just how the Mounties are checking potential saboteurs, how they are keeping an eye on suspicious characters, how they are guarding vulnerable spots, war factories and public utilities, what contacts they have with possible fifth columnists, are facts which military necessity requires be kept secret for the time being. That the Mounties are doing a good job is generally conceded, though they themselves are modest. They say the war is not yet over and whether or not their methods are efficacious it is too soon to decide.

J. MONTAGNES

Anti-sabotage patrol: once a Mountie, he now inspects convoy ships before they sail.

Not so colourful without their scarlet uniforms, not so romantic as when mounted on horses, these wartime Mounties are just as efficient as ever.

On point duty "somewhere in England", a member of the Canadian Army Provost Corps directs military traffic. Today, England's quiet villages know well the sound of manoeuvring armies.

THE OTTAWA LETTER

Don't Insult the Director of Selective Service

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

WHEN we left the ringside last week to report to you on the progress of the Little-Mitchell battle of the century the outcome remained obscure, with betting on the whole fairly even but shaded slightly in some books in favor of Mitchell in recognition of his superior weight as a Cabinet Minister. Little had reached his opponent's jaw with a charge that the Government had stopped payment on the cheque it issued eight months before for a Selective Service manpower system and Mitchell, only slightly groggy, had parried with a solar plexus countercharge that Little had tried to raise the cheque for the purpose of buying himself a dictatorship. Although the affair may last a few more rounds we think we can safely advise you now that the decision is as good as in. Mitchell has Little on the ropes with the release for public inspection of the latter's draft of the Selective Service law which he wanted the Government to put through by order-in-council. The effect of this release was to catch Little on the chin as he was doubling up from the impact of the original solar plexus and lift him almost out of the ring. The late Director of National Selective Service is hoist on his own petard. The Minister of Labor will retain the championship belt.

But in order to sustain an aftermath of sporting interest in this farrago until the next major event on the home front is scheduled we here and now interject the suspicion that Little was framed—sold out by some gangster or gang that had a stake in the outcome. We rest this suspicion on the manifest improbability of any man being capable by himself of devising such a fool-proof plan for his own destruction as is revealed in the memorandum submitted by Little to Mitchell containing the proposed order-in-council which was to set him up as a dictator. He must have had help in drafting that plan, and whoever helped him must have known, if he, she or they had any sense at all of political, official or public psychology, that it could only procure his undoing. For the release of the Little plan serves as a fatal follow-up of Mitchell's charge that Little was seeking to raise the Selective Service cheque to the price of a dictatorship. Little, it is now clear from his own documentary handiwork, did try to raise the cheque. And how!

Only One Omission

We have just read through the whole seventy-three pages of Little's proposed order-in-council and we are obliged to report that nothing appears to have been omitted from the all-embracing authority which he desired to have conferred upon himself except the power to procure manpower for the war industry. He asked to have reposed in his person under the War Measures Act and the National Resources Mobilization Act authority well beyond any attaching to the office of Prime Minister or that of any Cabinet Minister, overriding the authority of lower court judges or magistrates or police officers and co-equal with that of judges of the superior courts. His decisions in all matters under his jurisdiction were to be final and unchallengeable and to secure him in this authority the ordinary judicial processes of injunction, mandamus, certiorari and habeas corpus were to be disallowed so that no proceeding or decision by him could be enjoined, restrained, stayed or even subjected to review or consideration on any ground whether arising out of alleged absence of jurisdiction, nullity, irregularity or any other cause whatsoever and none of his decisions were to be called in review by any court. He was to have authority to delegate most of his powers and privileges to his subordinates and these subordinates were to be free from any responsibility at law for any of their actions or decisions and immune from any action to restrain them or call in question their proceedings.

Specific Powers

The generality of the powers sought by Little as the price of his remaining as dollar-a-year Director of Selective Service leaves little to the imagination but he was not proposing to leave anything to chance. Specifically he was to have arbitrary authority to require any employer to terminate the employment of any or all of his workers at any time and to forbid any employer to retain persons in his employ without a permit; to set up management-worker committees in any plant for determining how the plant should be run and to name the members of such committees; require any department of government to turn over to him any information it obtains for its own purposes regarding any person or group of persons—which would include information submitted by taxpayers under the protection of secrecy stipulated by law and information obtained by the Mounted Police; require any company to make a sworn return of any information he might choose to ask for; use force to obtain access to any business premises; hold investigations in private; appoint commissions to take evidence in another country; exercise all the powers of a Superior Court judge to compel any person to appear before him for examination on any matter and for the punishment of disobedience to his regulations, provided that this authority should not be exercised until on the application of the Director of Selective Service a judge of the higher courts had determined *ex-parte* that it was fit and proper for him to do so; have the final decision in any proceedings against anyone for contravening his regulations together with authority to keep such decision secret; make any decision or order or take any action which a Draft Board might take under authority of the proposed order-in-council—which, incidentally, included the authority to send to forced labor at fifty cents a day any person obtaining a postponement of military training by reason of his being a conscientious objector or a Mennonite or a Doukhobor; bonus any worker up to $10 a week; supervise the work of Draft Boards and give them instructions; have final decision in any appeal from a decision of a subordinate in connection with any proceedings under Selective Service regulations.

As if to round out these powers which Mr. Little proposed to procure for himself it is specially provided in his drafted order that "a certificate purporting to be signed by the Director or by any person authorized to act in the Director's place that anything has been done or omitted pursuant to or contrary to these regulations shall be evidence that such thing has been done or omitted." Thus, while Mr. Little, had he come into enjoyment of the authority he sought as Director of National Selective Service, would have been immune from the ordinary processes of law in respect of his actions, he would have had the additional supremacy of having his word accepted as indisputable evidence should some way be found to bring him to account.

And No Insults!

And finally Mr. Little was to have authority to make it tough for anyone who failed to show humble respect for his dictatorial power. The proposed provision reads like this: "No person shall, in the course of an investigation under this section, insult the Director or wilfully interrupt any proceeding before the Director, or refuse to obey any order made by the Director in the course of an investigation; and if a person does any such thing the Director may, without affecting such person's liability for contravening these regulations, direct any peace officer to take him into custody and remove him from the precincts and presence of the Director to be detained in custody until the conclusion of the day's sitting." Hitler went one better with his internment camps but that was about all.

Having remarked this array of power which Mr. Little sought for himself we went through his seventy-three page document again in an effort to find out what use he proposed to make of it and we drew blank. For, while he proposed to provide himself with authority to compel employers to dismiss their workers, to name committees to instruct them on how to conduct their affairs, to force his way into their premises to see what they were doing, to have all their confidential files turned over to him, to jail them for insulting him and to bar them from any redress against his decisions, he didn't propose to take any authority at all for recruiting workers themselves for essential industry other than unemployed persons. His only provision in this connection is this: "Where, in the opinion of a Selective Service Officer, it is in the national interest that an employed person take employment other than that in which he is employed, the Selective Service Officer *may request him* to accept such employment at the expiration of seven consecutive days from service on his employer, either personally or by registered post, of a notice that such *request* is made pursuant to these regulations; and the person to whom such *request* is made *may* accept such employment at the expiration of such time notwithstanding. . . . ." The italics are our own and for the purpose of making it clear that Mr. Little, while seeking arbitrary authority over nearly every other element in the community, seemed careful to avoid it in connection with the manpower which Selective Service purportedly was designed to provide.

Our Suspicion

It is all a little difficult to understand, and strengthens our suspicion that Little had some one in his corner who was deliberately selling him out. A desire for so much arbitrary power is enough in itself to put any man out of court; to desire it for no discernible purpose leaves him without much of a leg to stand on. And we fancy, by the way, that it was the Prime Minister himself rather than Labor Minister Humphrey Mitchell who recognized this weakness in Mr. Little's position, for the late Director has himself revealed how Mr. Mitchell showed little if any interest in his proposed order-in-council (being concerned and annoyed over reports of clashes between Little and Labor Department officials) but how Mr. King asked for a week in which the Cabinet might consider his proposals pending decision on his tendered resignation, and how, while he (Little) was coming around to the view that this request was reasonable the acceptance of his resignation was announced when only two days of the week had expired. Mr. King, it is to be surmised, had been interested enough to read the document and as a result of the reading had concluded that Mr. Little's resignation could be accepted forthwith without bringing about the downfall of the Government.

THE MAJORITY CONTROL

They tell us that we're short of help
in factories and farms.
They say that this is largely due to
enlistment in arms.
But there is something we should
know, yet never have been told.
How many are engaged in seeing
that we are controlled?
It seems to me from what I see their
numbers are so great,
There must be almost more of them
than those they regulate.
If we could get these figures we might
very quickly trace
The cause of all this shortage of man-
power which we face.

NICK.

A "National" Party?

The Winnipeg Convention is almost at hand without very much advance attention from this space. And there is room here only for confirmation—on pretty trustworthy authority—of that report that Mr. Meighen is proposing a return to the old game of trying to camouflage the Conservative Party and present it to the people this time as something in the nature of a "National" party with non-Conservative Mr. Bracken as Leader; and that Conservatives who believe that the party should stand on its own feet and under its own colors and that such a course would not be calculated to win the confidence of the country are determined to fight him to the last ditch at Winnipeg. They feel that it is all right to throw the party open to all who have the same approach to national issues and problems as they have, but that neither the country nor the party would be best served by attempting again to disguise it as something other than it is—that, indeed, such an attempt would be very likely to lead to the extinction of the real party as well as the masquerader.

Three Easy ways to invite Pneumonia

1. Run down your health! Insufficient sleep and rest, lack of exercise and fresh air, improper diet, constant overwork to the point of exhaustion—all these undermine your resistance to disease.

2. Get chilled through! Exposure to chilling can lead to pneumonia, especially when you are run down physically or have a cold. A chill followed by fever is one of the early signs of pneumonia.

3. Neglect a cold! Although pneumonia sometimes attacks without warning, it usually follows a cold, influenza, or infection of the nose, throat or lungs. Early signs are coughing, accompanied by pain in the side or chest . . . thick, rust-coloured sputum . . . rapid breathing.

Three Sensible ways to avoid Pneumonia

1. Keep fit! Most adults require eight hours of sleep daily, children considerably more. Regular exercise, outdoors if possible, is important and so is relaxing recreation. Above all, a well-balanced diet, including vegetables, fruits and milk, will help you.

2. Avoid chilling! Dress warmly during the "pneumonia months," early winter to late spring. Lower home temperatures this winter may require warmer dress indoors. Chilling is especially risky when you are over-tired. Change wet clothing and shoes as soon as possible.

3. Watch that cold! Respiratory infections often pave the way for pneumonia. It is best to take seriously even a common cold. If a cold is very severe or lingers on, be particularly careful. The wisest precautions are: *Go to bed . . . call the doctor!*

THE amazing reduction in the death rate from pneumonia in the last few years is due largely to the use of the new sulfa compounds.

The greatest service you can perform for one who develops signs of pneumonia is to call the doctor immediately. The doctor (and no one but the doctor) should be given the earliest opportunity of using the powerful sulfa drugs. In most types of pneumonia his chances are excellent of both hastening recovery and of preventing serious, perhaps fatal, consequences.

Metropolitan will send you upon request a free pamphlet, "Colds, Influenza and Pneumonia." Write Booklet Dept. 12 T 42 Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
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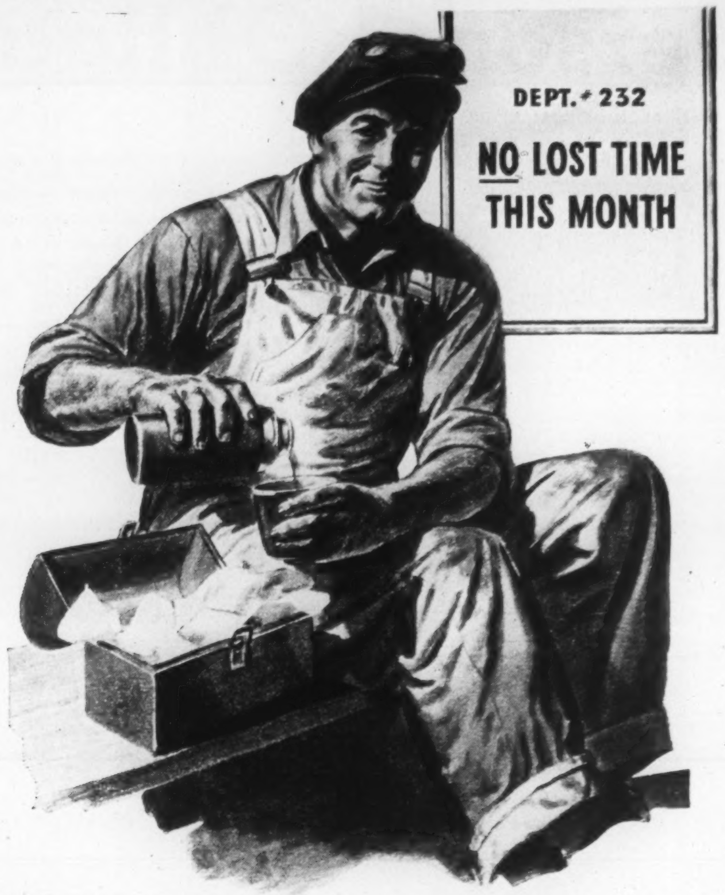
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE, OTTAWA

How the Servel NUTRITION IN INDUSTRY PLAN is helping War Plants save vital man-hours



90% of absenteeism is caused by ILLNESS . . . not ACCIDENTS

PROPER NUTRITION CAN MEAN:

- ▸ **Fewer days lost**
- ▸ **Increased production**
- ▸ **Fewer rejects**
- ▸ **Better safety record**

Announced less than ninety days ago, the Servel Nutrition In Industry Plan is already going to work in war plants all over America to help break the lost-time bottleneck caused by sickness and colds.

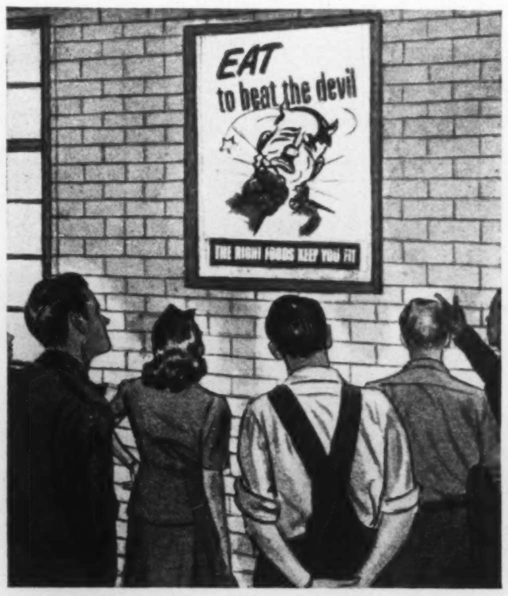
Surveys show that nine out of every ten cases of absenteeism are the result of ill health, not accidents.

And medical studies indicate that faulty diet—ignorance and neglect of the rules of correct nutrition—may be one of the major reasons for this condition, which is robbing our war effort of millions of man-hours monthly.

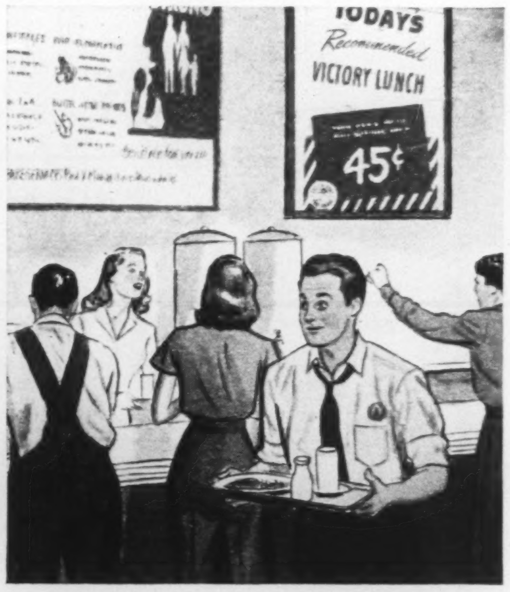
The Servel Plan provides a simple, practical way to improve the eating habits of men and women engaged in the manufacture of war materials. It answers the need for guidance in choosing the right food—in the *plant cafeteria,* in *neighborhood restaurants* and in the *home.*

The Plan is based on first-hand experience since last January with Servel's own thousands of war workers in its Evansville plant, and incorporates the recommendations of the Committee on Nutrition In Industry of the National Research Council.

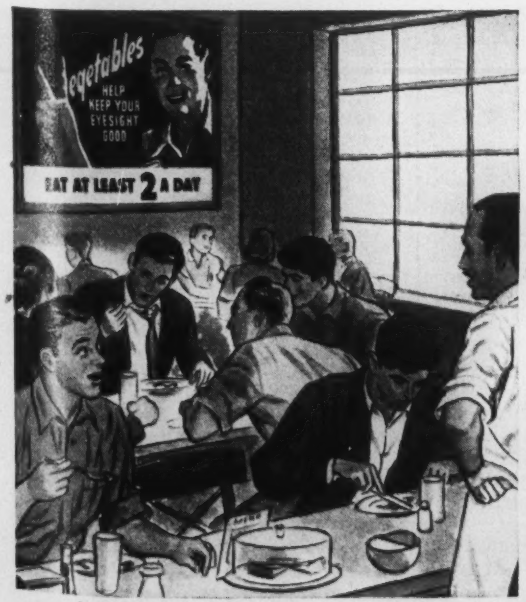
Here's what the plan does— ☞


EAT
to beat the devil
THE RIGHT FOODS KEEP YOU FIT

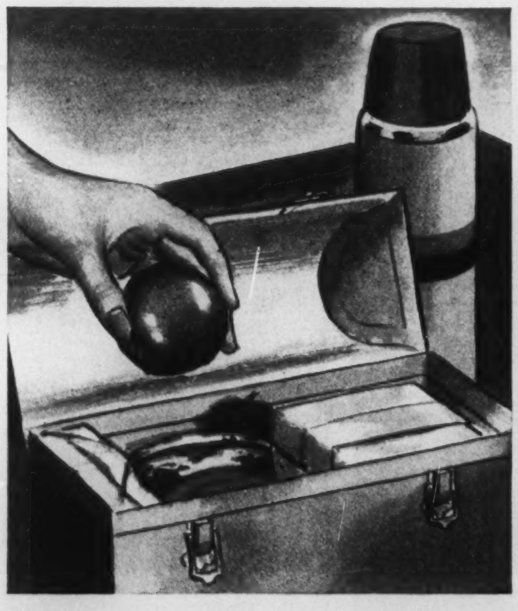
1 Tells war-plant workers the right foods to eat and why—by means of an action-getting campaign of posters, folders, etc., keyed to the fighting urge of "EAT TO BEAT THE DEVIL."



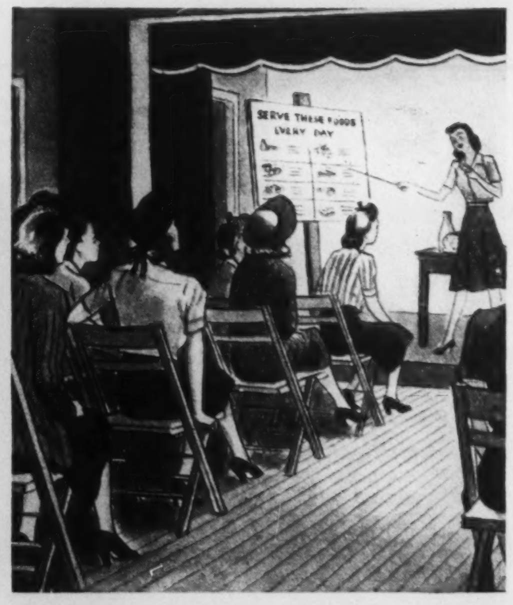
2 Provides war-plant cafeterias with suggestions for daily Victory Lunches—recommends snack-wagon foods best suited to supplement the worker's lunch box.



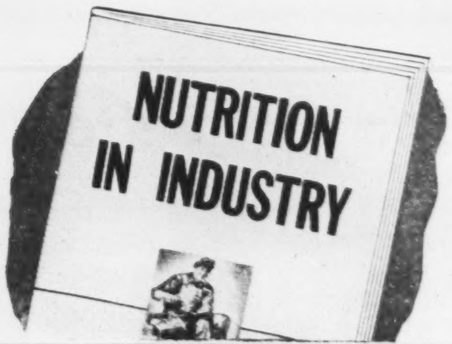
3 Encourages neighborhood restaurants to serve balanced meals. Secures their cooperation in featuring Victory Lunches and using "Eat to Beat the Devil" display material.



4 Helps to educate workers' wives and mothers in packing better lunches—in getting variety in the daily lunch box and plenty of energy-building food value as well.



5 Instructs wives and mothers of war-plant workers how to plan and prepare nutritious meals at home—through neighborhood meetings in local auditoriums and halls.



WAR-PLANT EXECUTIVES

The Nutrition In Industry Plan—developed by Servel—is being distributed in the United States through local Gas Companies. It has been adapted for the use of Canadian war plants, and is being made available to them at the suggestion and with the cooperation of the Canadian Gas Association.

For full information about the Servel Nutrition In Industry Plan, write Servel (Canada) Ltd., 457 King St., W., Toronto.

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The Servel Nutrition In Industry Plan has been developed with the advice and help of the Committee on Nutrition In Industry of the National Research Council as a contribution to the war effort.

SERVEL (Canada) LTD.
457 KING ST., W., TORONTO

The Advertising and Promotion Department as well as the entire plant of Servel, peace-time manufacturers of the Gas Refrigerator, is today completely converted to the war program.

Personal Obligation Base of Soviet Production

BY RAYMOND A. DAVIES

Despite huge losses to the enemy the Soviet industrial machine still seems to be capable of supplying sufficient material to resist and even drive back the enemy. Allied aid is a factor, of course.

The answer partially lies in the Russians' ability to rally their labor to greater productivity, to overcome absenteeism, and to introduce individual responsibility for production. There are many lessons there for Canada.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the Soviet position at the end of 1942 is the continued and increasing output of war materials despite the loss of important industrial regions to the enemy.

Here are some examples:

On November 7 (The Soviets' 25th Anniversary) the miners of the Kuznetsk Coal Basin in Western Siberia exceeded their day's production program by 29.4 per cent, while the miners of the Far East exceeded it by 29.9 per cent.

Turner Zhukov of the Ural Machine Building Works, a vast plant the construction of which I was privileged to see, doubled his output on that day. The open hearth worker Yeroshkin exceeded his quota by 15 per cent and remained at work for another shift.

During the past six months a large aircraft plant has doubled its output. At a plant directed by the engineer Kuindzki, labor productivity of each worker increased in September by 7.8 per cent. A plant producing trench mortars doubled its output.

How are these increases being achieved?

Essentially it is clear that the workers work long and hard because they are immediately threatened by the enemy. The man or woman of Stalingrad who worked with a rifle at the bench to be ready to enter battle at any moment are not likely to slow down on the job producing weapons for the defense of their own lives and homes. Wendell Willkie, speaking in Toronto, said that many Soviet workers work 66 hours a week. Indeed to the Russians nothing matters now but victory. The alternative to hard work is too obviously slavery to the Nazis.

But the Russians are far from relying entirely upon the spontaneous will of the workers. Production results are obtained by careful planning, by labor-management co-operation, by emulation and competition, and by a carefully-worked out bonus system.

Every trade union has a standing committee on production whose job it is to gather the experiences and suggestions of the workers, to get agreements of management for their adoption and to publicize them.

At stated intervals, or in times of emergency, production conferences are held of workers and management of departments or whole plants to discuss production progress.

Complete Co-operation

The trade union representatives are in constant touch with management, which is directly subordinated to its "trust" headquarters in Moscow or other centres.

One of the first problems faced by Soviet labor and management after general mobilization and the Nazi advance towards the heart of the country was the acute, often crippling shortage of labor.

Out of the need of the moment the "200 per centers" movement developed. The '200 per centers" were workers who took over the drafted workers' jobs in addition to their own. This was accomplished by operating two machines instead of one, improving one's own productivity, carrying into effect new methods of work, etc. Literally thousands of suggestions have been advanced and adopted as a result of the "200 per centers' " work. In the Southern Urals oilfields alone, more than 7,000 inventions and proposals were submitted in 1941, eleven of which have resulted in a yearly saving of $20,000,000.

Special trade union committees have been set up to visit the relatives of the drafted worker to ensure that his place is filled as rapidly as possible. Many men, before leaving for the army induction centers, themselves "recruit" their wives to fill the gap left in the factory. The result has been that the percentage of women in Soviet industry rose from 37% in 1940 to nearly 50% in 1942.

The entrance of women into industry has been facilitated by the provision of the Soviet Constitution guaranteeing equal wages for equal work.

Nurseries in Plants

Thousands of day nurseries in large plants have made the enrollment of women with children easier. Many new nurseries have been organized and tens of thousands of high school girls obtained to assist trained social workers to look after the children.

Another source of labor has been the white collar workers. These have been canvassed by trade union committees in an endeavor to get as many as possible to return to the factories. Professional people are being encouraged to take technical training courses after working hours to suit themselves for war industry work.

Other thousands of skilled workers came from the ranks of the pensioners. A good case in point is Daniel Zhuravlev, an 80-year old pensioner with nearly 70 years of service in the railway shops. He has now returned to work in Tashkent to train young machinists.

Workers are being trained in every imaginable way. Most often (as in Canada) a new worker is placed in charge of an experienced hand who is given the responsibility of training the new comer. Unlike Canada, however, the experienced man receives a bonus for every new man he trains, while the newcomer gets a bonus for the speed with which he learns.

Many thousands of workers have been given the title "Jack of All Trades." This is given to a worker who learns in his spare time to run a machine of a different type than his own. Thus he can fill the breach should another worker fall ill, or be drafted, or even killed in an air raid. Followers of the worker Lunin, called "Luninites," have learned to repair their own machines after regular working hours, thus freeing skilled machinists for other duties.

Production Competitions

Contests and competitions between plants further raise productivity. Thus the Kuznetsk Steel Works pledged to overfulfil its production plan by 3,000 tons of coke, 4,000 tons of pig iron, 6,000 tons of steel, 5,000 tons of rolled steel and 1,000 tons of manganese ore per month. This pledge was taken up by other plants. The competition, conducted at fever heat, is reported in the press, the radio and at meetings. Workers look for reports with the same avid interest as they seek news from the military fronts.

Absenteeism is dealt with resolutely. It is discouraged first of all by the education of every worker to social responsibility. With every family linked to the front by one or more loved ones, the sense of duty is very deep. Bonuses for good work and greater output encourage everyone. Nurseries, hospitals and medical attention on the job decrease the number of absentees still further. In addition social pressure is very heavy against habitual laggards. In worst cases charges are laid against workers who sabotage production. These charges are aired in factory committees and courts composed of labor judges.

At the same time all grievances are carefully taken up and an attempt is made to solve every problem as soon as it arises.

Thus the Russians work for their front.

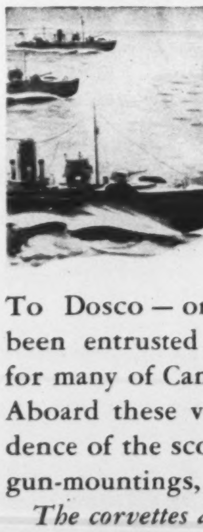
They are helping themselves. All the more reason for us to help them. The current campaign to send medical aid and clothing to Russia is an opportunity for everyone to help. We should not fail to help even while we learn from the Russian experiences on the production and military fronts.

"Now where did I put those Sweet Caps?"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

The Corvettes are coming . . . FAST . . .



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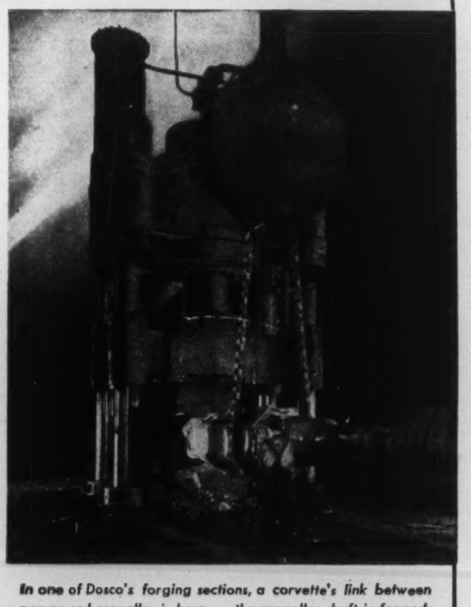

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Can We Build An Unsinkable Ship?

BY R. L. HADFIELD

In theory an unsinkable ship is a possibility. In practice it couldn't pay its way either in peace or in war.

The author cites the "Bismarck", which withstood many torpedo attacks but still went down.

He gives interesting records of timber-ships that stayed afloat even when burned.

AMERICAN shipyards will soon be sending down the slipways a novel type of freighter designed to have considerable immunity from damage by torpedo. These freighters are of much shallower draught than would be considered for a moment in normal times, the general idea behind their design being that there will be a good ratio of misses through torpedoes used by U-boats passing beneath them.

These ships will be a revolutionary type for ocean-going purposes and their design has involved shipbuilders in some nice calculations and experiments. Ships of abnormally shallow draught are bad rollers, and while the bilge-keel is a recognized means of checking rolling, only the very closest calculation can prevent a bilge-keel from considerably lessening a vessel's speed.

These new American freighters naturally raise the question of the "unsinkable ship", a subject always of interest, especially when great events turn on the problem of saving tonnage against indiscriminate attack as they do today. Landsmen continually ask how it is that shipbuilders who can produce such masterpieces as the *Queen Mary* and the *Maure tania* cannot produce an unsinkable ship.

The answer in regard to the more normal perils of the sea such as storm or collision is, of course, that there is nothing to prevent a ship being built with a 99 per cent guarantee against sinking if one is prepared to sacrifice things usually regarded as essential, one being speed, another freight capacity. These considerations are vital both in peace and war. An unsinkable ship of this type would never earn her keep in peace and in war the disadvantages would outweigh the advantage of some immunity from peril by torpedo, mine or bomb. She would be slow in building, costly in money, extravagant in steel, would lack speed and probably be a fuel eater.

German "Unsinkables"

The Germans have always been fond of talking about "unsinkable ships." Their pre-war advertisements of the famous *Bremen* and *Europa* spoke of their being unsinkable, and since those days German warships have inevitably been unsinkable until sunk as was the *Bismarck*.

The *Europa* and *Bremen* were divided into a large number of watertight compartments by means of a network of transverse and longitudinal bulkheads. It was known that two or more could be ripped open and filled with hundreds of tons of water without the ship's being in danger of going down and two adjacent compartments could be filled and still allow the ships to proceed under their own steam. In the same way German battleships are highly subdivided and can take severe punishment by torpedo without actually sinking. But it is a recognized point in modern warfare at sea that the number of warships sunk by torpedo in action is insignificant in comparison to those sunk by gunfire, which usually leads to magazine explosion, against which all the multiplicity of bulkheads and extravagant claims are of no avail. No less than nineteen torpedoes were fired into the *Bismarck* before she was sunk.

The nearest approach to the unsinkable ship ever built without the direct intention of being such and having normal cargo capacity and speed were the schooners and brigs used in the timber trade from America to Europe. Being in timber and loaded tight with timber, they could be dismasted, broached to, overwhelmed and even burnt to the waterline without sinking. Many of the notorious derelicts which haunted the North Atlantic during the latter part of the 19th century were ships of this type which had come to grief in some way. Some of them floated for many months after their crews had abandoned them and travelled for thousands of miles before they disintegrated and became driftwood.

The idea of solid timber ships was revived on at least one notable occasion during the Four Years War. The U-boats had been concentrating on our steamers bringing timber from Scandinavia, and the authorities hit upon the idea of building a solid ship of timber in Norway and having her towed across to be broken up on this side. It was a daring experiment, but it worked. This strange, unsinkable ship was 260 feet long and contained 4,200 tons of timber. She was named *Merakerbrug* and sailed from Trondhjem in tow of one small tug, the *Facia*, arriving in a British port safe and sound. Had torpedoes been fired at her it would have been interesting to hear the U-boat commander's comments, for certainly she could have been struck a great many times without disintegrating and would not have "sunk" at all in the usual meaning of the term.

Some years before a solid ship of the same kind had actually been sailed across the Atlantic. She had a tonnage of nearly 6,000 tons and was the largest ship in the world of her time. The idea was to bring her over and break her up, the timber being sold in the usual way. She was, however, wrecked on the coast of France, and as proof that there was a good idea in the project, the timber of which she was built was sold at a good profit; the waves did the work of breaking up for the owners and cast up her timbers on the coast for which they were intended.

Victory is our Business!

War today is grim business. The fighting men go away, but not with a fanfare . . . not with drums and flags. They roll by in armoured vehicles. They rumble by in tanks. They roar into the air in planes. Great industries must run at full speed to keep them moving . . . to protect them . . . to give them power of attack. The men and women of General Motors in Canada work with a fighting spirit. Their skill, their energy, their stamina, go into the battle . . . *for Victory is their business.* Already Canadian-built GM war products are serving in every theatre of war. There will be more and more and more, until the grim struggle is finished and peace brings with it a new title deed to freedom.

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The Leftist Ukrainian Halls

The sale or leasing of the pro-Russian Ukrainian properties to nationalist Ukrainian societies of Rightist tendencies is rather like turning over Orange Lodges to a Fenian society.

But Dr. Kirkconnell points out that the equity of the Leftist societies in their properties is in most cases pretty small; and the banning of the Leftist organizations during the Russo-German Pact left a cultural void in the Ukrainian settlements.

BY WATSON KIRKCONNELL

A CINDER in the national eye of Canada is the problem of 110 Ukrainian halls sequestrated in 1940 by the Government from the Ukrainian Labour-Farmer Temple Association. Until these properties are restored to their original owners, scores of communities across Canada will suffer from a permanent ferment of unrest. Active pressure for their restoration comes today largely from the Communist press and the Communist party, whose plan of campaign is based on the vilification of other groups to whom a few of the halls have been leased or sold. This technique results in a community dog-fight, rather than in a solution. There is a crying need for having some non-partisan group like the Civil Liberties Association press for a restoration of the halls on grounds of fundamental justice and public welfare, without resorting to campaigns of mud-slinging.

The problem is far from being a simple one, and it would seem to be in the public interest to have it carefully elucidated.

The main Leftist organization among the Ukrainians is the Labour-Farmer Temple Association (U.L.F.T.A.), formed in 1922 as a mutual aid or sick benefit society. It expanded rapidly, with 88 branches formed in the first seven years, and was very enterprising in its establishment of newspapers and of special classes in music, athletics, Marxian economics, and the Ukrainian language. Management of the Association soon came under the control of a dynamic Communist nucleus; the newspapers assumed the strict party line, under directives from the Third International; and the pedagogy of the U.L.F.T.A. schools for young Canadians was after the Comintern pattern.

Majority Not Communists

It is important to remember, however, that the majority of those who built and frequented the halls were not Communists but a host of public-spirited citizens who gave or lent their savings, contributed materials, and did much of the manual labor of construction. This made each hall much more precious to the community that it served than any mere municipal building could be. Moreover, thanks to the method of construction, the assessment and market value of the building would be considerably less than its intrinsic value.

During the first twenty-two months of the Second World War, up to the time of Hitler's attack on Russia, all of the Canadian Communists denounced the war as a vile capitalistic conspiracy, described Britain as a foul parasite on the welfare of the world, and demanded Canada's withdrawal from the struggle. In the circumstances, all Communist groups, including the U.L.F.T.A., were declared illegal under the Defence of Canada Regulations, and the community halls of the groups were padlocked, as being centres of active sedition. In the case of the Ukrainian Leftists, this meant that 110 properties, with an assessed value of approximately $250,000, were sequestrated and placed under the Secretary of State, as Custodian of Enemy Property.

Troubles in Handling

The subsequent handling of these halls has been the subject of considerable controversy. The Custodian was primarily impressed with the economic aspect of the question; for the halls turned out to be hungry white elephants with their snouts in the tax-payer's pocket. There were outstanding mortgages totalling over $76,000; there were insurance policies to be maintained; and the cost of taxes threatened to become a major item of expenditure. Cash assets were less than $1400. To meet this financial situation, the Custodian tried renting out the properties, and today 13 halls are rented on a full-time basis and 19 others are rented occasionally. A further step was to sell properties outright; and 16 have thus far been sold for a total of about $75,000—three to the Ukrainian National Federation and the rest chiefly to religious organizations. In one case (Pritchard Avenue, Winnipeg), the mortgagee foreclosed on a mortgage of $37,122 as against an assessment of $36,700.

The sales have raised both legal and political problems. On the legal side, the right of the Custodian to sell the properties at all has been challenged. If the halls had simply been padlocked to prevent their use for subversive purposes, then the owners' legal title to the property was presumably not invalidated.

The Custodian might argue that he had to sell the halls to avoid heavy taxes and mortgage charges, and that he would keep the equity of the original owners on deposit for a later repayment; but it might be retorted that they were not his to sell. In many cases, moreover, the equity was very small. The Euclid Avenue hall in Winnipeg was assessed at $12,000 (matched by insurance of $12,050), yet it carried an unpaid mortgage of $12,000. The Custodian sold this property to the Ukrainian National Federation for $13,300. In the case of the Bathurst Street hall in Toronto, the assessed value was $36,500; the mortgage indebtedness was $15,400; and the sale price was $35,000.

No Discrimination

In these cases, the full market value (but not the full intrinsic value) was secured; but there were some sales to churches in which as little as one-fifth of the assessment value was charged. The Custodian was evidently more anxious to unload the more cost-ridden halls (in terms of mortgages and taxes) than he was to make a good bargain for the U.L.F.T.A. Exactly the same treatment was given to the halls sequestrated from other Leftist and Rightist groups that were outlawed at the same time. I have been assured by Ottawa officials that the U.L.F.T.A. has not been discriminated against, except in so far as more of their halls had hungry mortgages.

The political difficulties of the hall problem were twofold: (i) the dislocation suffered by scores of Canadian communities in the closing of their most important centre of social life, frequented not only by a small Communist control-group but also by a much more numerous following whose degree of political subversion was very slight; and (ii) the friction caused in some instances by disposing of these properties to groups who, though politically loyal to Canada, were violently disliked by the original owners.

The interruption caused to normal community life by padlocking halls was fully realized by some of the Government departments at Ottawa, and considerable work was done on plans to reopen all of the halls.

The plan most favored was to set up in each case a local non-partisan

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CANADIAN NATIONAL-CANADIAN PACIFIC

committee, including moderate members of the outlawed U.L.F.T.A., and to have this committee operate the hall under the supervision of Canadian Clubs or of university extension departments. This arrangement was strongly urged by such men as Colonel James Mess, Professor Simpson, Dr. Tracy Philipps, and myself, and had the support of several departments, including the R.C.M.P.

Nothing of this was done, however, partly because of lack of personnel for organizing and supervising the project and partly through a failure to persuade Ottawa higher-ups that the cost and effort could be justified at a time when the demands of more concrete and immediate war work were clamorous. Expenditure on non-Anglo-Saxon community morale might be vital to the war effort, but too many Philistine members of the House would never grasp the point. And so a valuable plan came to nothing.

Over 300,000 Ukrainians

To understand the second political difficulty, inherent in deeply rooted group antipathies, one needs to go back to an analysis of the Ukrainian-Canadian community. Canada's 300,000 Ukrainians fall into two main groups in their attitude towards the Ukrainian homeland. Approximately two-thirds hope for an independent, non-Communist Ukrainian nation, and are hostile towards the states (especially Poland, Rumania and Soviet Russia) that have suppressed Ukrainian nationalism. The other one-third, represented by the U.L.F.T.A., are fervently Communist and resent all criticism of Russia as a sin against the Holy Ghost. Most strongly anti-Communist has been the Ukrainian National Federation, and it is therefore the chief target for Communist attacks. The nationalists were nationalists, however, only in terms of foreign policy and the supporting of Ukrainian movements in Europe; their program involved nothing subversive so far as Canada's politics were concerned. In Canada, they were Liberals, Conservatives, and C.C.F.-ers. The Communists, however, in keeping with the directives of the Comintern, were working for the ultimate class struggle in Canada and the overthrow of existing Canadian institutions. Up to March 1939, the nationalists expressed considerable approval of the apparent sympathy of Hitler for Ukrainian nationalism *in Europe;* but his double-cross in the case of the "Carpatho-Ukraine" soured them completely. When the war came, it found all of the nationalist organizations and newspapers in Canada clearly behind the war effort. In time, all of the nationally minded groups, in spite of sharp differences of political philosophy, united in a single "Committee of Ukrainians in Canada" (CUC) to help the war effort still further. Their record since September 1939 is one of consistent loyalty; they have given freely to Red Cross and war loan efforts; and their members figure in the casualty lists at Hong Kong and Dieppe. The Ukrainian Communists in Canada, on the contrary, reviled our Government and war effort until after June 1941; but then bought their way into public esteem by raising $120,000 for the Russian Red Cross and by insisting clamorously on a second-front all-out effort to save Russia.

Most Canadians now favor all possible aid to Russia, as our invaluable ally (and as a country which, regardless of present labels, has outgrown Marx-Leninist Communism and now embraces wage differentials, property inheritance, interest-bearing securities and respect for personal savings) but they are very suspicious of the Communists of Canada, who are still Marx-Leninist revolutionaries, unregenerately committed to the violent overthrow of our institutions. Part of their program is the discrediting of all non-Communist organizations in the country especially those among the foreign-language groups.

The unwisdom of the Custodian, however, in selling confiscated Communist halls to nationalist Ukrainians has resulted in serious threats to law and order. It is not that the nationalists have not been loyal supporters of our war effort—for they have. The trouble lies in a clash of movements more violent than any known in our recent Anglo-Saxon history. A mild parallel would be to confiscate an Orange Lodge building and sell it to Catholic Fenians for lodge purposes.

It is easy to be wise in retrospect; but it seems clear now that it would have been simpler in the long run to have left the halls with their owners in 1940, but to have arrested two or three hundred of the more seditious Leftists and sentenced them, by due process of law, to long penitentiary terms. Such a procedure would have been far more difficult at the time, for baffling anonymity often veiled the individual assassin of our war effort; yet the hard way might well have proved the simplest in the long run, and with the violent trouble-makers removed, the U.L.F.T.A. might have carried on without constant and vicious attacks against Canada at war.

The Future of the Halls

What of the future? Now that the Leftists are publicly supporting the war, what are the prospects of their organizations being legitimized and their properties restored? As to the former, the legalization has been recommended by a parliamentary committee and may yet come into effect. As to the latter, I understand that there is a legal impasse preventing the rescinding of sales legally made by the Crown, which "can do no wrong." To a layman, however, it would seem that the same Crown could, with equal impeccability, reverse its own decisions by means of an Order-in-Council.

Should that action be contemplated, I would urge that certain conditions should be carefully observed:

(1) Such restoration should be definitely on probation. Should it be found that responsible members of the U.L.F.T.A. are still surreptitiously planning revolution or that the halls are again being used to spread sedition, then the law should intervene.

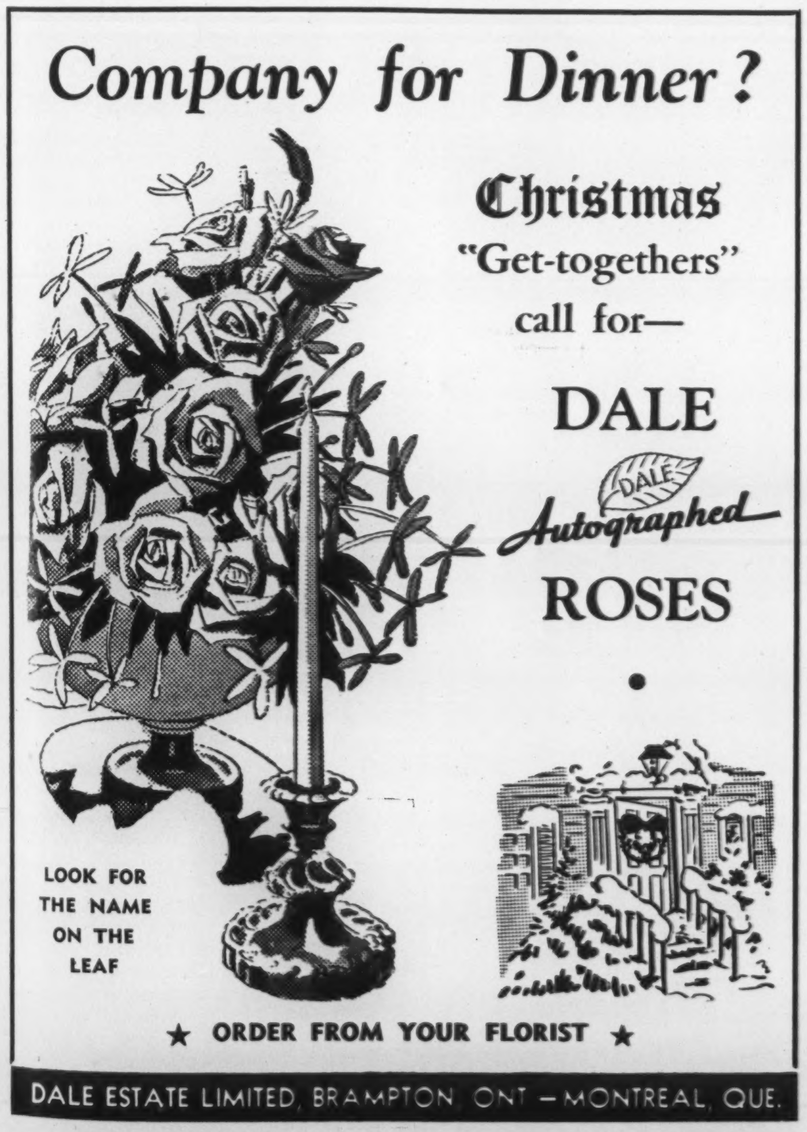
(2) Should sales be rescinded, the financial rights of the innocent purchasers should be scrupulously protected. They are poor communities, mostly of working men, whose dimes and quarters have been painfully gathered to pay instalments on the purchase.

(3) Still more important is the safeguarding of the reputation of these purchasers. If this were not done, the Leftists would hail the rescinding as a complete vindication of all their accusations against their opponents. The effect on the morale of the majority of the Ukrainian community would be disastrous. It would be said that the Canadian Government had weakly thrown to the wolves those who had loyally backed the war effort for over three years. It is therefore all the more important that restitution should be sought by some such neutral body as the Civil Liberties Association, which could keep the record straight.

Slanders Refuted

In conclusion, let me repudiate current slanders with regard to the policies that have governed the handling of the halls. To the best of my knowledge (and that is extensive), there has been no intentional favor shown the renters and purchasers of these halls and no backstairs influence exerted on their behalf. The sales policy was solely that of the Custodian, and was based solely on economic considerations. Sales were made by commercial agents on a commercial basis, at local real estate valuations, and it just happened that three of the sixteen purchasers were the bitter enemies of the original owners. Twenty months ago, after the Bathurst Street property had already been sold to the Ukrainian National Federation, I myself recommended to the Toronto police commission that the U.N.F. should be permitted to hold meetings in it, for to withhold permission at that stage seemed arbitrary—but I wrote to Ottawa, urging that the sale should be rescinded, in the interests of public peace. (Similar opposition to the sales were registered by Dr. Tracy Philipps, who wrote the Government thus in January 1941, after talking with me: "It will surely in the end be found democratic to ascertain the feelings and to consult the desires of the very large number of people who paid for the construction of these Community buildings which are very dear to them.") My association with Ukrainians in Canada had begun only in 1940, after they had shown their willingness to sever foreign affiliations and to subordinate their nationalist jealousies to a backing of the Canadian war effort. Prior to that time, as a warm friend of the Poles, I had been the object of attacks from Ukrainians of all parties. I had also denounced any Canadian tie-in with Melnyk or Skoropadsky.

I detest Fascism, and have always fought it; but I dislike equally the "Fascists of the Left," the apostles of class-warfare and one-party tyranny. Even the most radical changes in our political and economic order are tolerable if brought about by constitutional means; but the Fascists of the Left, who formerly controlled these halls, had no use for the British brand of democracy. For that reason, while urging a solution of the hall problem, I qualify it with a warning against the possible abuse of our honesty.



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The British sense of humor does not, perhaps, win wars. But it certainly helps a lot, and the Germans have noted the fact. Our efficient enemy now wants to employ humor to boost the waning morale of German soldiers and people.

So Professor Geibel of the German Psychological Corps is now testing the reactions of selected German soldiers to various brands of British humor —with results laughable to the British but not to Germans.

Germans Investigate British Humor

BY EVERETT LAWSON

PROFESSOR GEIBEL of the German Psychological Corps is testing the reactions of selected German soldiers to various brands of British humor. He is particularly anxious to discover their secret because he feels that they contribute to morale in a quite remarkable way. The learned Professor is obviously right. There are circumstances where humor can retrieve a situation which discipline finds difficult. Several times the British soldier not to mention the British civilian has stood up to impossible conditions in this war, just because he could turn the edge of disaster with a laugh.

It does not stop at soldiers. British merchant seamen have faced the most terrible ordeals, airmen the greatest hazards, and time and again a joke pulled them through. It is part of the stock in trade of the services. The bosun of the *Chartres* watched three men die while his lifeboat crawled through landless ocean. He kept up the spirits of the crew with his dry humor. In Egypt the same kind of thing happens. When the sweltering heat had reduced everything to a leaden haze, and life, quite apart from fighting, seemed impossible, a young Cockney looked at the bright pink face of his pal and said, "Blimey, you look just like a startled prawn!" Somehow it put new life into them. And now the Germans are out to add this weapon to their formidable armory.

According to the scientists there are three types of human laughter. Spontaneous laughter, when we give way automatically to some funny situation, is called 'thalamic' laughter. 'Cortical' laughter is the type produced as a deliberately willed act. The third and most refined type, is laughing at oneself.

'Thalamic' laughter takes us back to the days when animals arched their backs, bared their teeth, grimaced, did anything, so long as it convinced their enemies that they were big and terrifying. In other words they tried to appear superior to an enemy. Laughter appears to have begun in this way. The bared teeth and grimace eventually refined themselves into a laugh, but the purpose did not change. When we laugh 'thalamically' at someone in a ludicrous situation, we are demonstrating our superiority over that situation, showing that we would not easily fall into the same trap.

When we laugh 'cortically' we are aware of our superiority and consciously will the laughter. It is the second step in refinement. The last form, laughing at oneself, is yet another demonstration of superiority, this time of some inner, untouched self, over the ordinary work-a-day-I. When we laugh at ourselves there is obviously another self doing the laughter and therein lies the superiority implication once more.

Germans Don't Respond

Not that psychology is at all certain of these definitions. The whole business of laughter is still wrapped around with difficulties and this formula is by no means infallible. There are, in fact, several other interpretations, but none seems to fit the everyday business of humor quite so well. German psychologists, of course, are not backwards in these matters. They understand the inner springs which produce the human phenomenon of laughter, they have probed deeply into the origins and changes of the smile. But British humor does not entirely fit their theories. Worse still, the ordinary German citizen does not respond to the British stimulus at all well. An English tail-gunner excitedly reports to his captain, "Have just shot down a Heinkel, sir!" The captain replies blandly, "Why not?" Already scores of Schmidts have pored over these phrases, had them dissected and analyzed, listened to disquisitions delivered by brilliant professors, all directed at conveying the laughter content to Herr Schmidt. Sometimes a dim idea of what it is all about has got across, sometimes, an occasional soldier has seen the joke instantly, but generally speaking these lectures are not successful.

It was the same in the last war. A copy of one of Bruce Bairnsfather's posters came into the hands of a German psychologist during 1916. The sketch showed a monster shell make a still more monstrous hole in a particularly thick brick wall. Underneath Old Bill was saying "Mice!" For many wearying weeks the German professor labored at his task of explanation. The word 'mice' didn't actually mean mice. It was a deliberate attempt to minimize the size and danger of the shell, an amusing example of the British Tommy's indifference under shell fire. If they, the German soldiers, could get that attitude, they would find artillery barrages far less troublesome. Unfortunately the German soldiers were not adept in this type of laughter. They had been drilled into automatons. They moved clockwork fashion, and clockwork doesn't laugh.

The British sense of humor does not win wars. But the Germans know it helps a lot. Laughter helped to pull Britain's big cities through the grim days of the "blitz." The laughter of the man or woman who had just seen his house and all his possessions reduced to rubble by a bomb must puzzle the German professors. Or perhaps it doesn't. Probably they can explain it all to the citizens of the Ruhr now enjoying the same experience. But the point is, can they make them laugh?

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J.S.H.

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Dr. Klein, who is one of the leading Austrian commentators now in North America—where he divides his time between Canada and the United States—has long held that the Petain Government was merely assuming a mask of "collaboration" to protect French interests while Britain and America rearmed.

Darlan he holds to be truly patriotic, and even Laval may be something better than "the pro-Nazi whom the plotters had to tolerate to deceive Hitler thoroughly."

Is Vichy's "Collaboration" a Mask?

BY FRANZ KLEIN

"THE success of the North African enterprise", said Mr. Richard Law, Britain's Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, "was due very largely to the patient, persistent policy of the United States Government which enabled that government to maintain its representatives in North Africa." Britain, he added, had given full support to this policy but it had not always been possible to explain why.

Canadians can gratefully remember that the support given by their government was still stronger. With understandable sarcasm Mr. Sumner Welles, Cordell Hull's lieutenant, derided those who for "lack of vision and knowledge" had demanded "the abandonment of our whole policy toward the French people, at the very moment that that policy was afforded the striking opportunity of proving its full worth".

"Lack of vision and knowledge" led many people to believe that to conquer the island of St. Pierre was more important than to strengthen the hands of those who commanded the French Navy. Often when I read certain publications in the United States and Canada, I thought if a man, fallen from the moon, peeped over my shoulder, he would think that the enemy was Pétain, not Hitler. Not lack of vision and knowledge but personal ambition induced a good many Frenchmen in exile to prophesy a hundred times since June, 1940, that Pétain and Darlan were just about to surrender their ships to the Germans and to declare war on Great Britain.

Britain Was Unarmed

Inability and unwillingness to understand France is a time-honored tradition. G. K. Chesterton versified it as follows:

"Oh how I love humanity,
With a love so pure and pringlish,
But how I hate the horrid French
Who never will be English."

People with this attitude were, of course, unable to understand Mr. Mackenzie King when, in August, he declared that he maintained relations with Vichy "to encourage the people of France". To them Marshal Pétain appeared as a senile tyrant, despised by his own nation. To quote again Chesterton: "The modern tail-foremost type of journalistic history perpetually fails us."

The tail-foremost historians should at least remember that France, in September of 1939, had an ally who was not a comrade-in-arms but a comrade without arms. For many years all these men, Pétain, Darlan, Weygand, Laval, even Léon Blum, the Socialist leader, had implored the British to introduce conscription; to modernize the Navy; to build up their air-force. Their words had fallen on deaf ears. When Barthou tried to secure Russia's assistance, Hitler's friends in London thwarted it; when Laval endeavored to obtain Italy's help, Hitler's enemies in London frustrated it, believing in a natural solidarity of two dictators who, in fact, were mortal enemies. The result of Britain's darkest period in history, marked by the names of MacDonald, Baldwin, and Chamberlain, was that France, after the quick fall of Poland, found herself practically alone against Germany's and Italy's fourfold superiority.

Alone for the time being! Pétain and his friends, these great soldiers of the First War, did not distrust Britain. They knew that Britain would see it through again. But as military experts they knew too that Britain would not be able to take the field in force before the third or fourth year of war. Modern mechanized warfare defies improvisation, which had still been successful in 1914; and Britain had introduced conscription only in May, 1939. Can it surprise us that these Frenchmen were defeatists? Three years of war with Germany, with some of our best divisions tied up by the Italian menace—what will be left of the French nation when finally the British and Americans will be ready?

"We Must Survive"

It was not heroic, but it was the attitude of men who had saved their country once before and were resolved to do it again: "We must survive until the Anglo-Saxons are ready"—this was their thought and their faith, to this they clung with the tenacity and stubbornness of their old and hardy race. For this they sacrificed themselves, the whole capital of their fame, their friendships, their reputation, sometimes even their personal honor. Our old bones do not count, they said; *Vive la France!*

It was the greatest conspiracy of history. Ringleaders were Pétain, Weygand, Darlan, Nogues, and, to his permanent glory as a great diplomat, Admiral Leahy, Roosevelt's envoy. When Giraud came home from his German prison camp, he became one of them. He stayed at General Weygand's house until he left for Africa. General Dentz who defended Syria without inflicting losses on the British was one of them. He even told the French over the radio that the British action there had been completely justified, after which Pétain as a strict disciplinarian ordered him to stay at home for five days.

And so they cheated the devil until the time was at hand. Then they parted. Darlan and Giraud went to Africa, Pétain remained in France, a second King Leopold of the Belgians, to prevent his nation from falling into the hands of quislings like Déat and Doriot. Of course, he could not play this part without denouncing Darlan and Giraud as mutineers. They keep the French Empire, he keeps a minimum of the home-country's sovereignty. It is an excellent division of labor.

How does Laval fit in with this picture? Most people distrust him. It is astonishing to see that they trust him best when he says the most improbable thing—that he is wishing for Hitler's victory. Perhaps he really is. Perhaps he is the pro-Nazi whom the great plotters had to tolerate in their midst in order to deceive Hitler thoroughly. Perhaps he is even the spiritual leader of the whole conspiracy. Of all the leading Frenchmen today he is the astutest schemer. We must wait until the whole story can be told.

If This Is Wrong . . .

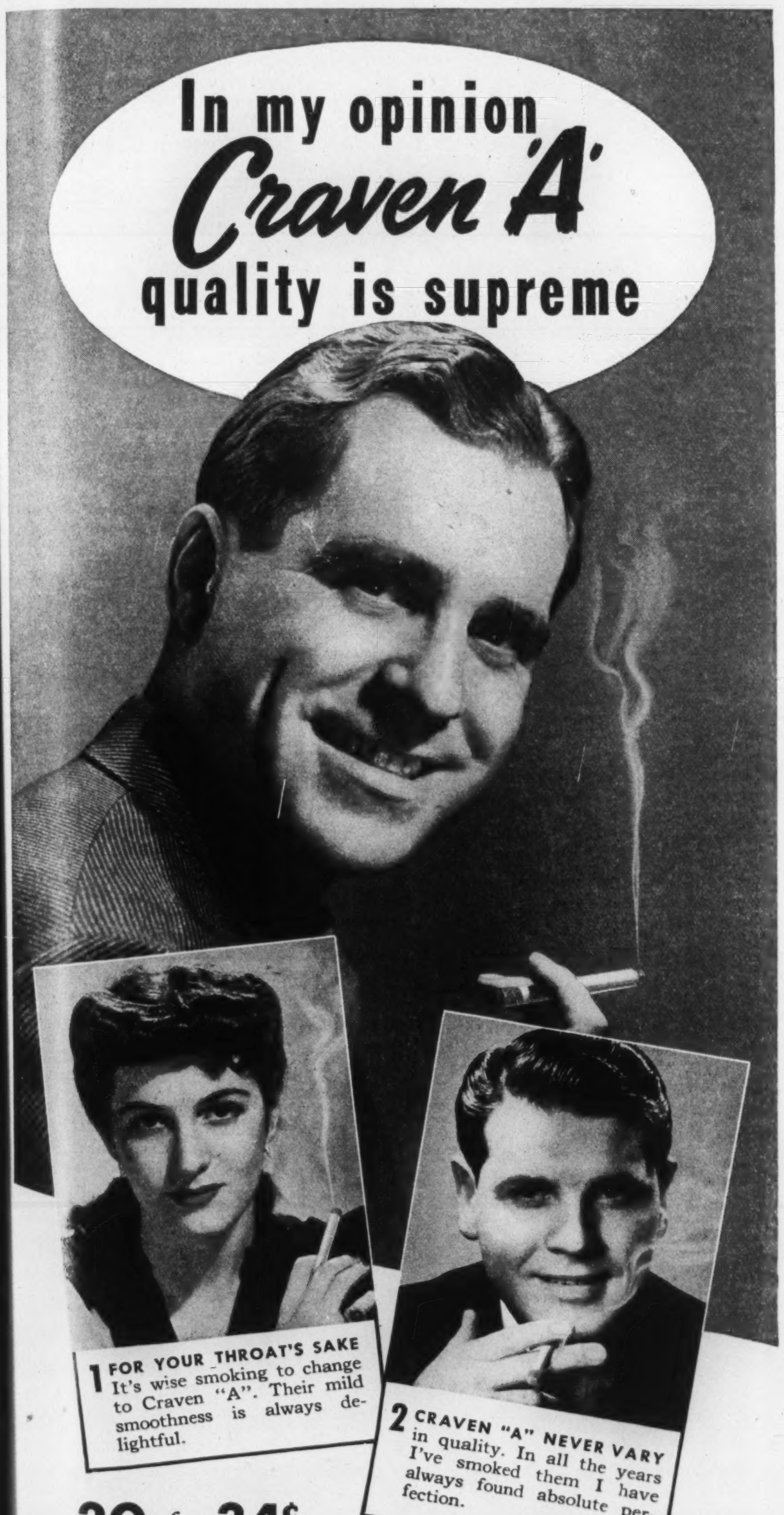
I know of many people who dislike political speculations of this sort. They feel entirely happy with two colors on their palette, black and white. They dislike the finer shades in between. Why fatigue one's brain if distributing marks and name calling is so handy? Traitor, Chief Traitor, Second Worst Traitor, Hitler's Gauleiter, Sawdust Cesar, — these are their daily categories. But, unfortunately, a world war is a complicated thing and political warfare is rapidly assuming top rank—just because we are last ready for military warfare. Political warfare cannot afford intellectual simplicity.

Supposing my plot theory were as wrong as I am convinced of its being right; supposing Darlan were nothing but an opportunist; what would be the conclusion? Should we refuse to deal with him? Should we accept him only as a momentary device? This would reveal a complete misreading of recent history. Numerous nations and their leaders have become Hitler's instruments because they were afraid of him. One by one they will try to change sides. Shall we snub them and reject their hands? Is it our task to win this war or to moralize? We shall win it by moral means and for morality's sake. But it would be hypocritical to put all the blame on the virgin who gave herself to the dragon and to put no blame on the knight whose sword was blunt when she prayed for his intervention.

Children may think that political and military cooperation of nations is based on love. This would be an insecure foundation. Only genuine community of interests is reliable, and even love can thrive on this soil. If Darlan, who is a great sea-lord, is an opportunist, then he is one of the men who are able to be aware of their country's interests. To reject him because of this quality would, in fact, be a defeatist attitude because it would imply that our victory is not yet certain.

People who stubbornly refuse to believe that they misinterpreted Vichy are invited to remember how thoroughly they misjudged Stalin and, before him, King Leopold. If they stick to their painting in black and white, we can promise them some more surprises before long.

Just to provoke their thoughts *en passant*, we venture the statement that Rome's dominating motive has been, since 1933, one burning anxiety: How can Italy survive Nazism without a German invasion?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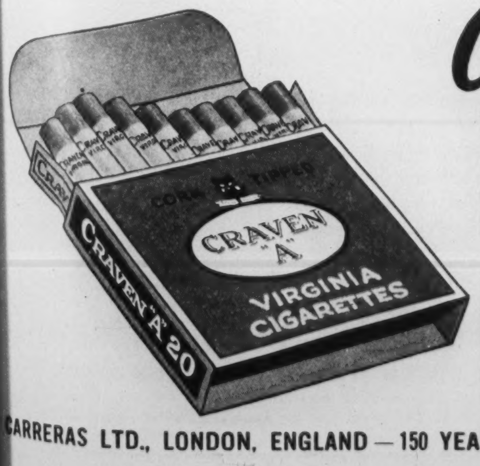

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THE HITLER WAR

Problems Which Keep Hitler Awake at Nights

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

I CAN never remember a time, since the days of the "phoney war", when there was any difficulty in finding enough to write about in this space. But today it has become a real problem, how to deal with all the important subjects demanding attention each week. Consider, for instance, this week's batch: the many points in Mr. Churchill's speech demanding comment, the whole question of a separate peace with Italy, the great Russian counter-offensives, the progress of our own twin drives in North Africa, the possibilities of a counter-stroke by Hitler in Spain, the state of mind of the Nazi leadership as revealed by recent German propaganda, and the scuttling of the French Fleet at Toulon!

There was, admittedly, a great feeling of relief that the Toulon fleet had not fallen into Hitler's hands, after all—though I never expected that the French crews would fight for Germany, and Hitler would have met with serious difficulties and delays in commissioning the ships with German personnel. There was also a grim satisfaction in picturing the ships blowing up in the faces of the Germans, or settling to the bottom just as they reached out to seize them.

But the thing which struck me most powerfully was that here, in the destruction of every one of the 62 ships at Toulon, we had evidence of long and careful preparation, and that if the same preparation had been put into an attempt at escape many of the units might have got away to continue the fight from the other side of the Mediterranean.

Lacked the Will

There is, of course, the possibility that the fleet had no fuel oil left whatever. But if this were so, I believe we would have heard of it from Vichy, London, Washington or Algiers. No, the conclusion is inescapable that the naval leaders at Toulon lacked the will to continue the fight. There is evidenced here the same confusion of mind which impelled Pétain, Darlan, Noguès and the other Vichy leaders to sacrifice the fine battleship *Jean Bart* and most of the other naval units at Casablanca and Oran, as well as thousands of French lives, in fighting us only three weeks ago.

These French Rightists have never been able to make up their minds, since the days of Blum and the Popular Front, whether they disliked the idea of a Hitler-dominated Europe more than the prospect of a socialist French republic. Since 1940 they have been unable to decide whether they hated the British more than the Germans.

I cannot agree with the *New York Times* when it praises the scuttling as the greatest deed of gallantry and heroism yet witnessed in the struggle against Hitler, and one which will live for a thousand years. I incline, instead, to Mr. Churchill's view of it, as a sombre and tragic spectacle.

Could Have Run For It

Surely it cannot be argued that none of the ships could have escaped, had they tried. In the first place the attempt need not have been left until the night the Germans grabbed at Toulon. The process of getting up steam in the ships might have provoked notice and given the German air force perhaps a couple of hours warning, but it ought to have been possible to have put up an effective smoke screen.

Clearing German mines from the harbor entrance is only a routine task for any fleet; we have to sweep ahead of our convoys the entire distance to Murmansk. Once clear of the harbor, a night's run would have taken the French ships out of reach of the German air force in France, and by passing between the Balearics and the Spanish coast, towards Oran, they could have avoided Axis planes based in Sardinia. Unquestionably a large number of ships could have made their way through, had the will been there to make the attempt.

At Toulon only 3 of the 8 French battleships, 7 out of 19 cruisers, 25 out of 50 destroyers and 26 out of perhaps 60 submarines went down. We hold many of the remaining units; while the Vichyites in North Africa, Dakar and Martinique have others. Could these be reassembled into a fleet?

Let us survey the prospect. At Alexandria we hold a battleship, dating back to 1916, and four modern cruisers, three of them heavies. In British ports there are two more battleships, of 1913 vintage. At Martinique there is an old aircraft-carrier and two light cruisers; at Dakar the new battleship *Richelieu*, three light cruisers, several destroyers and probably over a dozen submarines; at Casablanca the hulk of the Richelieu's sister-ship, *Jean Bart;* in various North African ports probably a few destroyers; and in Madagascar a light cruiser.

All together, then, 5 battleships, 10 cruisers, and perhaps a dozen destroyers and 15 submarines, the makings of a fleet greater than that at Toulon. But most of these ships have been idle for two and a half years and would need docking and overhaul. Of the two modern battleships, the *Jean Bart* was destroyed through folly at Casablanca early this month (though in any case it would have taken a couple of years to redesign and build her other main four-gun turret, which was left behind when she fled France in 1940); while the *Richelieu* was seriously damaged by three British depth-charges dropped under her stern, and several aerial torpedo hits, during the uncertainty following the French capitulation, and still needs this damage repaired.

A New French Fleet?

For all of these French ships special ammunition would have to be made and stored at our bases abroad, as the only large supplies were in France and at Bizerta. These are not the greatest difficulties, however. An almost insuperable difficulty in the way of creating a powerful new French Fleet would be finding sufficient trained sailors and officers, and all the higher personnel of a navy, outside of France. The most that can be hoped for, therefore, is that the most useful units, such as the submarines, destroyers and some of the cruisers, may be put into service one by one, as overhauling can be completed and crews found.

Thus has a great fleet, which should have and could have, fought on from its world-wide bases in 1940, been dispersed and destroyed by "the folly and worse than folly" of Darlan and his kind. As one who loves ships and loves France, I find it a sad thing to contemplate.

Fortunately, there are many more cheerful subjects to turn to. There is the great Russian offensive at Stalingrad, and the newer one west around Rzhev and Velikye Luki. The drive at Stalingrad and within the great bend of the Don is plainly the biggest thing the Russians have ever attempted. It proves not only that they were able to husband a large part of their forces all summer, but that these forces have profited greatly from the experience of the war, just as our Eighth Army in Egypt did. It also shows, once again, that the Soviet Command has a very sure strategic sense.

Voronezh the Pivot

It understood, to begin with, as Ralph Parker of the *New York Times* writes from Moscow, that Voronezh was the indispensable pivot point for a southern front. The loss of this place, together with that of Stalingrad, would have allowed the Germans to push up the Volga and curl back on Moscow, as Stalin says they intended. Voronezh was held; that was the first big failure in the German plan. Stalingrad was held, and with relatively small forces, while the main Russian Southern Army was swung back behind the middle Don, and augmented steadily from reserves. The vital front before Moscow was held solidly all the time, too.

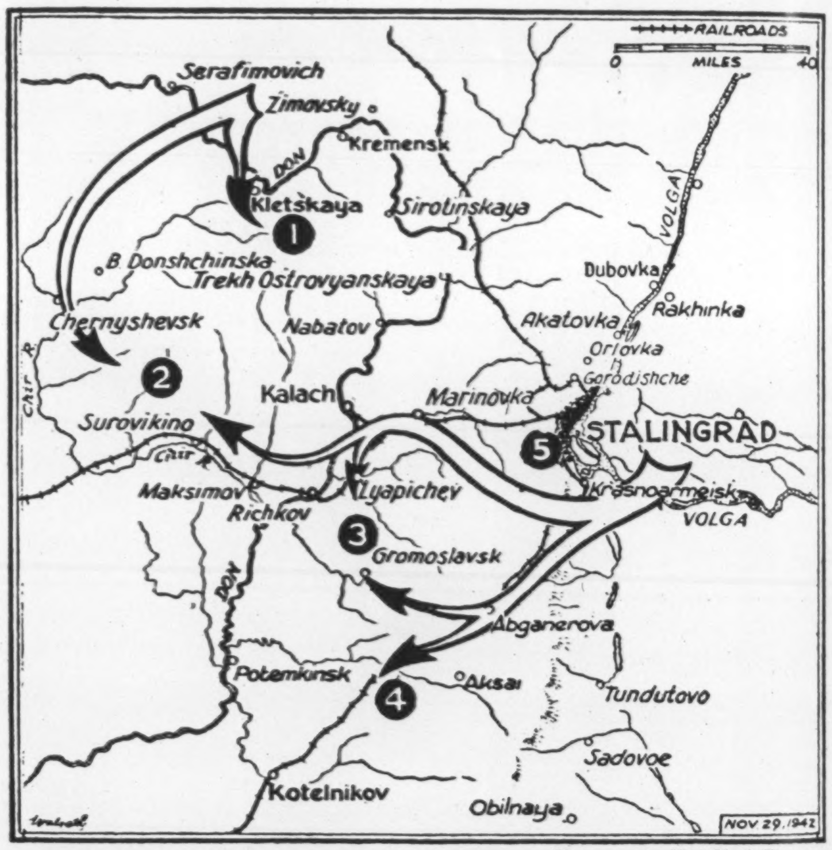
Parker believes that the Germans stand today just about where Stalin expected them to stand when the 1942 campaign began. Since the primary Russian aim is to destroy the main German forces, ***Stalin's counter-offensives may be expected to strike downwards, to further pack the Germans into the salient, cut them off, and "bring the roof crashing down on their heads", and not westwards in the general direction of Germany.***

According to this strategic view—which passed the Moscow censorship—the Soviet offensive which the Berlin Radio says is being prepared in the neighborhood of Voronezh may be expected to strike downwards too, in the direction of the Donetz River and its complex of rail communications, which support the Germans in the great Don bend.

And if the new offensive west of Moscow is to strike down against the Smolensk-Vyazma pocket, it must first take Rzhev and open up much better communications than the forces advancing against Velikye Luki have behind them as yet.

The Stalingrad offensive is in the meanwhile chewing a large bite out of the German Army of the Don bend. As the accompanying map shows, the most sensational Soviet drive, which broke through the German front near Serafimovitch and advanced swiftly to Chernyshevsk, has curled back towards the east again. It appears to be attempting, with the aid of another drive which has swept through Kalach to Surovikino—not from the south-east as shown, but I believe from the north, down the west bank of the Don—to trap all the German forces within the loop of the river.

Still a third, but lesser, drive has swept along mainly to the south of the Kotelnikov railway, and has now crossed this line to reach Gromoslavsk, in an attempt to cut the communications of the large force of Germans still around Stalingrad, and in the well-prepared defence position between Don and Volga north of the city. A fourth drive, it is claimed, has advanced down the west bank of the Volga and made contact with the defenders of Northern Stalingrad.



—*Map, courtesy New York Times.*

An attempt to plot the highly complex Russian moves around Stalingrad. These moves are explained in detail in the text just above the map.

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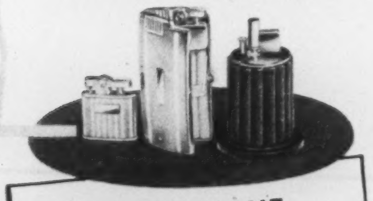

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Thus the whole German position reaching to Stalingrad and the Volga appears to be threatened beyond restoration, with over one-third of the estimated 350,000 troops in it already killed or captured, and others wounded. Yet there has been no word of a general retreat being ordered by Hitler, to save the remainder.

Hitler has committed his prestige so deeply to the capture of Stalingrad and domination of the Volga and invested such a large part of his armed resources and his precious time in pursuing these objectives, that giving them up has become an appallingly difficult decision. Did he not promise his people that he would take Stalingrad, and that no human being would ever drive him out of there? And in his beer-hall speech only 3½ weeks ago he said: "We really have it, you know."

When one considers that he and Goebbels haven't yet found it possible to tell their people that Rommel and his *Afrika Korps* have been defeated, but have portrayed their "disengagement to the west" as a brilliant strategic move by which they will exchange the barren sands of Libya and Egypt for the fertility and greater importance of Tunisia, one can imagine their shuddering reluctance at the idea of admitting a retreat from Stalingrad!

Blame for Stalingrad

After all, Stalingrad has been paid for by mountains of German dead. It has become the Verdun of this war. To look about for the person responsible for such a miscalculation is a deeply-rooted human trait. The German Chief-of-Staff Falkenhayn had to go after Verdun, making way for Hindenburg and Ludendorff. But the General Staff cannot be blamed for Stalingrad, as Hitler has himself claimed to be the supreme commander and sacked the leading generals. These generals or their publicists, have taken care to see that all the "credit" for Stalingrad has been given to Hitler.

If it were only Stalingrad, that would be bad enough. But Hitler's whole over-extended, hard-driven army in the south is in growing danger. And the whole front faces another winter, doubly hard because of the memory of last winter's horror, and the failure of this summer's enormous exertions to achieve anything decisive. A large part of the army should have rest, and leave at home. Reserves are scarcer, however, and needed suddenly to bolster the whole Mediterranean area.

Then, the front to be guarded in Russia is much longer this year; and Germany's "allies," who according to Stalin's November 7th computation provide 61 out of the 240 Axis divisions on the Eastern Front (22 Roumanian, 14 Finnish, 13 Hungarian, 10 Italian, 1 Slovak and 1 Spanish) have less and less stomach for the fight.

Hitler's Many Troubles

Yet Hitler might be happy today if his troubles were confined to the Russian front. At the same time as this crisis has come upon him there, however, Rommel's Army in Africa, representing the other prong of his long and expensively nourished Middle Eastern pincers, has been wiped out. This, and our landing in French North Africa, has destroyed at a blow his whole cheap defence system for his soft southern flank. Of a sudden he has to look sharply to building up a new line of outposts, in Crete, Sicily and Sardinia.

If he had overwhelming air power these outposts might be held with strong air forces and relatively small, picked ground forces, and provide a cheap enough defence line for him. But his air strength has been in decline for at least a year, and Mr. Churchill said last Sunday that one of the chief purposes of our move into the Western Mediterranean was to force on the Luftwaffe another aerial front and weaken it still further.

Once we have cleared the North African coast—which Mr. Churchill declared would be "soon"—Crete, Sicily and Sardinia will get our next attention. Hitler can expect them to do no more than gain him a little time (which was probably also the purpose of his move into Bizerta) while he consolidates his position in Southern France and Italy.

Though the liquidation of his whole, carefully-built-up and diabolically clever French policy must have been a heavy blow to Hitler, the problem of Italy is probably worrying him even more. I remember that somewhere in *Mein Kampf* Hitler says "Heaven help us if we ever have to depend on Italy." Now this chief Axis ally, always a weak sister, is reeling under the triple sledge-hammer blows of our destruction of her best army in Libya, our devastating bombing of her great industrial cities, and the arrival of powerful Anglo-American armies at her very front-door in Tunisia, with the threat of carrying the war right into her territory.

Can she be knocked right out of the war? Obviously, from Mr. Churchill's strong bid of last Sunday, and Mr. Stimson's remarks in Washington, a determined diplomatic and propaganda blitz is under way to this end. The very fact that our leaders seem to think it is possible to win Italy to a separate peace argues against the reliability of the reports that some 70,000 Gestapo agents and 300,000 German troops are already in virtual occupation of the country.

Yet with Mussolini and his regime now dependent for their very lives on a German victory, Hitler could probably secure their connivance in carrying out such an occupation, and we may not succeed in bringing about a revolt in Italy before this happens. In all the circumstances, I am more inclined to expect the Italian people to *lie down*, rather than *rise up*—though I shall be glad if I am wrong in this.

An Occupied Italy

In either case, however, they would be effectively out of the war. If our bombs and propaganda were even to succeed in bringing them to passive resistance, or a sort of national sit-down strike against the war, the German position in occupying Italy would be little different from that in France, and the Italian people would at last universally see the Germans as the real enemy.

I doubt if Hitler relishes the idea of defending Italy's long, lightly-fortified coast-line against our amphibian threat, without the aid of a dependable navy, and with a hostile population along his extended lines of communication reaching back to Germany. Under old-style warfare, the Alps would be a much more favorable line for him. But dare he let our air power establish itself in Northern Italy? Dare he allow us to contact the Serbs and the Austrians? These are a few of the problems which the little corporal must be going over and over these days—and nights.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

THE other day I wrote an article in another part of this paper on the failure of the leaders of French Canada, during the last twenty years, to provide the kind of leadership that their people needed if they were to form an integral yet self-respecting part of a true Canadian nation in today's perplexing world. The article referred specifically to Mme. Casgrain, daughter of a long line of French leaders, who in her candidacy for the federal seat of Charlevoix-Saguenay used the ordinary language of the uninformed masses of her people on the subject of the war, and Canada's relations with the other Commonwealth nations and the other United Nations of the present struggle. It is only fair to add that leadership has not been wholly lacking, and that sometimes it has come from unexpected sources.

A French-Canadian Leader

BY B. K. SANDWELL

Major the Rev. Joseph Armand Sabourin is not, I think I can say without the slightest danger of offending him, a member of the French-Canadian aristocracy. He is the ninth and youngest son of a family of very modest economic status, and if he had not gone into the priesthood it is highly improbable that he would have received any advanced education at all. But the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church is fundamentally a democracy, a career open to talents; and Joseph Armand had very decided talents.

Joseph Armand is an exception to a lot of theories currently held about French-Canadians in other parts of Canada. One of these theories is that a result of large families is small stature and physical inadequacy. Joseph Armand, ninth son, is over six feet tall, and acquitted himself very well indeed on the beaches at Dieppe. He speaks French, English and Italian. There are not many ninth sons in English-speaking families in this country who can do as much. He is a profound and earnest student of history—not just the history of French Canada and its tribulations at the hands of *les Anglais*, but history as a whole and as a science. He is a doctor of philosophy and of theology. But his real interest, I fancy, is music. From the time when he was a boy of nine, so small that only his golden curls showed over the top of the pew, and when he sang the solo responses at mass, he has been keen on both classical and folk music, with a special liking for English songs. He was born and brought up in Ste. Cunegonde, a suburb (now a part) of Montreal which I know very well, and in which the French-speaking population does not keep itself quite so much to itself as in some other districts and in the country parishes where there is nobody else to associate with anyhow.

A FRENCH-SPEAKING friend of mine knows the chaplain's mother, and called on her recently to get some information about her son. She is a woman of seventy with a strong, reposed and definitely beautiful face, with regular features, a humorous warm smile, and keen twinkling eyes under black brows—an excellent example of a very common type of French-Canadian womanhood. Joseph Armand's resemblance to her is easily identifiable. She said that in early youth he was a small, frail lad who did not care much for sports (he wears horn-rimmed glasses in ordinary life, but has had to exchange them for the kind that can be worn inside a gas mask, so I imagine that he was too short-sighted to shine in the more open-air kind of sports), and soon became an omnivorous and retentive reader. He will be forty-one this month, and was educated at Montreal College, the Grand Seminary, and the Canadian College in Rome; it was in Rome that he received his doctor's degree. He became chaplain of Les Fusiliers de Mont-Royal some little time before the war broke out. All his fellow-officers are agreed that the splendid morale of that unit in England is in no small degree due to his character and devotion.

Major Sabourin has talked to his French-Canadian fellow-countrymen quite freely since he came back to Canada after the Dieppe raid. His ideas are not so fundamentally different from those of the majority of his fellows that they can easily get angry with him—though one or two even of his fellow-clerics apparently have. The difference is mainly a difference of accent, of approach. For example, a great many French-Canadian orators are fond of talking of the imperative necessity, and the difficulty, for the French-Canadian people, of "surviving." That doesn't worry Major Sabourin at all. "We no longer have to be concerned about surviving," he told the Canadian Club at Quebec; "what we have to do now is to live. To survive is to subsist after a ruin or a great loss. To live is to give to life all that it signifies."

But the most moving of Major Sabourin's utterances in Canada, one which I wish it were possible to put before the eyes of every English-speaking citizen of this country, was delivered at the dinner in honor of Lieut.-Col. Dollard Menard, his regimental commander, and was broadcast both in French and in English by the CBC. Possibly for that last reason it received very much less attention than it should have done from the English-language press of the country. It began with a description of the regimental parade on the eve of the Dieppe adventure, which even in translation loses but little of its beauty:

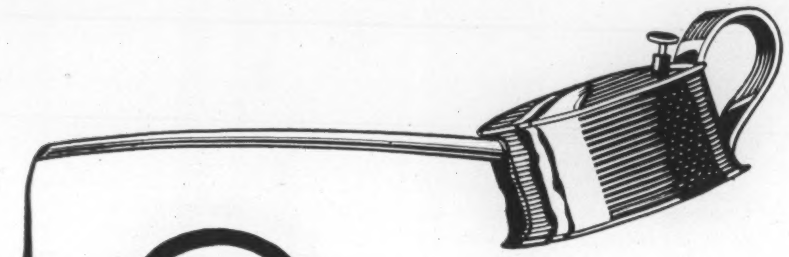
"COL. MENARD then announced that the padre would have a few words to say. I got up, on a makeshift platform. I repeated the words of the O.C.: 'Boys, this is it!' My smile may have waned for a fleeting instant, as I added: 'Boys, how many of us will return to the shores of England tomorrow?' That was more serious, but I felt it my duty, as a priest, to remind them that in a few hours they might have to stand before their Creator. Never was I more conscious of the sacredness of my trust, Never did I thank Heaven more for my priesthood than at that moment when I felt that, as a priest, I was calling on these boys to be ready to stand before their Master.

"Immediately afterwards I gave them general absolution and Holy Communion. But before the Communion I said to them: 'Boys, the time has come to offer the sacrifice of our lives.' I was speaking to young men of 20, to 25. I was asking these young men, men with fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, children;—men with an ideal, who had been making plans for the future; men who would be glad to see the war end, that they might return to their country; I was asking them to lay all this aside and offer their lives to God!

"Nor was that enough, ladies and

Major the Rev. Father Sabourin

CHEMISTRY HELPS TO WIN THE WAR



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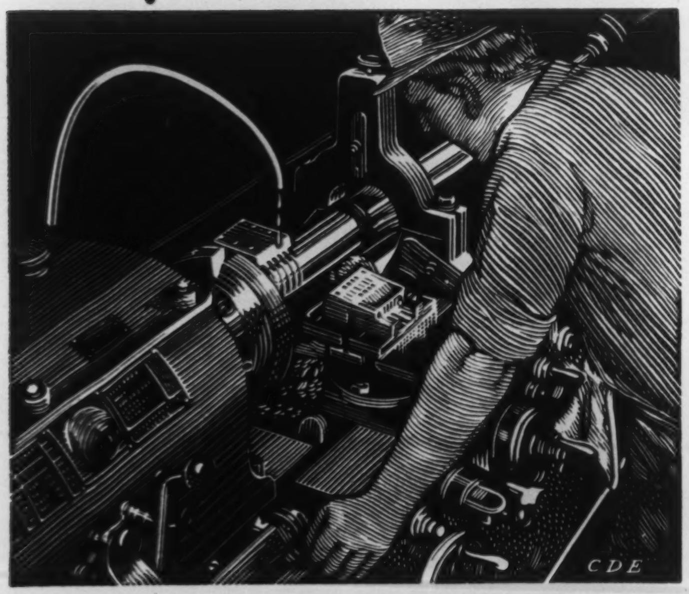

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gentlemen. I was not fully content. I even asked them something more. Do you know what I asked them? I asked them to offer the sacrifice of their lives with a smile on their lips. I was asking them for perfection in sacrifice. I did not want them to lay down their lives with a frown. I wanted them to have the full merit of their offering, of lives so young, so promising; and that is what they did.

"Now I could face the hours ahead with calm and confidence. Do you recall, Col. Menard, how beautiful the sea was that night? How quiet it was, and how friendly? I wondered how its depths could hold an augury of death, it was so beautiful. And all these young men were on their way to the shores of France—to Dieppe! Why were those lads going to their death? Secret of God!"

THEN, after a brief but wonderfully vivid account of the Dieppe fighting, Major Sabourin spoke of the thoughts that animated the men of his regiment going to and in the battle.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you may wonder about our thoughts as we were crossing the Channel. We were thinking of you, my dear fellow Canadians. We wanted to spare you the horrors of bombardments, we wanted to prevent Hitler from reaching our shores tomorrow to destroy our faith, our tongue and our institutions. We did not cross the Channel to fight for England, but we knew that we were going to fight with England for Canada.

"Do not put words in my mouth. I have not just said that I do not like England. I say that we fight with England, our ally. Why should I not like England? Because each morning I can say mass in my church? Because in our schools catechism can be taught? Because each year I can carry the Holy Host in the Corpus Christi procession in any street, any city, any province of Canada? Because I am free to speak my tongue, to have my schools, to follow my traditions? Now, I ask you, my dear fellow Canadians!

"I shall make a still greater profession of faith. At this moment I much prefer to be a loyal subject of England. I much prefer to see England watch over my liberties, than to be under the wing of any country in the world, including, alas, France! I know as well as you that the leaders of the British Government, my Protestant brethren will forgive me, that the British Government is Protestant. I know it. Is it your fault if you are Catholics? Is it their fault if they are Protestants? Leave such things to Providence!

"But I do not want to forget that if I am a free man today in my country, I owe it to England. Just now, although the Government is not of the Catholic faith, I would rather be governed by Anglo-Protestants than be under the heel of Hitler, Mussolini, or any other tyrant, because the Anglo-Protestant Government recognizes my rights as a French-Canadian, gives me complete freedom of religion, and of speech, and respects my traditions. That is why we went to Dieppe!"

These are merely the two most notable passages of a speech full of similar sincerity and eloquence, which will stand in history as a refutation of any charge that *all* the leaders of French Canada were recreant to their responsibilities in the epochal years of the remaking of the world.

FOR THE DURATION

WHILE our gallant boys go out
To lay their lives down, if need be,
We are asked to do without
Things we've known as luxury.

And we find that we can do
With less sugar, if we must;
We'll do without silk stockings too
And survive the strain, I trust.

We'll do without our cars, no doubt,
But also, when I hear the talking
I think we ought to do without
The luxury of squawking!

MAY RICHSTONE.

Had the British 8th Army given him the time, Rommel would undoubtedly have repaired this crashed M.E. 109, used it in covering his retreat. As it was he had to leave it, together with many others like it, just west of El Alamein for General Montgomery's men to clean up in their advance.

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The author of this article spent twenty-two years in India as a medical missionary and now lives in retirement in Toronto. His high character and his accurate knowledge concerning Indian affairs are acknowledged.

He points out that after winning the election of 1937, the Congress Party evaded all responsibility for government, and seven provincial cabinets resigned. Successive grants to Indians give them a large part in the administration of the country.

A Blue Print for Indian Government

BY DR. J. M. WATERS

MISS KATE L. MITCHELL, who has been long connected with the Institute of Pacific Relations, has given us a comprehensive and most informing treatise on every phase of the political, economic and social life of India, dealing especially with the progress toward self-government, right down to the Cripps mission. (*India Without Fable.* Ryerson, $3.00.)

The book reveals the almost insuperable task which confronts Great Britain in safeguarding the interests of the nineteen different groups, with their many languages, religions and social customs, which are considered eligible to share in the scheme for self-government. Among the great obstacles are the animosity between the cow-worshipping Hindu and the beef-eating Moslem, the unreasonable attitude of the Congress party, the problem of how to fit into the scheme the 562 Indian Princes.

The jacket of the book says: "It is written for Americans by an unprejudiced American." That it is for Americans, is quite clear. She says, "In meeting the challenge posed by India, the people of America have a great duty and responsibility to fulfil." That the author is unprejudiced is not so evident, for, while giving Great Britain full credit for her great accomplishments in India, the book is characterized by a critical attitude, expressed or implied, that should meet with little disapproval from the audacious "American League for the Liberation of India" whose vituperations against British rule in India appeared recently in a New York paper.

Miss Mitchell gives discerning sketches of the political leaders, Gandhi, Nehru, Patel, Azad, Ambedkur and others. Nehru persuaded Gandhi to join him in demanding complete independence from Britain. He was anxious to co-operate in the war but was overruled by Gandhi whom she characterizes as a man with an amazing capacity for confusing and obscuring the real issue.

Vocal and Unscrupulous

The Congress Party is the largest, best financed, most vocal and most unscrupulous of all the parties. Its claim to represent the other eighteen groups is strenuously repudiated and most of them are bitterly opposed to its policy of complete independence. The party has been "Gandhi led and Gandhi misled." The facts that Civil Service is being rapidly Indianized, only 585 Britons compared to 617 Indians being employed in the higher branches, and that eleven out of fifteen members of the Viceroy's Council are Indians and that an Advisory National Defence Council has been appointed with thirty-one members, mostly Indians, are all resented, rather than welcomed, by the Congress Party, as strengthening Britain's plans for granting Dominion status, which she intends to do the moment the leaders can give each other mutual assurance of security.

It is stated that "the Indians have been given no training in the art of democratic goverment and no sense of responsibility for victory." The answer is this, that after winning the election of 1937 in a constitutional way, seven Congress Provincial Cabinets resigned as a direct refusal to cooperate in the war.

Among the great benefits of British rule are mentioned, internal law and order and impartial justice, the teaching of the ideals of democracy and freedom leading to a united India with complete self-government. British capital investment in India is estimated at £1,000,000,000. Mention is made of the 79,000 miles of irrigation canals reclaiming 32,000,000 acres of desert (another dam 394 feet high is under construction), 42,000 miles of railroad representing £150,000,000 of British capital and carrying five thousand passengers a year, most of whom travel at one-third of a cent a mile (unless a "shark" in the ticket office has collected full fare and given a ticket to some intermediate station), and the steamship lines carrying the rich products of India's fields and factories to the ends of the world. This does not appear like draining India's resources by British power.

Transmigration of Souls

Some causes of India's poverty are given: increased population overtaxing the land (due to famine being impossible), the crushing debt of the farmer, and lack of local industries. To this must be added greater reasons, the belief in transmigration, forbidding the killing of rats that devour the crops, caste which condemns the son of a washerman to be a washerman whether there are clothes to wash or not, and cow worship, which along with caste, Gandhi vehemently adheres to. The keeping alive of useless cattle cost British India £85,000,000 a year, four times as much as the total land revenue.

The "Untouchables" who number about 60,000,000 are no less opposed to the Congress than the Moslem League. For two thousand years these unfortunates have been treated with inhuman cruelty by the caste Hindus who are supposed to be defiled by the shadow of the outcaste whom they often compel to drag a branch of a tree after them to obliterate their polluting footprints. They first learned from missionaries that they too were men and were inspired with a new hope. Then came their remarkable leader, Dr. Ambedkar, who had risen from their ranks and has suffered insult and injury at the hands of the higher castes even since returning to India with Ph.D. degrees from Europe and America. Under the Constitution of 1935 they were given communal representation. Gandhi has fought strenuously against this and put on a fast to force the Hindus to recognize them as a fifth caste of Hinduism, and to admit them to Hindu Temples of which Gandhi says "I know the evil practices of the great Hindu Shrines. They are hot-beds of vice." A compromise was reached and they were given reserved seats in the Hindu block.

Fear is expressed that the millions of India will feel humiliated at their small share in the war. This fear need not be entertained, as tens of millions in India have little interest in the war apart from the rise of cost of living and an interest in a relative or friend who may be in the Army, for in spite of the obstructionist Congress Leaders, over a million from all classes have volunteered. When 320 men were asked for, 18,000 responded. Since the beginning of the war, Indian soldiers have been serving valiantly and with distinction on every front, especially in the Middle East. India has produced an unbelievable amount of munitions and war equipment. She will have every reason to be proud of her war efforts.

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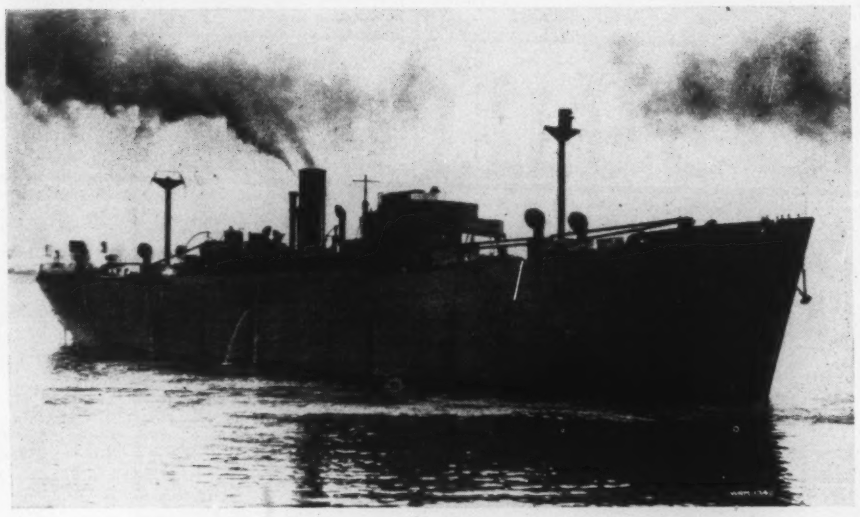

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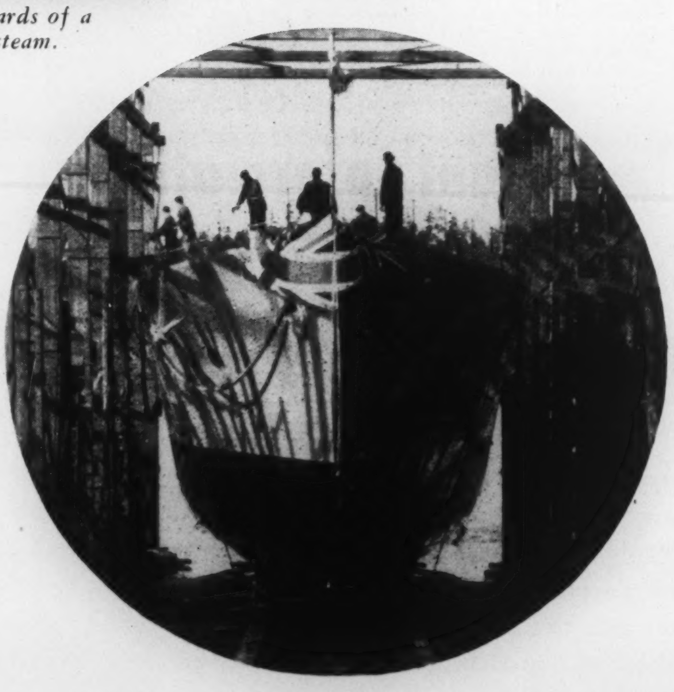

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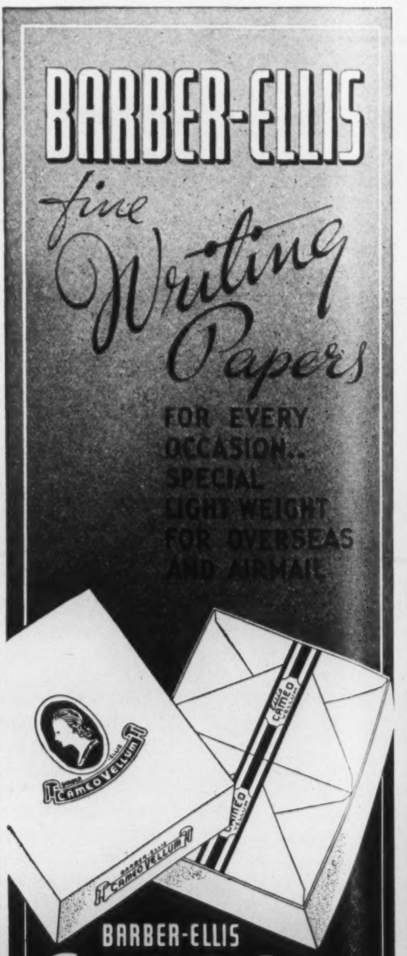

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Oldtype Diplomacy Cannot Build a New World

BY J. ANDERS

The idea of making peace with the German generals continues to be discussed. Certain people seem even to be prepared to extend it and to treat with Goering after the model of Darlan.

Mr. Anders sets out what he thinks must happen if we go on with Darlan, though only temporarily.

THE question is whether we are fighting this war to win a military victory, or whether we are fighting it to win more than that. The surface indications are that we are not fighting for more. But the surface indications are deceptive.

If we were fighting for more, one might think, we would not have accepted Darlan. For if his acceptance contributes to winning a military victory it seems to be a setback to any more we could win. But such a setback, too, is something that reaches beyond victory, though it is something negative. But it may be wanted.

If Darlan were all it would be bad enough. But he is not all. The playing with the perverted idea of a peace with the German generals does not cease.

If the German generals were all it would be bad enough. But they are not all. An official of the State Department in Washington recently issued a formal invitation to Goering to come over to us. He said: "If Goering should offer to come over with a few planes, we don't want him. But if he brings the Luftwaffe with him we'll receive him."

The gentleman is of course not a fifth columnist. No fifth columnist would dare to be as frank as that. The gentleman is an official of the State Department in Washington.

It is on record that our arrangement with Darlan is only temporary; as temporary, presumably, as the Washington State Department's playing with Otto of Habsburg to save some other European countries. But this is anticipating; it has not yet been explained how we are going to save France.

We have indirectly declared that we will not try to foist Darlan on the French people as the head of a French government which we will recognize. Darlan knows it. If nevertheless he stays with us he would appear to be a fool. But he is not. For he knows something else. He knows that he will have the French army when the war is over. But there is another French army, that of the Fighting French. Both armies may return to metropolitan France. Or the Fighting French may stay in Syria and refuse allegiance to the French government that will result from Darlan's possession of the bayonets, whether he himself heads it or not. In either case civil war is inescapable.

If de Gaulle Won

The civil war would, of course, be none of our business. We have pledged ourselves not to interfere with the internal affairs of other countries. To make that quite clear we might perhaps stage a little nonintervention. In the civil war the masses of the French people would have to take sides. The excitement would make them forget their own ideas on the salvation of their country. Large numbers of them are unfortunately depraved enough to see that salvation in socialism.

Supposing General de Gaulle won the civil war, what could he do? He could only set up a military dictatorship of the Franco type in order to avert fascism of the Nazi type. Socialism would be dead, and we would have saved France. From socialism. We *are* fighting for more than victory, and if we succeed in France we shall have cleared the ring for a new round of the old balance-of-power game.

If Goering comes over to us with the entire Luftwaffe (nothing is impossible with those heroes; we must concede that much to the official of the State Department in Washington) Germany's military machine is finished. And Goering will have the Luftwaffe. Of course, we should not leave it to him. But the internal collapse in Germany will be very turbulent, and there must be some force to establish order. Now, we would not want to keep those fellows who come over forever, and we would not want prolonged chaos in Germany; we would want business to be normal as quickly as possible. So we would release as many of the Luftwaffers as would be necessary to establish order. Naturally we should keep Goering. But then his minions might stage an "election" and elect him president. It would be very awkward to keep the "legitimate" head of a country with which one is not at war as a prisoner; the more so as he never was a prisoner; he came over as an ally. It were to be wished that the gentleman of the State Department in Washington pronounced upon the point in his capacity as a professional diplomatist. He surely must have considered it; and there is no precedent in history.

But the returning Luftwaffers would not be the only army in Germany. There will be another army. It may count half a million or so men by the time the war is over, enough to keep order in their country. It is building out of German deserters in Russia who are acceptable to the Russian government. There must be civil war in Germany if we try to interfere with that army in any way whatever; and if the worst comes to the worst not only civil war. For if we claim that Darlan's army is a French army and that therefore it is none of our business what it does inside France, Stalin has the same right to claim that we do not interfere with his Germany army.

What About Stalin?

This is where the daydreams of the gentleman of the State Department in Washington become dangerous. For if we may perhaps be able to save France from socialism we must realize that Stalin will never permit that Germany is saved from socialism.

"We" are, then, fighting for more than military victory. The State Department in Washington fights for more, and the U.S.S.R. fights for more. But the two "mores" are as far apart as the poles. Britain's position in this respect is not discernible. It will become discernible only out of the clarification of the internal British situation after the war. For things social and political are in a violent flux in Britain, and no British war government could for internal political reasons state its peace aims.

If, as Mr. Willkie said in Toronto recently, it is necessary that the United Nations come together on peace aims before we achieve victory, we must realize first that we *cannot* come together; and having frankly admitted this we *must* come together. We must adapt our thinking, and not only our dreams and words, to the world we want to build after the war. We must think and act as though that world existed already. Else the peace will be lost the moment victory is won.

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SCIENCE FRONT

Cinderella of the Test Tubes

BY DYSON CARTER

THIS is the story of an unwanted molecule. Her name is Lignin. For many, many years poor Lignin has moped around chemical laboratories. At first the research men tried to ignore her. Then they made frantic efforts to get rid of her. Whole staffs of brilliant chemists were assigned to the job of booting Lignin out the back door. But the poor molecule only wrung her hands and reminded the scientists that a certain famous poem should really read thus:

"Poems are made by fools like me,
But only *Lignin* can make a tree!"

Yes, this obstinate molecule is a vital constituent of wood. Chemists discovered Lignin about a hundred years ago. Since then they have been able to probe the most intimate secrets of molecules like carbocinchomeronic acid and triaminotriphenylmethane, but they never got to first base with the aloof and obstinate Lignin. "Some day," Lignin would sigh, "my Dream Chemist will come along. A man who will recognize me for what I really am! Then I will be his. As for you boys . . . . take your hands off me!"

Chemists were only too glad to take their hands off Lignin. This Cinderella molecule usually appears in the form of a thick, sticky, brownish black syrup with an awful B.O. no chemical bath can remove. If she came in reasonably small amounts it would be no problem at all to dispose of her. Unfortunately, at various laboratories throughout the world, *five million tons* of Lignin come to sit on the doorstep every year.

Lignin became an international problem some years ago. If desperate chemists knocked her over the head and threw her into the river, whatever river it happened to be was ruined. Fish took one look at Lignin and decided that life was not worth the bother. When millions of fish died, then floated downstream over the border, State Departments were forced into action. Before the present war engulfed our diplomats the file on Lignin was fifty times bulkier than the one on Mata Hari.

Without Lignin, No Trees

Let's go back to trees. Essentially wood is made up of woody cellulose fibers cemented together by means of lignin. Lignin gives wood its strength and resistance to exposure. Without lignin, no trees, no wood.

For ages men were content to use wood for its own sake. Along came the pulp and paper industry. On a gigantic scale we started to tear wood apart for its cellulose content. Canadians do not need to be told how profitable a business this is. Our nation leads in pulp output. Which means that Canada has a lignin problem that leads whole staffs of chemists to an early grave.

In the sulphite process for making pulp the wood is chopped up mechanically and then cooked chemically in an acid broth. Thus the complex lignin cement is dissolved and the cellulose fibers are left behind. Roughly one-half of the wood remains as cellulose, one-fourth goes into the waste soup in the form of wood sugar, and one-fourth stays in the same soup as lignin compounds.

The waste liquor containing lignin is acidic, and therefore corrosive. Poured into rivers by millions of gallons it is ruinous to the streams. The only practical way to dispose of the muck has been to boil off most of the water, after which that creature Lignin showed up in all her inglorious sticky offensiveness. Still, in that form lignin could be burned. This procedure represented an appalling economic waste. No industrial chemist can sleep nights when haunted by the fact that a bewildering complex molecule like Lignin is not doing a tap of work around the place, but simply going up in smoke at the rate of millions of tons.

Challenge to Chemists

Now what the pulping process does in a few hours has been done by nature over a vast stretch of time, when buried prehistoric forests of wood have been converted into coal. As we all know, when coal is turned into coal-gas and coke (at the gas works), a by-product *coal tar* is formed. In the early days of the coal-gas industry this tar was nothing but an abominable nuisance. It was not long before chemical research showed how to extract saleable items from coal tar: first oils like creosote and benzene, then raw materials for explosives, then valuable dyes, supervaluable drugs, perfumes and a list of commercial products that grew as fast as the laboratories could absorb the new science of Organic Chemistry. In a few decades the coal-gas industry blinked in astonishment at the fact that coal-gas was being made more or less as a by-product in the manufacture of coal tar!

This fact has long been peering over the shoulders of the pulpwood chemists, mocking them like a ghost, the ghost of millions of dollars flushed down the sewers in the form of lignin. Why couldn't research break down the structure of this molecule? The chairman of the board hammered, the directors passed motions, the shareholders knelt by their safety deposit boxes and prayed . . . . but Lignin wouldn't say Yes.

More than two thousand patents were issued for processes covering the use of lignin. Nearly all were useless. It is said that more than a dozen scientists spent their research lifetimes trying to make something out of the millions of tons of muck oozing out of the pulp plants.

The first sign of a break came when the wood sugars in pulping liquor became an industrially practical source of food for the production of yeast. Several pulp mills in Canada and Sweden now use the formerly wasted wood sugar as chemical nourishment for yeast growing. The process was a long time being carried to perfection. And yet to a chemist the problems involved were much simpler than any associated with lignin.

For the fact of the matter is that after a century of experimenting, chemists still don't know what lignin is. Recently one group of investigators hurled the whole mystery aside and adopted this slogan: "Nothing matters now but making *something* out of Lignin!"

Earlier Researchers

Earlier researchers had taken the corrosive pulp liquor and boiled it down to concentrated form. Special equipment had to be developed to stand the strain of hot, concentrated acid. The method was abandoned in favor of getting rid of the acid constituents by combining them with added lime. This gave a chocolate-colored lignin precipitate, which could be burned to give an economical source of heat; economical in that the lignin when burned almost paid for the cost of getting rid of it. No satisfaction there.

The lignin residue turned out to be calcium ligninsulphonate. Research was able to convert this substance into a series of ligninsulphonate compounds—noncrystalline materials of high purity, ranging in color from light tan to dark brown, quite free of odor and soluble in various solutions. Their chemical composition remained unknown. But this did not baffle the experimenters. The first commercial product to be made from lignin followed quickly upon the preparation of ligninsulphonate. You now have this by-product in your kitchen. It is *vanillin*.

Vanillin is the synthetic chemical that makes vanilla flavoring. This white, crystalline, extraordinarily odorous stuff was extracted from ligninsulphonate by a difficult procedure involving cooking with lye, extraction with solvents and repeated purification. When the method was perfected, vanillin from pulp mill waste went on the market in a big way. Today half the North American demand for vanilla flavor in chocolate, candy, ice cream, milk shakes, sodas and bakery products is supplied by vanillin from lignin. Present sale: quarter of a million pounds per year. Which is an utterly insignificant amount of pulp mill waste.

After extraction of the vanillin most of the original mass still remains in the form of a fibrous pulp. In this material the wood chemists think they have found the large-scale industrial use for Lignin, because the plastics laboratories have transformed it into a Cinderella of astonishing versatility.

Lignin plastic can be produced in regular sheet form and powders for pressing or molding an infinite array of useful items. In another form Lignin appears as fiberboard. When sheets of this board are subjected to great pressure and heat they shrink to one-third original size and gain greatly in hardness, density and resistance to weathering. Several sheets, hot-pressed together, give a product only half as heavy as aluminum, only one-fifth as heavy as steel, strength equal to steel, non-warping, non-rusting, good electrical insulating properties, easy to color attractively, good resistance to heat and cold and chemicals!

Naturally the pulp and paper industry would like to prophesy that Lignin is *the* plastic of tomorrow. Cheapness, quantity and quality make the odds heavily in Lignin's favor. Some day the pulp industry may produce this test tube Cinderella as its principal item of manufacture, offering paper as a mere by-product. It happened once in the coal-gas business. And the rumor is that chemists working on war needs have just begun to call up a long series of new compounds from the mystery molecule registered as "ligninsulphonate".

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THIS WEEK IN RADIO

Radio-Press Jealousies

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

THE Writers, Artists and Broadcasters War Council of Toronto has been doing some thinking about the hidden battle that has existed over the years between radio and the press.

It asked itself: "Could press and radio do a better job for our war effort if certain half-concealed jealousies which lie between them were removed?"

After some study the War Council discovered that the rivalry takes the following forms:

(a) Minimum listing of radio programs in the daily papers. (b) Minimum press publicity for radio personalities. (c) Non-recognition by the press of the news value of radio. (d) Absence of provision for current criticism of outstanding radio programs. (e) Elimination of credit references to radio, both in text and pictures. (f) Objection to the CBC starting its own periodical. (g) Unsympathetic editorial treatment of radio policy.

Delving into the causes of the clash between press and radio, the War Council found that "the root of the rivalry is undoubtedly commercial". The Council's findings continue:

"At this critical stage of the war, we cannot afford to have radio or press weakened by jealousies founded on commercial considerations. Radio has been called by Churchill 'the fourth arm of the Services'. From the nation's point of view, press and radio ought to work together in harmony, not in rivalry, as parallel instruments of public information. If commercial considerations interfere with this, they should be treated with short shrift. After all, if Hitler were to reach Canada, what would it matter whether newspaper advertising suffered from radio competition?

"The following steps might help to improve the situation:—

(a) Daily newspapers, in the interests of their own readers, might give radio its full 'news-value' rating, in treatment of programs, personalities, policies, etc.

(b) CBC might subordinate its program policy less than in the past to commercial considerations.

(c) Radio program officials might lose their monastic aloofness, and become assimilated to the main body of journalistis and publicists.

(d) Press interests might agree that, if newspapers may own radio stations, radio organizations may run periodicals.

(e) Better coordination of press and radio in war propaganda, so as to dovetail their activities and encourage mutual support."

THE broadcasts of Professor Watson Thomson, director of adult education, University of Manitoba, are creating a stir throughout the Dominion. Hundreds of letters to the CBC and to Prof. Thomson prove it. Editorials in scores of Canadian newspapers prove it. A growing audience whenever Prof. Thomson speaks prove it. Some people don't like the forthright manner in which the Westerner speaks. More than one newspaper and more than one listener have demanded that the CBC ban him from the air. But Prof. Thomson goes on, in his own quiet way, saying what is on his mind.

If we know anything about the new general manager of the CBC, he is not the sort of man who will frighten easily and respond quickly to the demand of a few faint-hearts. Prof. Thomson has something to say, and he says it clearly. It is to the CBC's credit that they don't exactly care whether or not everybody in Canada agrees with everything that Prof. Thomson says. It would be a miracle if they did. But the CBC, if we judge their attitude correctly, believes that there is a place in radio for many minds.

The critics of Prof. Thomson make much of the fact that he is a professor. What good could come out of the mind of a professor, they ask. But let them remember this: Prof. Thomson is the director of adult education of his university. Before that he was the director of extension, in another university. In the last war he served in the ranks. In the years between that war and this one he has served in many parts of the British Empire. Here is no classroom professor. Here is a man of the world. Here is a sincere, honest Canadian who is eager that we do not forget some of the fundamentals.

THAT was a wonderful scoop the Labor Forum of the CBC had the other night when Elliott Little was the featured broadcaster, along with Drummond Wren and others. At the conclusion of the broadcast, like a bolt out of the blue, Wren announced that Little had resigned his post as Director of Selective Service. Now that's the sort of thing that could make radio the most fascinating feature of our Canadian life. Radio needs more zip, more life, more venturing into unexplored fields. Now take that day last week when General Victor Odlum told the Canadian Club that Toronto was the worst offender in Canada in criticizing public men. What a chance that would have been for a round-up of opinions from every corner of Canada. How Belleville, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Halifax would have loved to join in a debate of that kind! And then Mayor Conboy, of Toronto, should have been invited to respond, with perhaps a final word from somebody in Ottawa who is often the butt of criticism from more places than Toronto.

WE WERE interested in a recent Gallup poll which learned that, generally speaking, Canadians are satisfied with the arrangement whereby the CBC is operated by the government. The question was: "At the present time the radio stations of the CBC are operated by the government. Are you satisfied with this arrangement or do you think the CBC programs would be better under private ownership?" Well, 56 per cent of the "samplers" said yes, they were satisfied. Twenty-three per cent preferred private ownership; 21 per cent were undecided. Just how private ownership could put on CBC programs wasn't explained by the Gallup people. The question wasn't properly put, of course. The question should have been: "Given the $2.50 licence fees, could private stations of Canada broadcast better programs than the CBC is now doing under government ownership?" Now, that's a real question. We could sink our teeth into that one. That's the trouble with some of those Gallup questions. They don't get right into the heart of a situation. They ask mild questions, designed not to hurt anybody's feelings.

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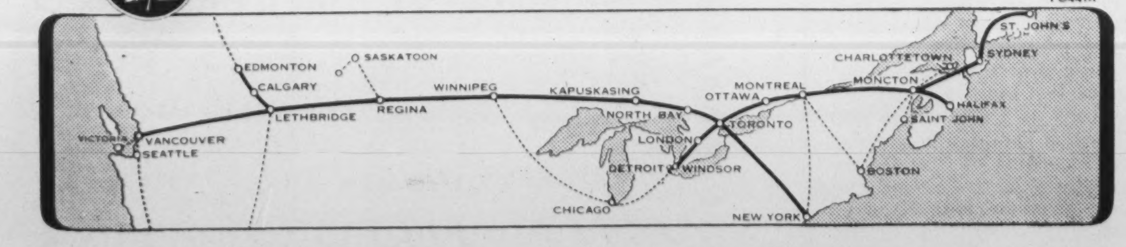

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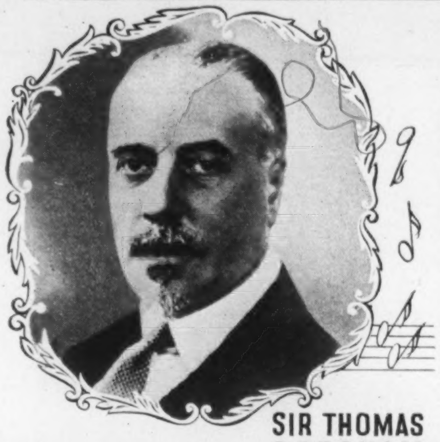

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Pity the Sergeant

BY JOHN LASKIER

If a sergeant yells there are reasons. The author sets forth some of the reasons and pleads for a little tender consideration. Privates know well that the non-com's bark is worse than his bite and are prepared for raucous and soul-shattering sounds. Most commands are double-barrelled, a cautionary remark, then a vocal explosion; WOOF!

THE next time you hear a red-faced sergeant bellowing orders at a body of men in a voice that rasps on your finer sensibilities like the scraping of a shovel on a concrete floor, don't shudder and shake your head in pity for the poor down-trodden recruits who have to stand there and take such treatment without a murmur.

The strident roar of a drill sergeant is not in any way an outward and audible sign of an inner viciousness. The sergeant bellows because he is supposed to bellow. The men expect it of him and they *like* it. It is so much easier to obey a command given in a voice that leaves the hearer's nervous system slightly shell-shocked, and even the greenest rookie soon finds out that a gentle-voiced drill instructor is about as intelligible as a tobacco auctioneer. It is an axiom that though sergeants may bark, they only bite under extreme provocation.

The reason for the terrifying tones of the drill instructor is all written out in the basic training manual of the army, which seems to be written around the theory that the I.Q. of the average recruit is slightly higher than that of a nine-year-old boy. (Many a weary N.C.O. will affirm that this is rank flattery.)

The manual explains that a soldier's reaction to a command should be automatic and instantaneous, without any conscious effort. To illustrate this point, stand behind any old soldier and roar "Shun". . . But don't stand too close.

Soldiers on parade do not stand with every nerve tense waiting for the next command. If they did the result would be utter confusion as their varying degrees of will power gave out. But they must be alert at the moment of command and it is for this reason that all drill orders are double-barrelled. There is the preparatory command and the final part on which the movement is made. For instance in "Attention" at the cry "Atten" the soldier knows that the command is to be "Attention" and so is prepared to act in unison with his fellows. The same with "Slope . . . Arms" "Form . . . Squad" and all the rest.

This obviates the use of any excessive amount of brainpower on the part of the recruit and leaves him free to think about the way the beans were cooked for dinner or how long it is to pay-day. The sergeant's voice must cut in on these musings and the amount of snap in the movements of any drill squad is in direct proportion to the amount of brimstone in the N.C.O.'s voice.

It is surprising the number of otherwise normal men who don't know, on the spur of the moment, which is their right foot. (I had some slight trouble in this matter myself). If you see a sergeant telling a candidate for the awkward squad, in tones of restrained fury, that his right hand is the one on the east side of his body looking north; don't wilt in pity for the clumsy one's humiliation. He'll probably get more of a ribbing from his pals in the ranks than he ever would from the sergeant, for any drill squad takes pride in its smartness, and while army regulations forbid an N.C.O. to call any man by a rude name, privates are free to give full expression to their opinions.

So if you should happen to see a squad of soldiers drilling don't waste your sympathy on the "poor, browbeaten men". Save it for the sergeant whose vocal cords will never be the same and whose sanity is often tottering on the brink—he needs it.

The Record Review

BY KARI ANDERSON

COLUMBIA has brought out some good pressings this month. Foremost among them is the Symphony No. 5 of Shostakovitch, performed by the Cleveland Orchestra, Artur Rodzinski conducting. I don't pretend to know what Shostakovitch is saying in his music, but I like the way he says it. This recording of his Fifth is as fine an interpretation as we may hope to hear. It fills ten sides, 12-inch records. The performance is varied and authoritative. It is marked especially by clarity and sharpness that point each theme whether it be played double-forte or pianissimo.

Shostakovitch's is strong music, with no sentimentalism. There is emotion of course. And gaiety and fun too. Perhaps there is no symphony with more varied moods or stronger contrasts. Throughout, one is more conscious of rhythm than of melody, or theme, or development.

The first movement opens with an arresting passage by the violins with a horn background. The rhythm is strongly marked throughout by horns, and occasionally piano. There is a very interesting part for flutes and woodwinds. The second movement is gay and sprightly, with charming violin and flute bits. The rhythms and the clever little tunes are reminiscent of folk-dances. Movement three, marked "Largo," is solemn and majestic, with a broad and expressive melody at the beginning that develops and mounts in intensity. The whole is very beautiful, particularly the conclusion. The fourth movement has the swiftness of a race and forms a rousing climax to the work.

The works of Shostakovitch are likely to be more frequently performed this season than those of any other composer. If you want to add his most famous symphony to your library, this recording of it is recommended.

Victor has given us four Kreisler pieces, performed by the composer with the Victor Symphony Orchestra on 12-inch records. They are *Caprice Viennois* (11-8230) with *Tambourin Chinois* on the reverse, and *Schon Rosmarin* (11-8232) backed by *La Gitana.* These are all familiar to anyone who knows the violinist's repertoire, and all Kreisler enthusiasts will want the set. They are played with brilliance, and with love.

For those who like the old favorites, Victor has pressings of *Home Sweet Home* (27826) with *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny* on the back, and *There's a Long, Long Trail* (27826) with *'Till We Meet Again* over. These are sung by the Victor Mixed Chorus. In the same set are *Indian Love Call* (27828), flip over *The Song of Songs*, played by the Victor Salon Orchestra. All 8-inch discs. Performances are good.

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THE glad and brave young heart
Had come across the sea,
He longed to play his part
In crushing tyranny.

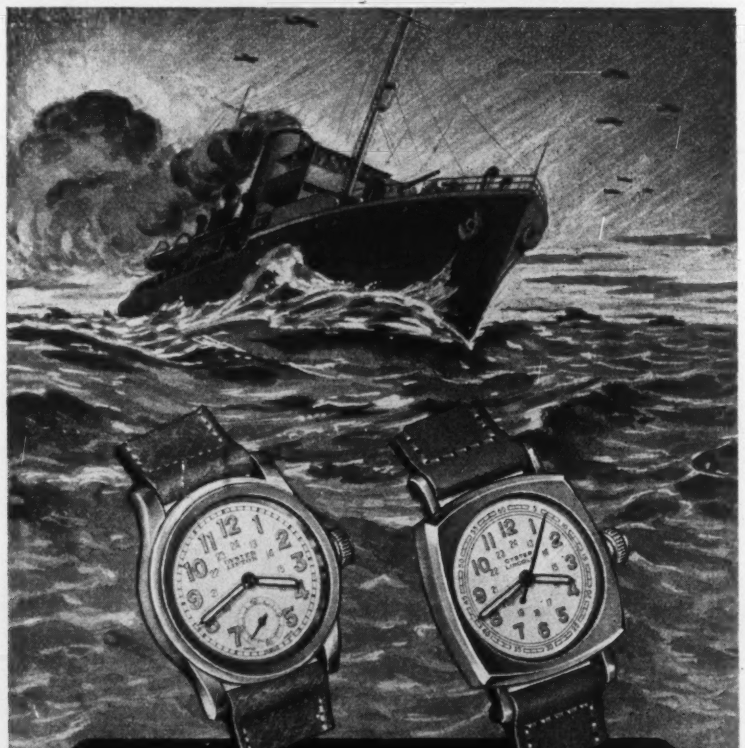
The mountains and the plains
Of his beloved land,
Were wine within his veins
And gave an iron hand.

He scorned the thought of fear,
He murmured not at pain,
The call of God was clear,
The path of duty plain,

Beneath the shower of lead,
Of poison and of fire,
He charged and fought and bled,
Ablaze with one desire.

O Canada, with pride
Look up and greet the morn,
Since of thy wounded side
Such breed of men is born.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.



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Victoria Painted in Words

BY B. K. SANDWELL

THE BOOK OF SMALL, by Emily Carr. (Oxford University Press, $2.50.)

EMILY CARR revealed herself last year in "Klee Wyck" as mistress of a power of self-expression in words as unique as her similar power in paint, which had already made her one of the most influential of the unconventional artists of Canada. In both mediums she exhibits a ruthless and highly individual selection of material, an utter disregard for tradition, an intuitive mastery of the needed technique (whether brush-strokes or words), and a vast fund of vividly remembered observations.

It is her disregard for tradition that makes her great. When she starts out to do something that does not arise straight out of her own personality, and therefore begins writing as if she had been given a job of writing to do, she is much less happy. Part of the last half of this book, dealing in a less personal way with early life in Victoria, B.C., is not much more than competent writing, though from another pen we should have called it plenty good enough. But the gulf between it and the first half (and "Klee Wyck") is immeasurable.

The best part of the book is the record of the impressions received by a child mind in Victoria in the closing years of the nineteenth century, in a large family whose father was a slightly dour Evangelical and the mother a very gentle low-church Anglican, and whose neighbors among the "hoary woods" were deeply conscious of being "exiles from our native land"—but beheld in their dreams not the Hebrides but the gentle valleys of Sussex or the high-hedged lanes of Devon. "Father wanted his place to look exactly like England. He planted cowslips and primroses and hawthorn hedges and all the Englishy flowers. He had stiles and meadows and took away all the wild Canadian-ness and made it as meek and English as he could." And there, in half-a-dozen lines, you have the reason why Victoria is Victoria. The English flocked there because it looked a little like England anyhow, and proceeded to make it look as much more like England as they could.

Emily Carr is one of the few people who can see their childhood without any mist of time between it and today. She sees moreover with all her senses. In Mill Stream woods, where the children went picnicking, there was perfect quiet except for the little creek itself: "it was like the stillness of a bird held in the hand with just its heart throbbing;" and when the moss in the stream was wet "it looked just like babies' hair." If you were ever young, or were ever in Victoria, you will love this book; if both you will adore it.

Shelby's Gang

BY GRACE COURT

ANGEL WITH SPURS, by Paul I Wellman. (Longmans, Green & Co., $3.00).

YOU CAN understand how fighting gets into a man's blood when you have read "Angel With Spurs." You can see how the bond between soldier and soldier, the interdependence between officers and men, men and officers, becomes, in some cases, a stronger tie than a man's love of home, family, sweetheart or wife.

The time is 1865, when the Confederate armies of the Southern States surrendered. The story, based on fact, is that of General Joseph Orville Shelby's brigade of "hard riding, hard fighting" cavalry, who, rather than accept defeat and disband, marched for the Mexican border with the purpose of lending their highly tempered fighting strength to the arms of the vacillating Maximilian. Both Mexico and Maximilian proved immensely inhospitable.

It is exciting reading, and if you deplore the absence from the greater part of the story of the "high toned," headstrong young Southern beauty who contributes love interest, you will agree with General Shelby that the horror-infested, guerilla-beset Mexican campaign was no place for women. The love scenes, though sensitively done, are given scant space.

Practical Maths

MATHEMATICS REFRESHER, by A. Hooper, R.A.F. (Oxford, $3.)

THESE boys who are ranging the skies in our defence are doing daily tasks in practical navigation that would make a good sea-captain dizzy. In darkness, often in cloud, they fly perhaps five hundred miles to a definite target, find it, wheel and come home. Probably the plane is damaged; one engine may be mute, materially reducing normal speed—stopping the log as it were, increasing the drift to leeward, and damaging the dead-reckoning. But they get home, the observer's mathematics standing him in good stead.

Here is a book that compresses the whole field of mathematical practice into some three hundred pages, beginning with simple arithmetic and getting all the way to "the idea behind the Differential Calculus." On the way it touches on geometry and trigonometrical ratios. Not a mere touch either, for the aim of the author is to throw light on the reasons for these dreadful forms of calculation, which at school seemed, to some of us, beyond the range of ordinary horse-sense.

So, in a measure, he has made mathematics interesting, a considerable achievement. That he has made it useful and practical is proved in the daily work of the observers.

Gentle Essayist

UNDER A THATCHED ROOF, by James Norman Hall. (Allen, $3.25.)

WHEN a man of accomplishments and accomplishment — there being a difference—begins to talk or write of things-in-general he's likely to be interesting. Mr. Hall is the author of at least nine books, and in collaboration with Charles B. Nordhoff of nine more. One of these was *Mutiny on the Bounty.*

He knows the South Sea Islands, particularly Tahiti, and the Pacific Ocean is his closest and best-beloved neighbor. But he isn't uppish about it. He doesn't bore you by floods of information which at times may be as painful as the water-cure, an ancient form of torture.

In this book he is merely talking at large, tidying-up his mind, recording odd happenings, observing peculiar people. In short he is an essayist.

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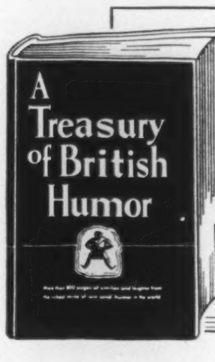

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THE BOOKSHELF

Signals Over Jordan

BY ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

INTENTION AND SURVIVAL, by T. Glen Hamilton (Macmillan, $4.00.)

YOU can hardly pick up a magazine or visit a book-shop nowadays, without finding some psychic subject put forward. Perhaps the very conservative title of this first book-record to reach publication through a Canadian house, does not entirely convey its vitality. It does very well indicate its particular significance, however, as its author, the beloved physician the late Dr. Glen Hamilton of Winnipeg, was so anxious to stress. It is this—that it seeks most conscientiously and accurately to record an *Intentional* psychic demonstration. All of which points to the survival of a number of vivid human personalities.

These trenchant individualities demanded from Dr. Hamilton's group, their own chosen methods of expression, and upon the carrying out of their direction, the success of the research most often depended. There is a definite effort to present methods of contact with another plane, as guided by intelligence from that plane itself, through carefully controlled channels. These were trance control of mediums through speech, mental impression, automatic writing and direct or independent voice; facial materializations, life-size and in miniature; psychic photography; unique and intricate teleplasmic forms and simulacra.

Many aspects of this research, which was carried out during the period between the close of the last war and the years immediately preceding this, became internationally famous. It began, as do many of the best researches, through the accidental discovery of a powerful medium in the home circle. In connection with that somewhat equivocal term "medium", it is necessary to explain that psychical research has thus far discovered no other frequency so high as that of the so-called "sensitive" human being. Edison once hoped to do it, but failed to make much progress. As it evidently has to do with some as yet unexplored natural law, it is doubtful if "invention" will ever replace human transmission entirely. Perhaps the "direct voice" mechanism, analyzed and photographed by Dr. Hamilton, comes nearest psychic wireless. The mediumistic process is far from foolproof, often exhausting and sometimes even a little repellant, but the only means at hand. An impressive fact about Dr. Hamilton's mediums, is that all undertook this hard share of the lengthy research voluntarily, though sometimes reluctantly. One was a definite skeptic. Strangely enough, his "phenomena" were among the most interesting!

The integrity and simple distinction of Dr. Hamilton's own personality—that of a sincere churchman and self-sacrificing physician—place his records on a very high level. After unbiased observation, he himself came to regard the spiritistic hypothesis as the only logical one.

I believe the doctor has made one of the most readable and understandable books to be published on the subject. As to the very full illustration, it may be that from the point of view of verity, the photographs were all well chosen, but I think a few of them would have made a better folio for psycho-scientific libraries than for the general public.

Psychical research has progressed rapidly and with great impetus lately, but few books written have given a better presentation of the possibilities that lie within our grasp, if we are sufficiently patient and interested to investigate them.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following observations on the photographic illustrations to the Hamilton volume have been contributed by a photographic expert:

These photographs represent the head of the medium and a quantity of the substance which the book designates as teleplasm, and which seems to proceed from the mouth of the medium.

Within this teleplasm, which is vague as to structure, something like cotton wool or a cloud of vapor, there appear human heads—usually one to a photograph, but sometimes more —which are quite definite as to structure, almost as much so as the head of the medium. They occur in a sort of aperture in the teleplasm, and are usually completely framed by it, so closely that somewhat less than a complete head appears through the opening; and these heads are considerably smaller in size than the head of the medium.

The point to which I want to draw attention is the fact that the source of illumination for these heads is not the same as the source of illumination for the medium and the teleplasm.

I may be unreasonably incredulous, and I admit that I should find it difficult to believe that something exuded from the medium which was capable of assuming an approximation to the shape and coloring of the head of Raymond Lodge in three dimensions; but that is nothing to the difficulty I find in believing that something exuding from the medium is capable of assuming, on a flat surface, the lighting and shading of a *photographic record* of the face of Raymond Lodge, as it was at a given moment in time and a given point in space which are not the moment and point of the teleplasm.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF SANTAYANA, edited with an introduction by Irwin Edman. (Macmillans, $1.25.)

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BUILDING THE CANADIAN NATION, by George W. Brown. (Dent, $2.25.)

A BOOK for supplementary reading by High School students, but useful for people of all ages who desire a better knowledge of their own land. Well printed and illustrated.

THE IDIOT, by Fyodor Dostoyevsky. (Macmillans, The Modern Library, $1.75.)

A NOTABLE reprint of one of the great novels of the Russian school.

FREE MEN ARE FIGHTING, by Oliver Gramling. (Oxford, $4.25.)

A COLLECTED and summarized record of the despatches to the Associated Press from all quarters of the world from 1939 to 1942. The bad news while it was happening written by experienced observers and coordinated by the editor! This by all odds is the best conspectus of the first three years of trouble.

GOOD INTENTIONS, by Ogden Nash. (McClelland & Stewart, $2.50.)

BEING annoyed, as any poet must be, by the inadequacy of rhymes in the English language, Ogden Nash makes rhymes of his own which outrage every law of God or man and give the intelligent reader stitches in the side. And being cribbed, cabined and confined by rhythm and metre, spondees and iambics, to say nothing of caesuras and synecdoche, he abolished them, as one abolishes mosquitoes or cockroaches. So with this new freedom he goes ahead at his job of writing light verse. The consequence is unadulterated hilarity. For example:

A husband is a man who two minutes
after his head touches the pillow
is snoring like an over-loaded
omnibus.
Particularly on those occasions when
between the humidity and the
mosquitoes your own bed is no
longer a bed, but an insomnibus.

Nobody can criticize these poems; you can take them or leave them alone, but if you leave them alone there's something wrong with you. And don't think that Nash can't follow the rules if he likes. But rules to him are like termites, or parsnips, or people who don't keep appointments, or other vermin.

THE FLYING YEARS, by Frederick Niven, and SUNSHINE SKETCHES OF A LITTLE TOWN, by Stephen Leacock. (Collins, each 25 cents.)

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Blair Fraser
"All you really need to know about this book is that it's a worthy successor to Klee Wyck. In some ways it is better . . . The whole book is a delight. Other Canadians during this past year have published admirable work, intelligent, interesting, marked by outstanding talent. But Emily Carr is a genius."

William Arthur Deacon
"Better than Klee Wyck and longer . . . It has the same merits of style and imaginative phrasing as its famous predecessor, but these connected reminiscent essays gain added freshness as the author sees herself and her little town with the frank eyes of a child . . . The Book of Small is choice and delightful."

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PADDY'S CHRISTMAS, by Helen A. Monsell, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. (Ryerson, $1.35.)

THE tale of a bear cub named Paddy who wanted to find out what Christmas was and bothered all his bear-relations until he discovered that it was doing something for somebody else. The illustrations are bright with gaiety.

SANTA CLAUS COMES TO AMERICA, written and illustrated by Caroline Singer and Cyrus LeRoy Balbridge. (Ryerson, $1.35.)

HERE is the story of how St. Nicholas got all mixed up into Sinta Klaus in Holland and how the Dutch brought him, still in his mixed-up condition, to America. Then how he was unmixed by a poet who wrote 'Twas the Night Before Christmas. A treasure for ten-year-olds.

LET'S MAKE SOMETHING, written and illustrated by Harry Zarchy. (Ryerson, $2.00.)

TOOLS and their care are explained in this jolly boy's book. Also complete directions are given for the making of small useful or decorative trifles.

TRAILER TRIO, by Emma Atkins Jacobs. (Winston $2.25.)

THREE poverty-stricken youngsters from twelve to nineteen, two girls and a boy, travel by trailer from North Dakota to Idaho, meet adventures and do exploits. A pleasant book for boys and girls.

WHEN THE TYPHOON BLOWS, by Elizabeth Foreman Lewis. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. (Winston, $2.25.)

AN ADVENTURE tale of a Chinese boy in the five years of terror under Japanese bombing. Well told and valuable in instruction for young people not yet aware of the splendor of Chinese resistance.

LITTLE LOST MONKEY, by Jo Besse McElveen Waldeck. (Macmillans, $2.00.)

MRS. WALDECK knows all about monkeys and pizen snakes and upsidedown animals such as are to be found in South America and writes gaily about them. The book is illustrated by Kurt Wiese who knows almost as much as the author.

NOT MRS. MURPHY, by Patricia Gordon. (Macmillans, $2.00.)

DURING the week that Mr. Murphy had the German measles the school bus was driven by a most peculiar person, named Not Mrs. Murphy, who had strange powers. The children seemed to turn into foxes or parrots or seals or even unicorns which, as everybody knows, are fabulous animals. A gay bit of whimsy, illustrated by Ralph Boyer.

THE DOLL WHO CAME ALIVE, by Enys Tregarthen. (Longmans, Green, $2.50.)

A BRAVE fairy tale by a Cornish lady who was a cripple but spent her life in telling stories for small people. The illustrations are mainly in color.

THE KITE OF THE KING, written and illustrated by Enid Marx. (Macmillan, 85c.)

PERSONALITY has been conferred by the author upon one of the captive balloons which goes to sea tethered to a ship. His name is Nelson and he's inclined to be cocky when he brings down an enemy 'plane by tangling it in his cable. His adventures go on from there, with gorgeous pastel illustrations in blue and black. Boys and girls under ten will rejoice in this.

LITTLE BIMBO AND THE LION, by Meg Wohlberg. (Winston, $1.25.)

HERE is a book in which the pictures change with the story. By pulling here, or unfolding there you can see the lion in his cage and out of it, for the big elephant is trying to free him and has to have your help. A treasure for small persons.

DASH AND DART, by Mary and Conrad Buff. (Macmillans, $2.50.)

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TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE, by Charles and Mary Lamb. (Oxford, $2.35.)

HERE'S an evergreen book which generations of boys and girls have enjoyed and will enjoy while the English language is spoken. This edition is graciously illustrated in blue monochrome by Elinore Blaisdell.

TINKER THE LITTLE FOX TERRIER, by Dorothy K. L'Hommedieu. Illustrated by Marguerite Kirmse. (Longmans, Green, $2.25.)

LITTLE folk who like dogs will enjoy this tale of the small dog who got lost in the woods and found that it wasn't much fun to chase cats and birds. The pictures are fascinating.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Shoes for the Ballerina

BY BERNICE COFFEY

SHOES are one of the major problems of the Volkoff Canadian Ballet performing at Massey Hall, Toronto, on the evenings of December 11 and 12. All such shoes now come from the United States where there are two recognized masters of the craft, Capezio and Selva. The master maker of toe slippers, ballet slippers and character shoes has to have a thorough knowledge of anatomy, especially of the feet. Many dancers are unable to wear ready-made shoes and this means the maker designs endless lasts to satisfy the unceasing demands of ballerinas.

Toe dancing requires considerable strengthening of the muscles involved, as so great a weight is not normally carried on that portion of the foot. It came into being as the logical outgrowth of the dancer's eagerness to leave the floor. It also permits, by the use of a base smaller than the flat foot, more brilliance in turning. Hence the shoes she wears are quite literally the basis of the dancer's performance. Some Cossack tribesmen supposedly danced on their unsupported toes, but few ballerinas are either ready, willing or able to emulate these hardy fellows.

The life of a toe shoe is a comparatively short one depending upon the technical ability of the dancer. The student who dances on her points every day may wear hers out in a matter of a week to four or five weeks. The prima ballerina in Russia (wearing Russian-made shoes which are of more fragile construction than the American lasts) will wear a new pair of toe shoes with every performance. This means her gyrations on the point are so strenuous that her slippers will be quite worn out by the end of the ballet.

Girls of the Canadian Ballet have learnt to darn a protection in heavy pink silk to protect the tip of their toe shoes. Each dancer wears lamb's wool (bought at the drug store) wrapped about her toes inside the shoe, where she feels her weight is most concentrated. During the last visit of Ballet Theatre Baronova (prima ballerina) donated many of her worn toe shoes to the Volkoff Concert Group who removed the shanks, thus enabling them to be worn as ballet slippers. The ballet toe slipper is traditionally pink, unless a costume designer orders otherwise.

Three types of shoes are worn. The ballet slipper in which all dancers receive their training, is of simple design and usually made of soft kid drawn taut across the toes and pleated underneath into either an elk or fine leather sole. The cost of this shoe in Canada is at least $4.00 a pair.

The toe shoe, such as that worn by the Volkoff dancers in "Sylphides," for instance, is a heel-less slipper with a boxed toe supported by stiff satin and thin sole-leather shank which adds sufficient extra support while providing enough shock-absorption to enable dancers to support their whole dancing weight on the tips of their toes. Two ribbons attached to the shoe on either side of the ankle cross in the front and tie behind.

Flesh colored tights or hip-length opera hose are usually worn with the toe shoe. Tights, by the way, were invented by Maillot, the costumier of the French Opera, shortly after the French Revolution. Even the Pope sanctioned the useage of tights in the theatres under his jurisdiction, though they had to be blue so as not to suggest the too dangerous color of flesh!

"Character" shoes such as those worn in performances of "The Sexton and the Horse" are usually constructed of very soft black, red or green leather. The shoe has a heel of varying height, reaches almost to the knee like a riding boot, and is fashioned after the national costume of the country which is portrayed in the ballet. One of the Canadian Ballet's proudest possessions is its large collection of Russian boots.

The true balletomane—their numbers are increasing in Canada—regards the shoes that sheathe the toes of his favorite ballerina with something approaching reverence, and the possession of a discarded pair something to be eagerly sought.

We don't know what the procedure is in Canada, but a conclave of Muscovite balletomanes paid 200 roubles for the ballet shoes of Marie Taglioni on the occasion of her leaving Russia in 1842.

Mr. Klein Freezes

Acting on the good old adage "Waste not, want not", Mr. J. A. Klein. administrator of women's, misses' and children's wear, has "frozen" styles for the duration. In line with this policy of curtailing or eliminating non-essentials, the administrator has ordered that evening and dinner dresses and evening wraps and capes be precluded from manufacture. Other luxury garments which manufacturers will discontinue include negligees and hostess gowns, culottes, skating skirts, play suits, riding breeches, golf jackets and bush coats. However, the governmental thumbs-down sign of disapproval does not extend to all so-called leisure-time clothes. We shall have separate skirts, slacks, bathing suits. windbreakers, housecoats and eiderdown robes. In other words, we still can take our recreation or relaxation in suitable clothing providing we are prepared to let some clothes do double-duty.

The only people toward whom the administrator relaxes on the subject of long dresses, are brides and even so it appears that train-bearers will be among the unemployed for the duration. As she sweeps down the aisle to the strains of Lohengrin the bride's dress had better not have a sweep exceeding 144 inches or a length greater than 59 inches—otherwise Mr. Klein's department will show a frown of disapproval on its collective face. As for bridesmaids, they had better remember that this is the bride's show—and that their dresses must be the regulation short length. This applies, too, to the dress worn by the flower-bearer and all other little girls who may have their eyes on party dresses. Little girls are expected to take a tip from Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, who have worn the same little suits during most of 1942.

Public thanks is due Mr. Klein for his forthright words concerning clothes rationing—one of the favorite rumors in almost any group of women. There seems always to be one who knows someone who has it straight from headquarters, presumably, that clothes rationing will begin "next week." "I know," he said recently, "that the question uppermost in your mind is that of clothes rationing. You have all heard a great deal about it and you could be accused of spreading rumors dealing with this topic. I would like to tell you that when clothes rationing becomes a fact, there won't be any rumors about it . . . it will happen overnight. But, you and the rest of the women of Canada can very well eliminate any possibility of rationing —and that is by buying only what you need."

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• INGREDIENTS.—2 c. sifted all-purpose flour, ¾ tsp. salt, ⅔ c. shortening, 4-6 tbsp. cold water, 1½ lbs. ground round or chuck beef, 4 tbsp. minced onion, 2 tbsp. minced parsley, 1 clove garlic, minced, 1½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, 2 tbsp. salad oil, 1 can (10½ oz.) condensed tomato soup.

• METHOD.—Sift together the flour and the ¾ tsp. salt in large bowl of Mixmaster. Add the shortening, distributing it over flour. Beat at No. 1 speed until flour-fat particles are about the size of a navy bean (about 20 sec.). Using a fork, add the cold water (4-6 tbsp.) sprinkling a small portion over the flour and fat particles at a time. Use as little water as possible adding just enough to hold mixture together. Line a 9 inch pie plate with half the pastry. Roll top crust and set aside. Then combine the ground beef, onion, parsley, garlic, the remaining 1½ tsp. salt and pepper in large Mixmaster bowl and mix together using No. 2 speed for about 20 sec. Remove from mixer bowl and cook in the 2 tbsp. fat until beginning to brown. Stir in the soup. Fill pastry lined pie plate with meat mixture, and cover with top crust as for a two-crust pie. Bake in moderately hot oven of 375°F. for 1 hr. Serve in pie shaped wedges.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Christmas Day Aboard H.M.S.

BY ETHEL E. PACE

ALTHOUGH discipline is probably stricter in the Royal Navy than in any other force in the world our sailor kings have always found their greatest happiness on board ship. To William IV, our earliest navigator king, sailing was merely a pastime or hobby however. His sailing vessel, the Royal George, which was built for him in 1817, was used by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort on their first visit to Scotland in 1842 although the ship they used for state occasions bore the same name as the present Royal Yacht, Victoria and Albert.

In 1907 King Edward VII paid a visit to the Czar of Russia in his beautiful yacht Alexandra which was named after his Queen. His love of adventure and gayety were fully gratified at Reval where great preparations had been made for his arrival and after the usual ceremony was over there was much revelry and merriment, the illuminations lasting far into the night. The Alexandra was also a favorite with George V but in the wave of economy that followed the World War he decided to dispense with a private yacht and his sacrifice gave this luxurious ship to Norway where she became a Norwegian cruising yacht.

The Royal Yacht

The present royal ship, the third Victoria and Albert, was used by the late King on all his reviews and visits to the fleet and to the Cowes Regatta and is much prized and revered by the reigning Royal family. Although they cannot be classed as fighting ships, Royal yachts are essentially connected with that Service, particularly in Great Britain where so many of her recent sovereigns have been sailors.

The many dangerous duties carried out by the Royal Navy at all times are interspersed as much as possible with relaxation and merrymaking. In fact the bond between officers and men in the Service, which has been the envy of foreign fleets, is attributed to the great love of the British sailor for sports and the willingness on the part of his senior officers to encourage competition and skill at games. And the officers themselves frequently lighten their leisure hours with deck hockey and other diversions. It is said that many of them were absorbed in this game on the deck of the "Ajax" a few hours before her heroic encounter with the Graf Spee, when the little flag ship, accompanied by the "Exeter" and the "Achilles", smothered the "Graf Spee" with repeated bursts of shelling, practically stealing the show, and escaping with little serious damage herself.

After Weeks at Sea

However, in these treacherous times, moments of relaxation are not common aboard battleships and these traditional games take place as near as possible to emergency escapes and in dress that will facilitate instant action. It is not unusual for destroyers to be buffeting about in the sea for weeks at a time and return to harbor only to be ordered out again within a few days. The atmosphere on these ships is extremely close and there is little possibility of ventilation so there is not much recreation during strenuous times.

The great festive occasion of the Royal Navy is Christmas Day. Its celebration has always been a source of wonder to and a matter much discussed by foreigners because of the extent to which laws are relaxed. The spirit of goodwill engendered by the jollity of Christmas Day and the understanding it creates between all ranks helps to alleviate any sense of injustice that may arise from the sternness and absolute discipline that are so necessary on His Majesty's ships at all times.

When dawn breaks on Christmas morning at sea a large bunch of evergreens is already in place at the mast head, or perhaps a garland of flowers. Messes are decorated gaily with holly, evergreen, colored streamers or sometimes with bouquets stolen from the gardens of Admiral Superintendents of dockyards. The different messes vie with one another in an effort to present the gayest show and competition becomes so keen that even kitchen utensils and mess implements are brought into service because of their ornate character and give to the tables a dazzling appearance.

Evergreen at Mast

All the officers' messes are thrown open and visiting becomes quite general. It is no uncommon sight to see the junior members of the Wardroom Mess make a sweep or raid on the Gun-room or midshipmen's mess and a lively scrap ensue to the detriment of boiled shirts, winged collars and sleekly-brushed hair. Then, some emergency requiring an immediate return to discipline, the midshipman who has been the ringleader of the onslaught, may suddenly revert to his usual dignity and knock at the cabin door of one whom he has been buffeting, with great gravity and deliver a message.

The only official routine on board ship on Christmas Day is Divine Service in the morning and after this the Captain and officers go the "rounds" of the ship. If it happens to be in port they may be accompanied by relatives or friends of either sex. At each mess they accept a cigar, a cigarette, an orange, a nut, or some small token and as the procession goes on from mess to mess throughout the whole ship the same gay spirit prevails, though small tastes of different foods may become less appetizing as they proceed.

The Ship's Boy

Later on all assemble in the Wardroom where there is a visit from the smallest ship's boy dressed as an officer and he is toasted with the greatest ceremony and in all seriousness by the officers. The ratings may spend the rest of the day as they wish and there is always much merry-making and feasting including the most important event of the day —Christmas dinner. The fare is provided by the Paymaster from accumulated savings throughout the last quarter and longer, and amplified, if necessary, by the men themselves.

Christmas dinners on board ship are much the same as those of other days excepting that they are a little more impressive and there is some indulgence permitted—the issue of spirit somewhat increased. Toasts are also more numerous and the band plays, after the National Anthem and appropriately impressive British military airs, old familiar songs that stir the heart and bring such a response from the men that peril is forgotten for the time and the old ship rings with melody.

At dinner, the President, as always, sits at the head of the table and it is customary to leave the seats near him for the more senior officers though they may mingle as much as they wish, junior officers sometimes finding themselves next to the Commander or Captain, who always dine in the Wardroom on Christmas Day. Civilian guests wear full evening dress when dining aboard ship. No one may smoke before the Royal Toast and it is courtesy not to light up even then unless the President has done so or until he has given his permission.

The King's health is always drunk seated unless foreign officers or other dignitaries are aboard. It is a cherished privilege shared by a few battalions in the Army which at one time or another served as Marines on ships. The popular belief is that William IV, when serving in a warship, once bumped his head against a beam while responding to the Royal Toast, he being a very tall man and the space between decks in those days being rather low. Another belief is that George IV, while Regent, dined on board a man-of-war and as the officers rose to drink his health, said, "Gentlemen, pray be seated, your loyalty is beyond suspicion."

But many think that the custom may have originated because the rolling and pitching of the ships in those days made standing difficult to say nothing of balancing a wine glass. Whatever may have been the origin of such customs they are still observed. The President of the Wardroom taps on the table with a mallet to command attention, then says, "Mr. Vice—the King," whereupon the Vice-President who sits at the foot of the table, lifts his glass and repeats, "Gentlemen—the King."

Every officer present raises his glass whether there is anything in it or not and toasts "The King," sometimes adding, "God bless him." And this Christmas there will follow many toasts—to Mr. Churchill, to the heroes of our allied forces, and to those other heroes, the heads of nations who are helping us on to victory. And perhaps the Christmas of 1943 may see Britain's Fightin' Fleets all in their home ports and the gallant men who manned them happily united with their dear ones.

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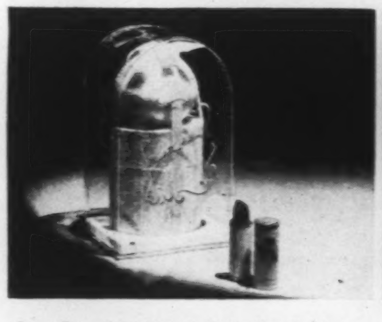

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FEMININE OUTLOOK

Woman in a Man's World

BY DOROTHY NORWICH

NOW that woman has successfully invaded a man's world male admiration for her versatility is becoming tinctured with a vague apprehension. Suppose she should become so enamored of man's domain that, after the war, she should refuse to return to her own? Grown accustomed to economic independence at a wage higher than she has ever before been permitted to enjoy, will she in future be content to live on the average man's salary?

The average male fears she won't. Indeed, the more excitable envision a fast approaching day when the little woman, all biceps and no charm, will sally forth to earn the wherewithal to keep her mate in scented shaving lotion while the children, if any, bring themselves up with the aid of the community crêche.

To back up his argument that woman is reverting to the Amazon of classic fame, man points to the zest with which she has tackled jobs hitherto considered foreign to female talent and the disconcerting discovery that many a woman is handier with the machine that puts brass bands on shells than she is with the cook stove and vacuum cleaner.

"We'll never," moans the worried male, "get her back into the kitchen!" and for further proof cites her extravagance, vowing that every cent she makes goes on her back.

From machine, inspection bench and office desk woman answers him.

"Sure, a good part of what I make goes for clothes," retorts an attractive young war worker from British Columbia.

She refutes, however, the broad statement that every cent she earns goes on her back. "I buy things for my people," she says.

Work after the war? Not if she doesn't have to. "I'd kind of like to get married," she confides. "I like housekeeping."

To her the kitchen is not a prison, a place from which to escape. "Why," she exclaims, "I even do the baking for my landlady whenever I get the chance, just to keep my hand in!"

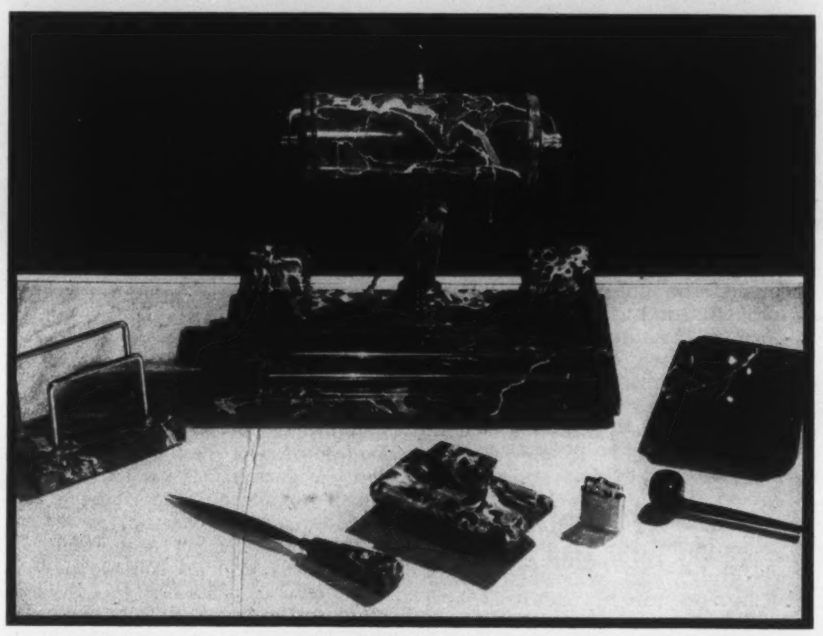
If there was a depression, she admits, or her husband couldn't support her, she'd work, but only till they got on their feet. After that she'd turn her attention to homemaking and raising a family.

Miss H— is different. She has no intention of marrying. "There won't be enough men to go around," she points out, practically. Even if there were, matrimony would hold no allure for this remarkable young woman. A domestic before the war, she is determined she will not be one afterward. Nor does she plan to remain in industry.

"My girl friend and I are saving our money to buy a farm," she asserts. "We're going to run it ourselves. I was born on a farm."

Very little of Miss H—'s money goes for finery. "I prefer slacks," declares she and before the rubber shortage and gasoline rationing put a crimp in it, her favorite form of relaxation was tearing across country on a motorcycle.

A percentage of Miss T—'s earnings again, definitely go for clothes but a larger percentage is being put away to prepare her for a singing career. She would like to marry, she admits, but not if it means an endless round of bed-making, cooking, cleaning and dishwashing.



For the man of the hour—a handsome desk set of chrome trimmed black onyx with a lamp in the center of the large double inkstand. The Ronson lighter is companioned by a Comoy pipe. From Birks-Ellis-Ryrie Ltd.

"I just haven't the knack for it," says she. "I'm handier re-assembling a machine than at baking."

Fresh from high school, her senior matric certificate still stiffly new, Miss T— is a set-up girl. She repairs balky machines in one of Canada's largest munitions plants. There she will stay, a valuable cog in Canada's war machine, until victory is won. After that—the concert stage. And marriage. If, she modestly adds, someone who believes as she does, that marriage and a career can be successfully amalgamated, asks her.

Still in Kitchen

"Will they get me back into the kitchen?" repeats Mrs. B—a wiry little Scotswoman, in surprise. "Why, I've never got out of it! When I am through inspecting gun parts here, I go home and do the housework, as I always did."

Her daughters, one working in an office, the other finishing high school, help, of course. Mr. B— is overseas.

"He would have been at Dieppe," his wife asserts, "only he was hurt in commando training. The corporal who took his place has been reported missing. No one knows what happened to him. That's really why I work. You see, I don't know how my husband will come back, or if he will come back at all. Besides, my younger girl wants to be a nurse. She's smart — only sixteen and in fourth year high. I feel she should have every chance to get ahead, so—".

So Mrs. B— works. For eight hours a day and longer at a stretch, she sits at a bench inspecting gun parts and then goes home to the household tasks the apprehensive male fears woman has deserted forever. Mrs. B— smiles away any such possibility. For her part, she'll greet the day with hosannas that brings her no other responsibility save that of managing a home.

Give up her desk job to found a home, queries an alert, pretty woman executive in a war plant. Why not? The war hasn't affected the course of human biology.

As for being content to manage a budget for two, or even three or four, on a salary that may be no larger than the one out of which she now budgets only for herself, the woman executive smiles. "I'd do it," she says. "So would most other women. We're funny that way. It's surprising what we're content to do for love!"

Man, says woman, has been bombed out of his job into uniform and woman has been bombed from behind her apron into his vacated overalls. When peace is restored and the harried world reverts to normal, she will gladly step out of them again. In the meantime, she buys pretty clothes. Man likes 'em. She dances. Man has to have a dancing partner, doesn't he? She buys Victory Bonds and she saves. Saves toward the day when she'll take her place, not one step ahead of man as male pessimists prophesy, but at his side, where she has always been.

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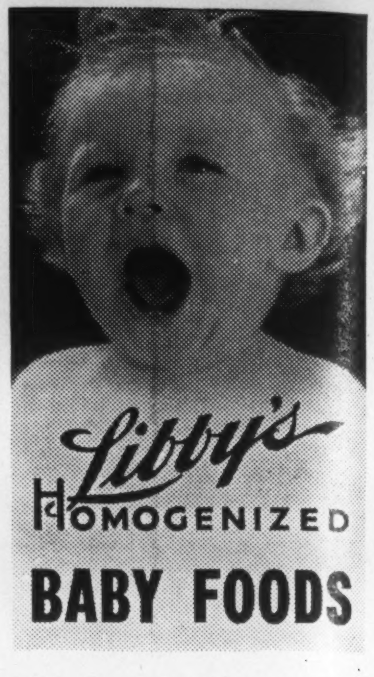

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Mrs. Ramsay's Book Page

BY MARIANNE RAMSAY

OURS is a very literary family. We not only have a book; we have all kinds of books from Plato to Faith Baldwin and back again (including Ulysses which we rent at the usual rates to well-recommended friends). But since faithful Nellie departed for the munitions factory, only Peggy Ann reads books around our house. Peggy Ann is two. She reads books upside down and when she wants to concentrate she pulls the pages out. Sometimes we find a whole romance leaf by leaf on the living-room floor; other times it's merely the sugar ration card which has been torn into quaint shapes. She reads; but no one else does. No maid, no reading.

But somehow this situation didn't seem quite right. All the magazines tell us how to keep up morale wearing the right shade of lipstick; but we began to feel that a bit of reading might bolster the home front. Here's how to keep up your reading while you keep the home fires burning with your own lily-whites. (And don't scratch your nail-polish on the furnace!)

Light or Heavy

We soon discovered that in wartime as in peace, there are two types of reading, known respectively as light and heavy. Light reading is anything that is read by paragraphs over a period of two weeks or more and that can be held in one hand while you are emptying the washing-machine with the other. Light reading comes in lines or paragraphs and it never matters whether you ever reach the second line or paragraph. Under light reading you'll find the dentist's bill, the latest parking ticket from General Draper's man, Time and/or Newsweek, Mr. Hepburn's latest speech, the Reader's Digest, and the piece of newspaper that came wrapped around the celery.

Heavy literature, on the other hand, must be studied carefully and needs a longer period of time such as while you are giving the baby his bottle. *Vogue,* that recipe for home-made ice cream without any cream, knitting instructions, the ads, and rules for the care and feeding of dogs, all come under the head of heavy literature. You must *never* mix the two types or you will find that the ice cream recipe fell into the washer while the baby ate Mr. Hepburn.

Popular Reading

The most popular reading at the moment are the headlines and the Classified Ads.

If you don't manage the headlines you might as well go and bury your head in the sand because life goes on but you don't. And if you do read the headlines, the chances are you can get someone to explain them to you because there *are* a few people who still have time to read the daily paper.

But the Classified Ads are your real source of news now that you get out of the house one hour on alternate Friday afternoons. The Classified Ads keep the mind bright (well, as bright as can be expected) and the conversation sparkling. Here is a typical Classified Ad conversation:

Wife (from the depths of the paper in a sparkling voice): "Good heavens! They're asking $4.00 a day for day work now. . . Cleveland 0598, that's the Hayworths' number, isn't it? They want a cook-general for $35. They'll never get it . . . why they must live half a mile from the street car."

Husband: "Uh-huh."

Wife: "You know, all Rhoda could get this summer was a half-wit. She couldn't tell right from left and they had to paint the children's toenails different colors so she could put their shoes on. . . Why, Jim, that Jap butler the Mullens had is looking for a place. . . I wonder whether he became dangerous?"

Husband: "No."

Wife: "Yes, probably. You don't remember him but I always thought he was kind of slinky. . . Oh dear, if only we were a widower with a motherless home, you could have all the help you wanted . . . refined and cultured, too. . ."

The conversation ends abruptly as wife realizes this would involve her own immediate demise. But it shows how stimulating the Classified Ads are, revealing the changing face of society and raising problems of life and death.

For those readers (and reprehensible they are) who prefer escape to economic commentary, there are always the Personals. Immediately you'll be transported to a certain corner on Davenport where Always Faithful will be waiting for Dinky at 7:30 (what they once had is too good to be lost) and you wonder if you could possibly be a friend or relative of Denny Smith (whereabouts unknown) who seems about to inherit a fortune. Take down the number of that Jewish girls' social club (ages 16-18); they could meet at your house the next time you want a baby-minder, couldn't they?

Well, there's your wartime reading diet. Just like living on lettuce and carrot juice, digestible but uninspiring. We know, because for several months that's all we lived on.

Then came one wonderful day when Peggy Ann dragged that tantalizing new book out to the middle of the floor. The dust lay thick on the tables, and the laundry soaked on forever—but *We read a book!*

After all, if Gypsy Rose Lee can still write them, we can still read them . . . and who cares about the dirt?

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Mr. Seitz Reviews Rubinstein

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

AT THE Toronto Symphony Orchestra's concert last week Ernest Seitz revived Anton Rubinstein's piano concerto No. 4 in D minor, most important of the few compositions of the great man which have survived outside Russia, though Rubinstein, whose greatness as a pianist is a historic tradition, was a prolific composer. He had no less than twenty operas and a host of symphonies and other works to his credit. Anyone who desires to know how he played may get an idea from the pianism of his pupil Josef Hofmann, who has kept this Concerto alive. Hofmann, as pianist, was his most brilliant pupil, but his greatest in fame was Tschaikowsky, his pupil in piano and composition. It was through Anton and his brother Nicholas that Tschaikowsky's genius attained its lavish development. It was Nicholas Rubinstein who induced the wealthy Madame Von Meck to provide the income which enabled him to devote himself to creative work. No two men ever did so much for the musical progress of a country as did the brothers Rubinstein. All modern Russian musicians owe them a debt. Anton's precocious genius as a virtuoso, won the sympathetic friendship of the Grand Duchess Helena. She used her influence in the Imperial family to promote the establishment of the St. Petersburg Conservatory under himself and the Moscow Conservatory under his brother Nicholas. From these institutions stems enormous modern musical development of Russia, including even the Nationalist school of Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Borodin, for which Rubinstein had a dislike which was heartily reciprocated. Shostakovich, for instance, is a product of the Leningrad Conservatory created by Anton.

Four years ago Catherine Drinker Bowen wrote the story of the two Rubinsteins, with some assistance from Josef Hofmann, who read her proofs, and two other great pianists, Josef Lhevinne and Moriz Rosenthal. The extent of the Rubinstein influence not only in Russia but in Vienna was immense; but the most interesting part of the tale from our standpoint is that dealing with Anton's first visit to America in 1872. He was under the management of a youth of 21, Maurice Grau, two decades later manager of the Metropolitan Opera House.

The contract called for two hundred concerts in association with the violinist Wieniawski; because it was impossible to induce the American public to attend concerts by a single artist. Rosenthal made it clear that he would not "play down" to his audiences, and would choose his own programs; Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, and 18th century composers like Couperin and Rameau, as well as his own works. The wily Grau did not tell him that outside New York and Boston, America had not heard of Chopin, Liszt or Schumann, much less Couperin.

The D minor Concerto played so beautifully by Mr. Seitz was a feature of the New York opening in old Steinway Hall, on September 23, 1872, when Rubinstein played it with the Philharmonic Orchestra under Carl Bergmann. The night was hot and the windows were open. The Andante, when Rubinstein was revealing his lovely pianissimo, was interrupted by howling and pounding. William Steinway, backer of the tour, rushed out and found a negro chopping kindling wood on one side of the building, and another teaching a dog to jump a rope. A small bribe induced them to desist. Rubinstein's adventures in America were complicated by the fact that Wieniawski refused to speak to him, because the pianist won most attention. In the spring Rubinstein induced Grau to let him appear alone in the first piano recitals ever given in America. They were at once popular and a new era in concert enterprise was born.

The D minor concerto figured also in Rubinstein's first visit to London in 1869. Those who heard it last week know that it proceeds brilliantly and melodiously in the classical tradition until the Finale, when it suddenly becomes barbaric and Slavonic in character with turbulent orchestration. In London the music critic with the largest following was Joseph Bennett, somewhat of a John Bull in his attitude toward foreigners. He described the Concerto as, "unintelligible, gloomy, wild, rhapsodical". Worst of all he suggested that the pianist belonged to "the modern German school", which signified Wagner whose very name Rubinstein hated. He would sooner have been called a liar and a thief than a Wagnerite, and he interpreted the criticism as a deliberate affront. To modern audiences the D minor Concerto when played by so intensely musical an executant as Ernest Seitz seems transparent, as easily grasped as Mendelssohn; but Bennett like most London writers of his time was hostile to Russia and any hint of novelty affrighted him. How would poor Bennett have fared today?

Two Choral Concerts

Last week in Toronto two interesting choral organizations were heard. The Glee Club of the Catholic Youth Organization, which Rev. J. E. Ronan has built up into a most expressive organization, was one, and the Jewish Folk Choir, recently brought into existence by Emil Gartner, a young Viennese musician who came here as a refugee, was the other.

The C.Y.O. Glee Club showed notable advances in balance. The sopranos, always fresh and appealing, have been supplemented by other sections of improved quality. Father Ronan is a well-inspired and efficient choral conductor. It was encouraging to hear young choristers singing Palestrina so acceptably, and the interpretation of Mozart's "Ave Verum" was beautiful in shading, tone and devotional feeling.

The Jewish Folk Choir is still in the making, and Mr. Gartner is evidently a sensitive and sincere musician with a gift for refined expression. His principal offering was Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus" which abounds in noble choruses. The sopranos, admirable in quality and enthusiasm, carried most of the burden. Mr. Gartner seemed timid about forcing the male choristers to sing out to their full volume in such an episode as "See the Conquering Hero Comes"; but in general his courage in tackling so noble a classic was rewarded.

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One of the most notable artistic entertainments of the season will be presented at Massey Hall on Friday and Saturday evenings, Dec. 11 and 12, by the Volkoff Canadian Ballet, assisted by a symphony orchestra directed by Ettore Mazzoleni. The program will include an interpretation of Les Sylphides (Chopin), to which the illustration above refers, and Ravel's La Valse, (below), and a Ballade by Brahms. This is the fourth annual appearance of the Ballet under Mr. Volkoff's excellent direction.

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THE FILM PARADE

Gauguin in Hollywood

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

"THE Moon and Sixpence" is the oddest mixture of Maugham, Hollywood, Gauguin biography and Orson Welles technique it is possible to imagine. Thanks to George Sanders the first half is rather more Maugham than Hollywood; and in spite of Mr. Sanders the latter half is considerably more Hollywood than Maugham. The blend though far from smooth is fascinating in a peculiar sort of way.

Obviously the studio set out to do right by Somerset Maugham—the faithful word-for-word transcription proves that. "The Moon and Sixpence" was given a bumper-to-bumper servicing which should have eased it into the new medium without a jar or a squeak. Unfortunately the experts didn't stop there but went on to out-technique if possible the technically expert Mr. Maugham.

The Maugham technique never rises above the surface of his prose, which always remains urbane and glass-smooth. The screen version fairly juts with improvisations—with background recitative, silent screen pantomime, a fierce flare of technicolor right in the midst of the solid black and whites, and a sound-track monologue which for novelty is recited out loud by Herbert Marshall in the presence of a butler who doesn't hear a word of it. These distractions though interesting in themselves add little to the interest of the story. They are especially remote from the narrative methods of Mr. Maugham, a great believer in the straight line as the shortest distance between two points.

In spite of all these waylaying devices the first half of the film which carries Mr. Maugham's monster-genius from London to Paris, is sharp and lively and maliciously observant. George Sanders, a remarkable actor in any role that calls for intelligence combined with a brilliant lack of sympathy is able single-handed to make the Strickland-Gauguin legend believable—the artist's consuming egoism, his brutal relationship with the two dreadful sticks of women who got in the way of his genius, his desperate compulsion to paint, even his painting itself—as long as the director takes the precaution to keep his canvasses with their backs to the screen.

It isn't till Mr. Maugham's hero moves on to Tahiti that the picture really begins to sag. The artist relaxes then from his stimulating rudeness and becomes genial and benevolent against a scenic background that calls out for Betty Grable in a grass skirt or Dorothy Lamour rising out of an island lagoon. Even the novelty of having the hero die of leprosy doesn't save the final sequences from being just another hula-hula idyll. The artist's native wife is played by a newcomer (Elena Verdugo) and I dare say her performance was moving and pathetic and sincere. It's hard for me to tell any more. I've seen the moon come over the palm trees so often now that one grass skirt looks very like another.

However if "The Moon and Sixpence" has its lapses the good moments more than make up for the bad ones. The Maugham story comes through, even though indirectly, and George Sanders' finely un-amiable qualities get an impressive screen workout for the first time. It's far above average in intention and for that reason is a good deal more interesting to watch than the just average picture that comes off resoundingly.

IT'S hard to understand why people should crowd to see Fibber McGee and Molly, the Great Gildersleeve, etc. when they could just stay quietly at home and turn off the radio. I realize of course that this is a point of view that makes it impossible for me to estimate "Here We Go Again" fairly. Fibber and Molly are doubtless a sterling pair of comedians but it just happens that they bore me stiff, and their latest film, in spite of the presence of Bergen and McCarthy, merely left me stupefied.

Over the air Charlie has a certain raucous vitality which has to be sacrificed when he is put on the screen. So why put him on the screen? And, especially, why attempt to give him mobility by doubling with dwarfs? . . . Apart from this unfortunate experiment in the macabre "Here We Go Again" has nothing new to offer that I can remember and I don't mind admitting that I remember as little as possible.

Theatre

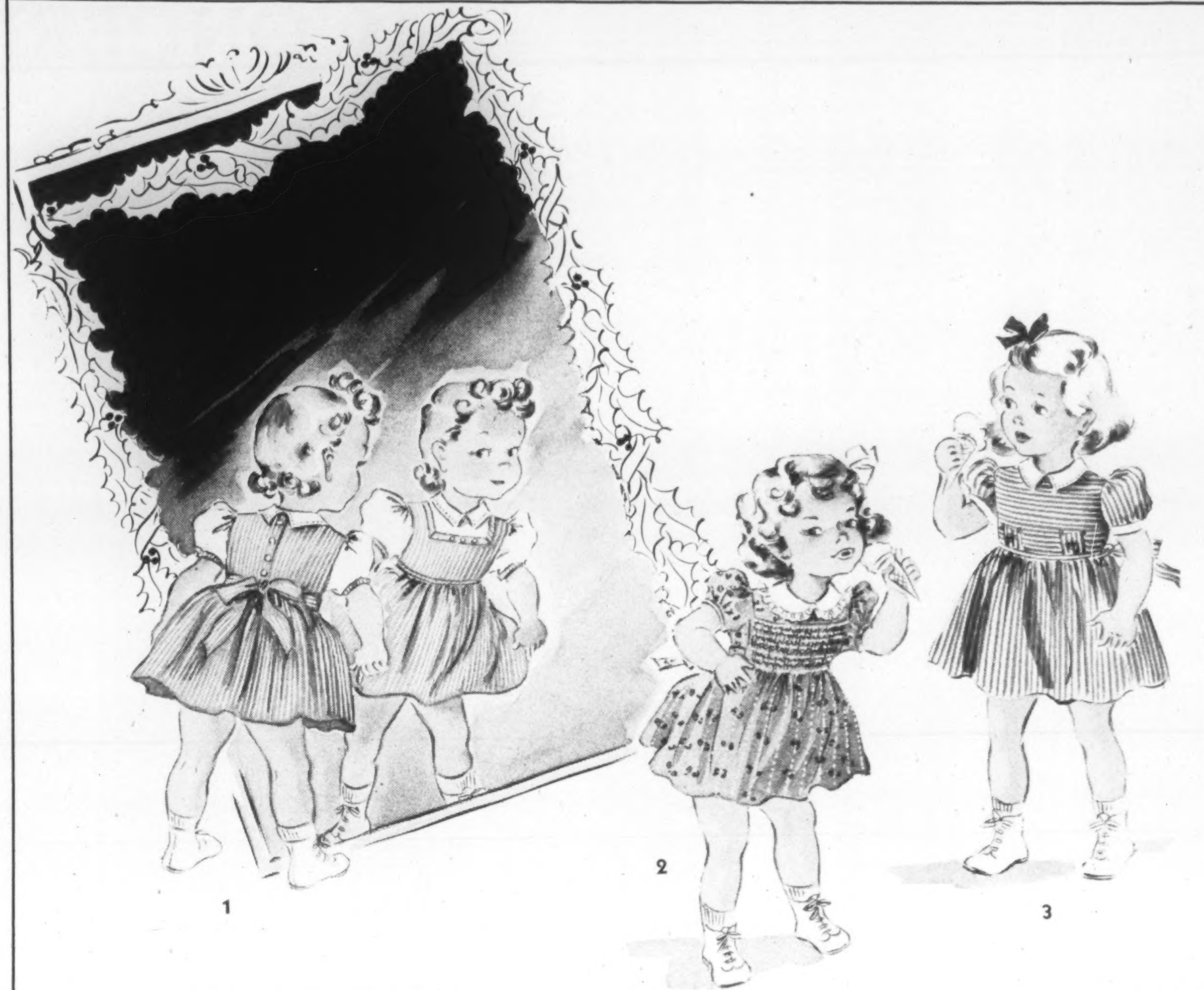
Getting Father Baptized

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

"LIFE WITH FATHER" was one of the outstanding successes of the New York season of 1939-40. It was played in Toronto just over a year ago for several performances, but missed some of its effectiveness on that occasion by being done in a concert-hall and before an audience largely composed of persons who were not regular theatre-goers. This week at the Royal Alexandra, with a cast of the utmost competence, it comes off far better. Its chief premise, the peculiar temperament of Clarence Day Sr. (a real personage, head of the New York Stock Exchange in the 'eighties, and father of the author of the sketches from which the play was made), is a trifle extravagant, and needs not only all the dexterity of playwright and stage manager, but also all the gusto that the players can put into it, plus a certain receptivity to gusto in the audience. You do not get the last-named quality in an audience assembled mainly for a lecture series.

The piece, as all our readers know, is concerned almost wholly with the disinclination of *Father* to have himself baptized, a ceremony which was omitted in his childhood and which his slightly fluffy-headed but altogether charming and lovable wife thinks may be essential to his entry into heaven. The atmosphere of the piece is really more English than American, and *Father* has a John Bull-like quality which needs an accomplished English actor with long American experience like Percy Waram; the combination of bluster and gentleness which he manages to contrive is the result of profound care about the most insignificant details, and has been built up in more than two years of continuous devotion to the part. Margalo Gillmore, also a native of England but much more completely Americanized, is equally dexterous in making *Vinnie* combine an appearance of frivolity with the most consummate intelligence in the manipulation of her difficult husband. These two players, each with a brilliant record of New York successes, are perfectly correlated in this performance.

The "period" material of just over fifty years ago in New York which gives the piece its picturesqueness is most effectively handled. The various juvenile and minor parts are well keyed in, and the whole thing is a fascinating evening's entertainment—if, like *Father*, you do not take baptism too seriously. (Catholic theatre-goers will bear in mind that it is only Protestant baptism that is under discussion.)



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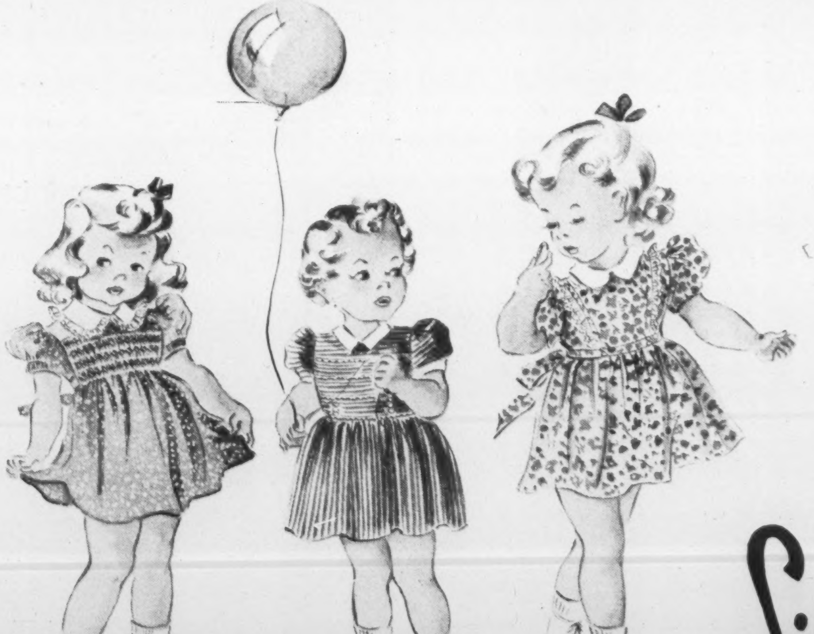

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1½ cups Libby's Tomato Juice
2 sprigs Watercress
½ stalk green celery with leaves
1 large sprig parsley
Vegetable salt to taste
½ small scallion
2 slices carrot
2 radishes
1 slice lemon

Put watercress, celery, parsley, scallion, carrots, radishes and lemon in tomato juice. Let simmer for about 10 minutes. Strain and serve ice-cold.

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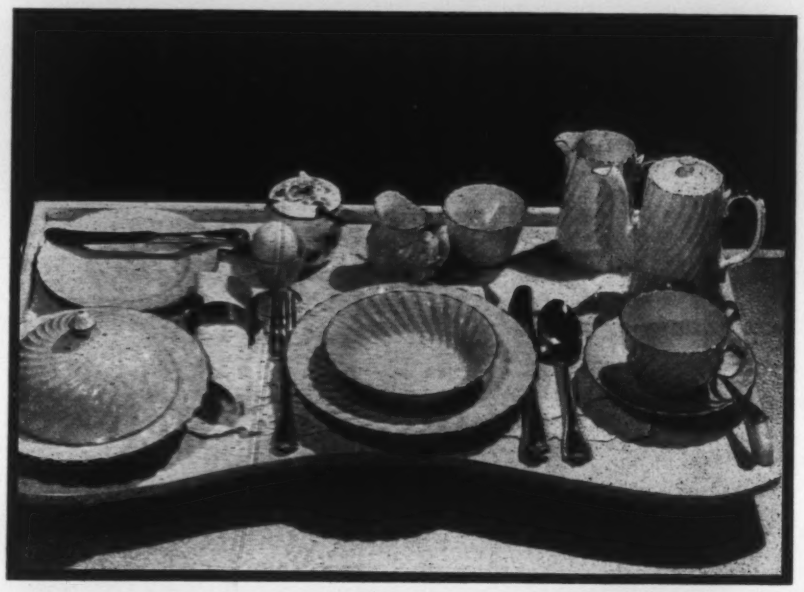
CONCERNING FOOD

Young Cooks at Work

BY JANET MARCH

DO YOU remember begging to be allowed to make fudge, and when your mother cracked and finally gave in—which she did reluctantly more for fear of the cook's wrath than anything else—you used up most of the butter in the house, dirtied a vast number of spoons, dishes and pots and pans and turned out something which was either so hard you had to break it with a chisel or so soft you used a spoon. Either way it was delicious and the pan was scraped almost through before being rather inefficiently washed. Those were the days all right. Sugar wasn't rationed and butter could be found in shops without employing a bloodhound to lead you to it. Fudge making is pretty well out for the duration, but that doesn't mean that young things with an urge to make something edible can't operate in the kitchen, on the contrary wise parents will encourage their children to cook more than ever before.



Rise and shine, and breakfast in bed from a collapsible bed tray set with Aynsley's bone china of pastel coloring and graceful fluted design. The marmalade jar is Royal Crown Derby. From Birks-Ellis-Ryrie Ltd.

Speaking broadly there are two classes of parents, those who tell you that their fingers are worked to the bone, particularly in these maidless days, looking after the children, and the others who say, "Well, you see we get on all right, the children do a lot." Better join the second class as soon as your children are old enough not to burn themselves.

To turn the younger generation into good cooks Wilma Lord Perkins has written "The Fannie Farmer Junior Cook Book." Martha Powell Setchell has illustrated it most attractively, and it is published by McClelland and Stewart and costs $2.35. Everyone knows the Boston Cooking School Cook Book and even old, expert wise cooks turn to it constantly. This is a book written by the editor of the last three editions of the big Boston book, and it starts you on the path which will lead to the volume where all of Fannie Farmer's lore is collected. The Junior Cook Book tells you amazingly briefly and explicitly how to mix and measure, how to cream and fold and beat.

Wilma Perkins recommends washing up as you go, which takes a lot of the pain out of cooking. People who have never cooked—a class which will soon be as extinct as the dodo—have an idea that the only dishes to be washed are the plates you eat off in the dining room. They're wrong. An amateur can dirty nearly everything in the kitchen all for the sake of one small cake.

The recipes in this book are definitey for dishes which the young like—Chocolate Milk Shake, Waffles, Smothered Chicken, Floating Island, Brownies — sounds pretty good though, whether you are eight or eighty, and the directions are simple and the ingredients not too numerous. Don't imagine though that this is a book which doesn't cover the waterfront. It has everything you need in it—soup, salads, vegetables, meat dishes, desserts, even a fudge recipe which I am going to try the moment sugar gets un-rationed. Here is a meat dish.

Three in One

1 pound of round steak (ground)
1 green pepper, seeded and cut small
2 onions, cut fine
2 tablespoons butter
4 tomatoes, sliced
1 large can corn, cream style
¼ cup buttered crumbs
Salt and pepper

To butter crumbs roll unsalted crackers with a rolling pin. Sift through a coarse strainer and measure. For each ¼ cup of crumbs melt 1 tablespoon of butter. Add the crumbs to the butter and mix gently with a fork until the crumbs are well coated.

Speckled feathers showering from crown add interest to black felt.

We're tearing this off the calendar first.

● For the present, the task of ridding the world of war is making it impossible for us to continue sending Canada the delights of Peek Frean's famous English biscuits and Vita-Weat Crispbread. As soon as that task is complete, these delicious biscuits will once again reach you from England.

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Melt the butter, add the green pepper and onions and cook and stir until the onions are light brown. Add the meat and cook 5 minutes more.

Put the meat mixture and the corn in a buttered baking dish in layers, sprinkling each layer with salt and pepper. Arrange the tomatoes on top, and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven (350) until the crumbs are brown. This will serve 6 persons.

The recipe for cream of pea soup is easy to make and good to eat.

Cream of Pea Soup

1 cup cooked or canned peas
1 slice onion
½ teaspoon sugar
Sprig of parsley
2 cups milk
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
Salt and pepper

Add the peas, onion, sugar and parsley to the milk in a double boiler and cook 20 minutes. Pour through a coarse strainer into a saucepan rubbing the peas through with a wooden spoon. Set the pan over low heat while you prepare the thickening. Melt the butter in a small pan, add the flour, stir well and add a little hot soup. Mix well and stir into the soup. Cook 5 minutes. The soup will be only slightly thickened.

Season to taste and serve very hot. Sprinkle with croutons. This will make 4 servings.

There are some good tips on dressing up canned soup such as floating a thin slice of orange in clear tomato bouillon or sprinkling pop corn on corn soup. The salad chapter has a useful line of drawings of the different sorts of greens down one side of a page, so that if you haven't known before you can now tell romaine from escarole.

The molasses cookies sound good for both old and young and they don't need as much sugar as most.

Molasses Cookies

½ cup butter
⅓ cup brown sugar
1 egg
½ cup molasses
¼ cup milk
2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ginger or powdered cloves
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt

Let the butter stand in a warm place to soften. Beat with a mixture spoon until it is creamy and then beat in the sugar. Add the egg, molasses and milk. Mix and sift the other things and add them. Beat well.

The mixture should be just stiff enough to hold its shape without running over when you take it up with a spoon. If it is softer than this stir in a little more flour.

Butter 2 large baking sheets. Arrange spoonfuls of the dough on the baking sheet, leaving a little space for spreading during baking. Two inches will be about right. Bake 10 minutes in a moderately hot oven (375). This amount will make 30 to 60 cookies according to the size you make them.

This is a book which should help to turn out a lot of young good cooks. In fact if it is widely enough used the jokes about the bride's cakes will become dead as mutton. How about giving it to your daughter for Christmas, and letting her do a bit of experimenting in the holidays?

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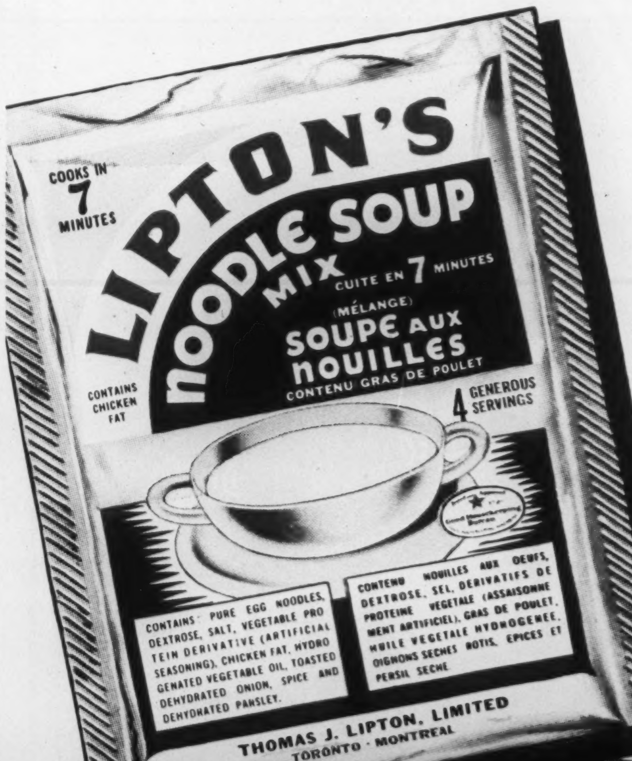
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THE DRESSING TABLE

Look the Gift Horse in the Mouth

BY ISABEL MORGAN

SHOPPERS for Christmas gifts are just beginning to realize that there is a lining of solid platinum to the cloud of shortages both present and impending. It has swept the market clean—well, almost—of those strange useless gadgets whose appearance in the shops used to be a signal of the approach of ye merry yule-tide. Who bought them and who got them, is another story that has been done times without number. This season is the time to look the proverbial gift horse in the mouth—giving him a long, hard scrutinizing stare, and if horsie doesn't measure up to considerations of a most practical nature, then let someone wealthier but not wiser than you are, give him stable-room.

We doubt that there are more than a few people left with enough cash or the inclination to squander their money on queer meaningless gifts. We're all learning to become as thrifty as crofters, and the yardstick of anything bought at this time should be "Will it be of some real use, or give solid, lasting satisfaction to the one who receives it?"

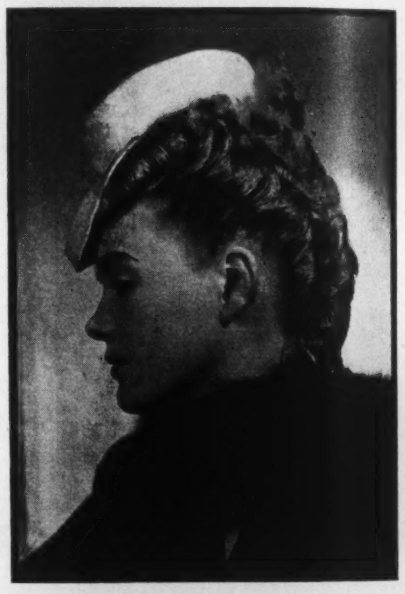
If the reply is in the affirmative one may be certain that the gift has been selected with wisdom.

Those whose choice falls on cosmetics will not need to do much heart-searching on either of these counts. They are of great importance to all women—and have the double-barrelled purpose of giving pleasure and being of every-day use.

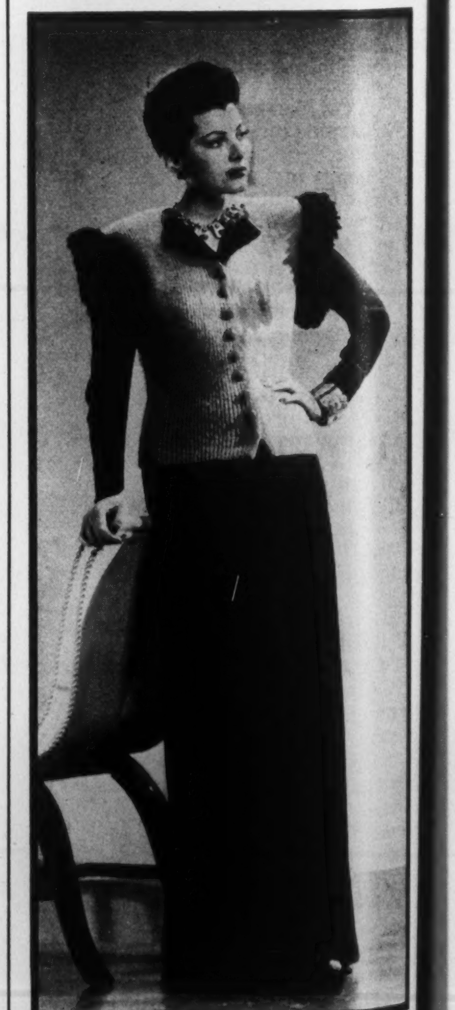
"Shine 'em up!" Peggy Sage says, "Keep your fingertips shining as your hero's buttons. Do it with a tricky little manicure set—trim and smart as a major." This Christmastide she has chosen fine leather and beautiful fabrics for her smartest and most distinguished manicure sets—whipcord, gaily-printed crepe and gabardine for the "little sets" the youngsters adore. Here are four splendid sets that any girl would love. "Laurentide" has a bengaline case in attractive design. Fitted out with manicure essentials, complete to the last detail, there's everything that the heart of a proud lady could desire for her fingers. There's Peggy Sage's lovely polish in a dazzling color, polish and cuticle remover, manicure oil and implements. "Norfolk" has all the best-loved manicure essentials in a purse of genuine wine morrocco. Beautiful and spacious, but flat for easy packing. It contains a complete set-up of manicure equipment—scissors of finely tempered steel, pusher, nippers, tweezers and everything a salon manicure requires. In addition, a vibrant shade of polish, satinbase, a complete line-up of fine manicure needs.

A French perfumer not only was clever enough to get himself out of France ahead of the Nazis, but his secret formulae and many of the essential oils that go into his product, too. It's our good fortune that he chose Canada—Montreal to be exact—to come to and begin making the same sort of perfumes he made in the days when it was France's happy lot to send beautiful and rare things to the rest of the world.

Dorel has three fine perfumes—all greatly different in character—Audace, Horizon and Comete. If you should find it difficult to make a



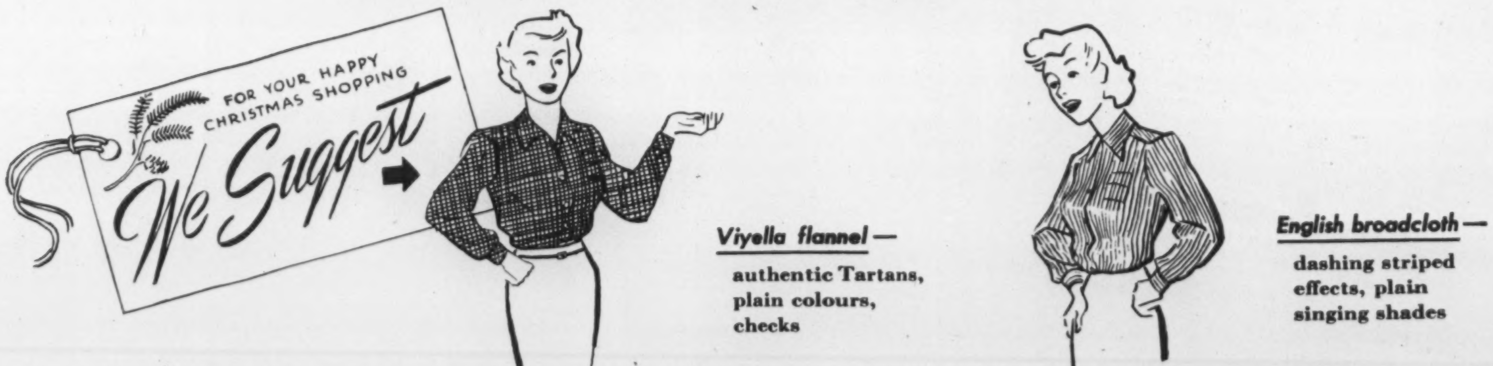
In a coiffure designed by Antoine blonde hair is arranged in a soft roll descending to nape. Hat, also an Antoine creation, has slits at back through which curls are drawn.



Handknit tangerine "cozy" with black wool fringe, worn over black dinner dress. Mexican silver jewelry. Shown at "Fashions of the Times," a style show held recently in New York.

"Hi! Christmas Shoppers"

You know everyone needs man-tailored shirts and more man-tailored shirts these days . . . don't you? . . . *And you know* that no other shirt has the downright distinction of a Man-Tailored Shirt by Tooke . . . don't you? . . . *So you should* hie yourself to the nearest shop and buy a Man-Tailored Shirt by Tooke for all of your best beloved friends. . . *And you might* let it be known — but tactfully of course — that you'd welcome one or more yourself!


FOR YOUR HAPPY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING
We Suggest

Viyella flannel —
authentic Tartans, plain colours, checks

English broadcloth —
dashing striped effects, plain singing shades

Man-Tailored Shirts *by TOOKE*

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selection among the three, make your own choice and tell her you chose it because "it seems to fit your personality, dear." You'll be on safe ground.

If you have a girl in one of the services on your mind, Elizabeth Arden is ready to rally round with a handsome leather service kit in black, army tan, or airforce blue leather. It's flat so that it packs easily but by some miracle manages to contain all the essentials for keeping her looks at par. There's a large mirror to show that both her cap and her complexion are on straight.

This year you'll find that beloved perennial Arden favorite, Blue Grass Flower Mist, on a skittish but nonetheless decorative blue wooden rocking-horse complete with pink plumes. The perfume comes all decked out as a little crimson plush Christmas stocking inside a cellophane case. That other highly-favored twin—June Geranium soap and dusting powder, also has a proper air of grand remoteness in a clear arch-topped box of cellophane.

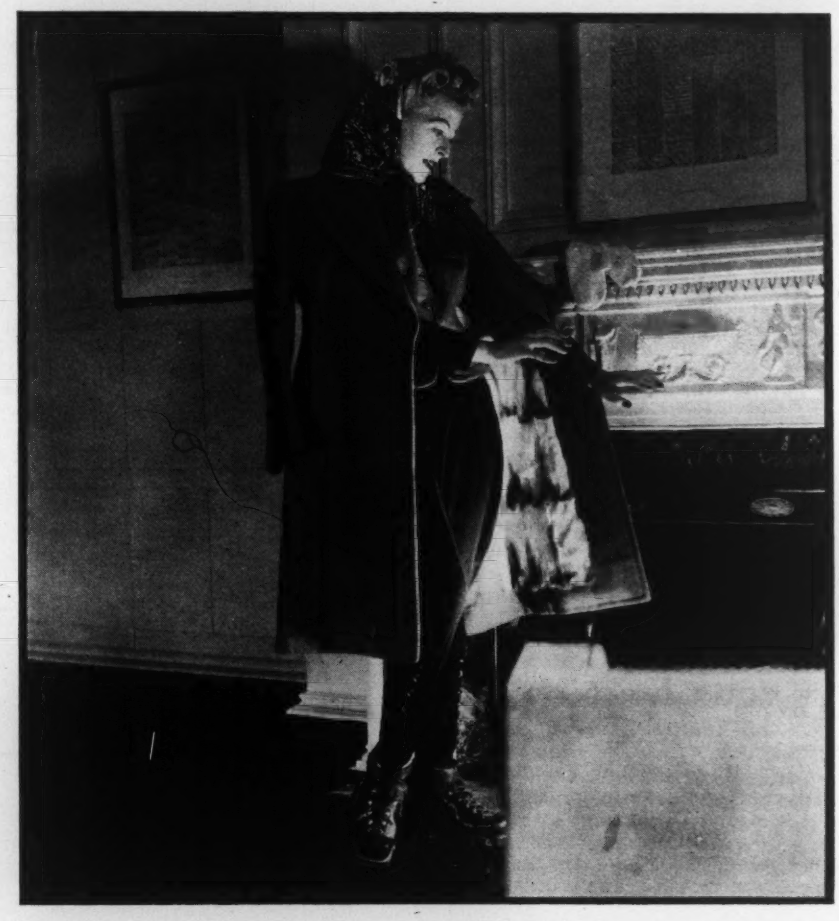
Yardley of London as usual, does handsomely by everyone—men included. Their Bond Street perfume is of such exalted grandeur it carries connotations of mink coats, orchids, seats in the orchestra at the season's best play, dressing for dinner, and all the other nostalgic memories of a gilded leisurely era. What is more, it maintains its integrity of grandeur even when worn with the shorter, simpler dresser approved by the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. All of which is very good for The Soul.

Then of course, there is the fresh, spicy lavender fragrance for which this house is so famous. It, as well as many other floral fragrances, is to be found in a number of very complete sets which range from those containing such things as talcum, soap, face powder and toilet water, to the larger and more comprehensive sets that include everything for the bath as well as the make-up.

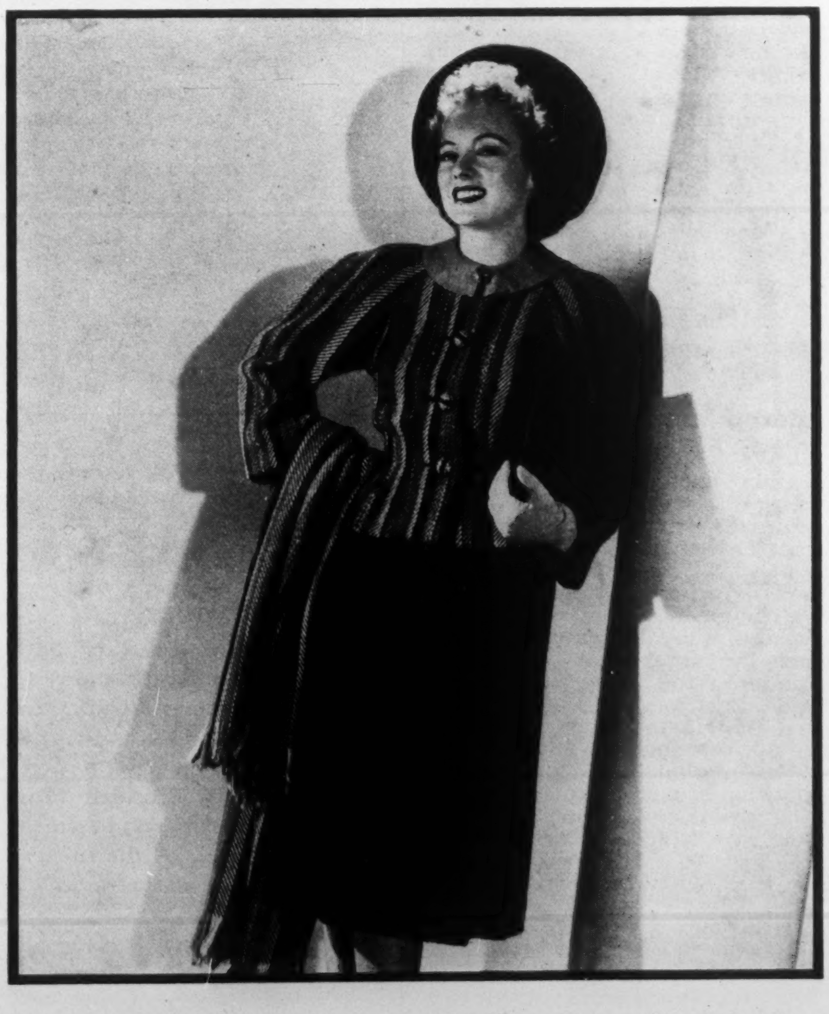
As for the man who doesn't receive at least one Yardley shaving kit at Christmas time, he has every right to go about with hurt feelings for the rest of the year. One of the best liked of these is that which includes toilet water, wooden shaving bowl, after-shave talc, tactfully tinted a natural skin tint.

In the gift sets of Woodbury's products you will find evidences of their new process which they call Color Control in powder, lipstick and rouge. This gives a depth of coloring that has been carefully worked out in collaboration with Hollywood directors from their experience with the skin shades of widely varied complexion tones of the stars.

Each box of Woodbury powder contains a "type chart" which tells which shades of powder, rouge and lipstick are most flattering for the girl one has in mind. With this incredibly efficient assistance at hand it should be a simple matter to find the matched make-up tailored to her particular style of beauty.



A luxurious vicuna coat lined with squirrel bellies is worn over a ski outfit composed of tweed fronted jacket with knitted sleeves and back, trousers with red lacings. Shown at "Fashions of the Times," New York.



The jacket of tweed striped in green, yellow, blue and red, is worn over a bright red cotton blouse and a skirt of dark green wool. With it Evelyn Keyes of the movies wears a brown beret, mulberry suede bag.

GIFTS of
apple blossom ★ heaven-sent
by
helena rubinstein

● Apple Blossom enchantments—Cologne, Body Powder and Soap, 1.85 (in Heaven-Sent, 2.25).

● Gay gift set—Apple Blossom Cologne, Apple Blossom Body Powder with Puff, 2.75 (in Heaven-Sent, 3.15).

● Bewitching Apple Blossom Cologne and a generous box of Apple Blossom Body Powder, 1.50 (in Heaven-Sent, 1.75).

● Charming Christmas ensemble—Apple Blossom Cologne and cylinder of Apple Blossom Body Powder, 2.00 (in Heaven-Sent, 2.35).

● Shower of Apple Blossom fragrances—Cologne, Body Powder, Bath Oil, Powder Cologne, Face Powder and Complexion Soap 7.95 (Heaven-Sent ensemble—Eau de Toilette, Body Powder with Puff, Bath Oil and Hand Lotion, 8.95).

FOR Christmas morning! Helena Rubinstein presents a gay galaxy of festive, fragrant surprises . . . distinctive beauty accessories accented with the fresh sweetness of Apple Blossom, the haunting perfume of Heaven-Sent . . . Gracious, precious gifts packaged entrancingly and priced for every budget.

Individual Gifts of Beauty

Apple Blossom Cologne, Flacons, .85, 1.25.
Apple Blossom Eau de Toilette, 2.25.
Apple Blossom Soap, .55, 1.00; Apple Blossom Body Powder, .75, 1.50.
Heaven-Sent Cologne, Flacons, 1.00, 1.50.
Heaven-Sent Eau de Toilette, 2.00.
Heaven-Sent Soap, .55, 1.00; Heaven-Sent Body Powder, .85, 1.35, 1.65.

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● NEW! He'll take you straight to his heart when you wear CONFECTION! A sweet new bonbon nail shade especially blended by Peggy Sage for the invincible spirits who have determined to go all-out for defense and still spread morale-making feminine charm as they go! At all departmental and better drug stores.

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The Cream used by famous stage and screen stars. Your mirror will show results. 7

White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun Tan

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Nausea, dizziness, stomach distress may be prevented and relieved with the aid of
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SEASICK REMEDY

THE LONDON LETTER

Don't Let Us Have a Lutyens London

BY P. O'D.

REPLANNING is in the air. From every side earnest gentlemen—and not a few ladies—are rushing up, all with their plans for the brave new world that is to be. No good telling them that there is a lot to be done first in the way of cleaning up the old world. They just can't wait. Heaven knows, it may be that they are right. When planning's to be done, there is nothing like starting early. Even if you achieve nothing in particular, you at least have that much more fun.

Here already is the Planning Committee of the Royal Academy publishing its report on "the architectural redevelopment of London", and holding an exhibition at Burlington House of the plans and drawings made for the scheme. And what a scheme! A ring road connecting all the mainline railway stations; an open space around St. Paul's with superb vistas in all directions; a processional way from Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace; the diversion of traffic from Westminster so as to form a sort of sanctuary area around the Abbey; a reconstructed Piccadilly Circus, to be rectangular instead of round, with an arcaded open space in the centre for the flower-girls; an enlarged Trafalgar Square; a developed South Bank of the river.

These are only a few of the more important pieces of planning in the Report. A combination of Sir Edwin Lutyens and Sir Charles Bressey, one famous as an architect and the other equally famous as an engineer and traffic expert, would naturally lead the public to expect plans large in scope and admirable in detail—high, wide, and handsome, in fact. And no one can say that they have not planned well. The London they propose to give us would probably be a much more beautiful and better London than the old one we knew. The only crab is that it would be a quite different London.

Already the voices of old fogeys are being raised in plaintive protest. Their attitude is not logical, but then no true Londoner is ever logical about London. He is forever cursing it as the dingiest and pokiest and most inconvenient of the world's great cities—as it probably is—and yet he flies into a rage at the mere suggestion that a familiar stone of it should be moved, or a single kink taken out of its narrow and twisted highways. He feels about it as a small boy might feel, having just made the horrifying discovery that his mother has had her face lifted. She may look younger and more beautiful, but he is not to be consoled.

What your Londoner really wants is that the new London should look as much as possible like the old, with all its warts and wrinkles, the beloved and familiar face of the great mother, the face he has always known. Much of that London has, of course, gone forever, and more of it is probably doomed to go. But the proposal that these large alterations should be made in the mere interest of beauty and convenience is likely to find him a most determined antagonist. His motto is, no change at all, unless it can't be helped, and then as little as possible.

The fault of the Academy plan seems to be the fault of most such grandiose visualizations of the future—it is too complete. London is not New Delhi or Canberra or some other new city that it should be built according to the ideas of any one architect or group of architects, however eminent. You don't rebuild a city like London. London rebuilds itself. Take every advantage of the devastations, the clearings by bomb, to provide more open spaces, to straighten out and broaden highways, to make such new roads as may be advisable. That is obviously sensible. But don't let us have a Lutyens London. Let London itself decide—as London in all probability will, plans or no plans.

Outcrop Mining

Slowly and belatedly the coal situation seems to be righting itself. Certain concessions have already been made which indicate that the authorities are less worried about the position, though this is not to be taken as meaning that all danger of a coal shortage has been passed. A good deal depends on what sort of winter lies ahead of us.

An interesting feature of the national effort to solve the fuel problem has been the sudden and vigorous development of what is known as "outcrop mining". Already the production of outcrop coal is said to be increasing the country's supplies at the rate of about 3,500,000 tons a year; and there are good prospects that this output will be doubled. There is even talk of a possible 10,000,000 tons a year, though there is probably a good deal of wishful thinking about that.

The great thing about outcrop coal is that it lies close to the surface, and so can be dug out by means of mechanical scrapers and giant scoops. They gouge out the better part of a ton at every bite. Just swing the stuff up and into the waiting lorry with the one motion.

On the other hand, outcrop coal is not nearly such good stuff as the proper pit variety. It is much wetter and softer, as one would naturally expect. There is nothing like the same amount of heat in it. But it will burn.

A 300th Anniversary

Anniversaries are a sort of national hobby with Englishmen. It is therefore not surprising that, even in the midst of a world war, time should have been found the other day to hold a luncheon in honor of the 300th anniversary of the invention of the calculating machine. It was attended by the President of the Royal Astronomical Society and many other distinguished scientists from this country as well as from allied and neutral countries.

There was an especially large and important French delegation. This is not surprising, for the inventor of the calculating machine was that almost universal French genius, Blaise Pascal, mathematician, theologian, satirist, moralist, and one of the very greatest of French writers of prose—which means one of the world's greatest.

"The most worldly of ascetics," he has been called, "the most ascetic of worldlings". However that may be, his little book of casual reflections and moralizing, "Pensées", is one of the world's immortal treasures. All the tragedy and futility and undying courage and idealism of humanity seem to be condensed in it in words that go straight to the heart. They are as poignant and thrilling today as when they were written.

It had been intended to commemorate the anniversary on a far more impressive scale in Paris, and preparations had been made even before the outbreak of war. All that had to be cancelled. The memory of Pascal is not the sort of memory that Nazis would delight to honor. Every page of his "Pensées" is a flaming condemnation of everything they stand for. But fortunately London was able to take on the duty—as it has taken on a good many other French duties in the last couple of years.

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The colour of your eyes
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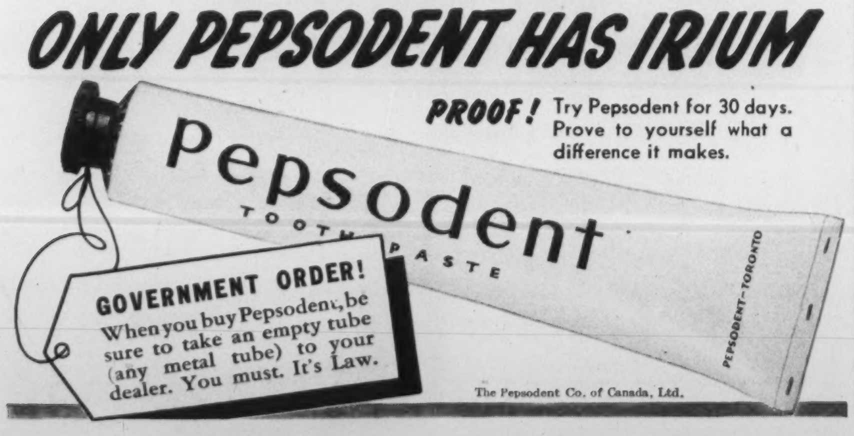

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Distinguished creations of genuine precious oils and essences from pre-invasion France.

Three haunting, modern fragrances to make you lovelier this Christmas, or as a coveted Yule-tide gift to someone of discrimination.

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DOREL
THIS CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

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AUDACE Light, daring, whimsical
HORIZON Sweet and clear as early morning
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A MEAL ADDITION

● Now you can add a new appetite-appeal to your meals . . . lift them out of the ordinary. Smooth and tasty, Libby's Prepared Mustard lends zest to a meat course. A distinctive flavour all its own.

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M14-42

Libby's PREPARED MUSTARD

TRY LIBBY'S SWEET MIXED PICKLES—DELICIOUS

THE OTHER PAGE

Nancy and Santa Claus

BY J. E. McDOUGALL

LAST Christmas day Nancy's grandfather's furniture factory caught on fire. It was just when it was almost time for the big Christmas dinner, with Nancy's cousins Peter and Julie and Hilda, and Aunt Martha and Uncle Ned and Grandma all there, when the maid rushed into the living room all out of breath and told Grandpa that there had been a phone call to say that his factory was on fire. There was great excitement and Grandpa had rushed out the front door to stop the fire.

As soon as Grandpa had gone, Father had said, well there was no use waiting for him to come back, poor Grandpa, and Mother sent all the children upstairs to get their hands washed for dinner. Aunt Martha went up with them to make sure that their hands were really clean, and took the *longest* time, even keeping the girls there while she washed Peter's neck and ears in case he had missed them.

Then, when they came downstairs again, there was Santa Claus beside the Christmas tree, all merry and jolly with his funny deep voice and dressed in red with a long white beard. He had presents for everybody, even the maid, and he laughed and chuckled as he handed them out. He knew who each person was without being told. Then, after the presents, everybody had to go out and crowd into the clothes press under the stairs and shut their eyes and put their fingers in their ears because Santa Claus didn't like people to see or even hear him going up the chimney again. When they came out he had disappeared.

Grandpa was pretty good at putting out fires because he got back just as they were sitting down to dinner. You would almost have thought he'd only gone next door, he was so quick.

THIS Christmas Nancy had been afraid Santa Claus would not come because she had distinctly heard the reindeers on the roof in the middle of the night. She had jumped out of bed and rushed to the window but there were no hoof prints on the snow. She was sure she hadn't slept a wink after that until Father said it was all right to go downstairs to see the tree. It was still dark and they had to turn on the lights. There were no presents yet from Santa Claus among the packages from Father and Mother and all the other people. But Mother and Father were sure he had just been passing by in the night and would come back on time the same as last year.

Later in the morning, while they were waiting, the maid rushed in, just like last year, and said that Grandpa's factory had caught on fire *again*, and Grandpa had to go, just before the time when Santa Claus was supposed to arrive. While they were upstairs finishing help wash Peter's neck and ears they heard a great commotion in the living room below. Aunt Martha led them slowly down the stairs.

The curtains of the living room door were drawn closed but Nancy could see the lights on the tree shining through and she heard the grown ups all saying, "Hello, Santa Claus! Merry Christmas, Santa Claus!" Her heart was beating so hard that she felt funny inside.

He was so big—as tall as Grandpa—and dressed just like the pictures of him, and he was calling in a deep voice, "Hello, boys and girls! Merry Christmas, merry Christmas! Come right in! Here's your old Santa Claus with presents for everyone!"

THE other children gathered around him but Nancy just stood in the doorway with eyes as round as black cherries. Everybody was shouting louder and louder and the other children were dancing around Santa Claus who was waving and taking presents out of his sack.

"Come on, Nancy!" Mother called gaily, "Come on, darling. See what Santa Claus has brought for you!"

But it was all so beautiful and wonderful, with the tree and the candles and the holly and the presents and all the people and Santa Claus, that Nancy just couldn't move a step. Peter was jumping up and down and grabbing onto Santa Claus' coat when suddenly he stopped.

"He's got on Grandpa's scarf!" he shouted.

"Oh, no, he hasn't. It's one just like it," Uncle Ned said, "It's one just like it."

Then everybody laughed again and the children started reaching up to Santa Claus for their presents and shouting and saying Merry Christmas.

All except Nancy. Nancy had fainted.

WHEN Grandpa returned and took his chair at the head of the table, Nancy was placed right next to him.

"Are you feeling all right, little Nancy?" Grandpa asked. His voice was awfully nice, almost like Santa Claus!

"Oh, yes," said Nancy. "It's the most wonderful Christmas I ever had in all my life."

Why I Go to Church

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

NEAR my old home a leafy by-pass from the main road led to the high bank above the Lake. Along that way was a convocation of birds. I remember the odor of damp woodland and a green dimness of sunlight; then the opening to a glory of blue above and below. A walk down that by-pass rested my body and quickened every faculty of mind and soul; I don't know why.

A church service has a similar effect upon me. If I take that service apart it is nothing. The music may be great or commonplace, the sermon eloquent or dull, the reading splendid or marked by affectation, the ceremonial stately or untidy. Any one may satisfy, or offend, my aesthetic sense. But the Altogether is always satisfying. It tones up my belief in ideals, enlivens my spirit.

Only in church do I hear publicly read the Parable of the Prodigal Son, the catalogue of splendor in the eleventh Chapter of Hebrews, or the threnodies of the Prophets and the Psalter. The public reading intensifies their moving quality. In like manner *Hamlet* at home may be fine, but *Hamlet* on the stage is majestic.

Only in church do I glimpse the grandeur of the *Te Deum Laudamus*, the *Magnificat* or the rich periods of the Prayer Book, English or Latin.

Only in church do I hear congregational singing or begin to understand the nobility of Bach's organ music.

All around my pew is a company of people sincere in their belief that a Divine answer to the riddle of life is found in faith, hope and love. Scattered here and there like diamonds in the rubble are shining personalities; a doctor, an old woman happy on the edge of poverty, a retired grocer, the widow of a clergyman, an active school-teacher. I know that their helpfulness towards their neighbors, their eagerness to be useful, their complete unselfishness allured to them a host of friends who will never fail them, and a personal peace and joy beyond understanding.

"Beyond understanding" is the keynote. Job asked with a fine scorn, "Can a man by searching find out God?" It is a high emotional surge, above and beyond reason, which kindles a livelier social sense and leads thousands of men and women to the peaks of greatness.

I find that surge most frequently in a church service. Catholic, Anglican or Free Protestant all can create it; and must create it in order to fulfil their destiny.

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Ask your grocer today for Lipton's . . . an Empire Tea that's "fit for a king".

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Cuts Grease Like Magic! Cleans Faster with Safety!

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As always, New Improved Old Dutch is safety itself. It DOESN'T SCRATCH because it's made with flaky Seismotite.

Ask for New Improved Old Dutch at your grocer's today. There's no change in the familiar package or label—the difference is all inside.

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MEN'S SHOP

FINE APPAREL FOR MEN

THE GENTLEMAN APPROVES!

But naturally! A discerning buyer, who purchases only the best when it comes to his own wearing apparel, he cannot be other than vastly pleased at sight of the Men's Shop label in his Christmas gift . . . for like most men with similar discriminating taste, he recognizes it as a warrant for true quality and style.

The Men's Shop stands ready to help you solve your gift problems. Where the Christmas needs of particular men are concerned, we are equipped to serve you with distinction . . . and don't forget that the Men's Shop is a military gift centre also, displaying a wide selection of suitable gifts for men in the three services.

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CIVIL AND MILITARY OUTFITTERS

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SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 5, 1942

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

Price Control—Has U.S. Really Followed Canada?

BY MAXWELL COHEN

With Canada's price control system attaining its first birthday and with the United States now setting out to "stabilize" cost-of-living south of the border, the author of this article presents a comparison of American and Canadian controls.

The American control measures are of great concern to Canada, he points out, because the wartime interlacing of the two economies is such that maintenance of the Canadian price ceiling must depend to a considerable degree upon U.S. success in stabilizing its prices and living costs.

IT IS, of course, premature to estimate how successfully the machinery suggested by the President's "Economic Stabilization" Order will operate to "stabilize" the cost-of-living on the U.S. home front. And it is inevitable that this sweeping Order, this vast enveloping economic strategy, should be compared with the Canadian experience from which it seems to have drawn so heavily.

Moreover, these measures are of profound importance to Canada itself since the interlacing of the two economies — with Canadian imports from the United States now exceeding 1.4 billions a year—has made the Canadian price ceiling severely dependent upon a corresponding stability of prices and living costs in the United States.

Yet even at this rather early stage several striking comparisons may be made between this legislation and Canadian controls. Indeed, what prompts such a comparison at once is the thought that the President has attempted to achieve in a single move, and through the agency of a single policy-maker, a "stabilizing" policy that in Canada took three years of *ad hoc* jig-saw decisions and which finally emerged into a Canadian pattern that embraces, not one, but many organizations and many personalities.

The most sweeping powers to "formulate and develop a comprehensive national economic policy" have been given by the President to Mr. Byrnes and the Office of Economic Stabilization, powers that cover prices, rents, wages, salaries, profits, rationing and subsidies. No such simple overall policymaking body has been set up in Canada. The ultimate arbiter of such fundamental Canadian policies is the Cabinet itself and, more particularly, the War Committee of the Cabinet, while on the secondary level of specific policy-making the Wartime Prices and Trade Board deals with prices, the National War Labour Board controls wages, and the Minister of Finance, operating through a special committee, regulates salaries.

Conversely, while many different policy problems are concentrated in one agency under the President's new order, the Director of that agency is to employ the *existing* administrative machinery and in the case of price control that will involve at least two separate executive arms of government, the Office of Price Ad-

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

James Mess

CRITICS of the hard-working, conscientious group of Canadians directing the armed forces, won't be able to pin the "brass hat" label on the most recent senior appointee at National Defence Headquarters. He wears a brown fedora.

James Mess, former Civilian Director of Army Recruiting, now appointed a deputy adjutant-general, is continuing to serve the Army in a civilian capacity. His appointment calls for rank of brigadier. His Great War service entitles him to the title of Lieut.-Colonel. By profession he is an engineer, for which he began to qualify himself at the age of 14 as an apprentice in his native Dundee.

Now, the results he obtained as Civilian Director of Recruiting for the Army have prompted Major - General H. F. G. Letson, Adjutant-General, to make him responsible not only for recruiting but also for special services devoted largely to building morale within the Army and for the Auxiliary Services which provide entertainment, recreation, canteens, huts, etc., for the boys in uniform. He will also supervise the development of an educational program for the troops.

Col. Mess was no stranger to National Defence Headquarters when, in 1941, he was made Canada's first Civilian Director of Recruiting. A few years after the Great War he organized the 1st Battalion, Canadian Machine Gun Corps in Toronto which he commanded for three years. He served also as president of the Canadian Machine Gun Association and represented it at Ottawa defence conferences.

It was in 1910 that Col. Mess came to Canada. He had done a spell of service with the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, qualified as an engineer in Scotland, studied the jute spinning and weaving trade and planned to go to India. A sudden decision brought him to Canada instead with a fortune of three golden sovereigns in his pockets.

His first three years in Canada were spent with a Cobourg carpet and matting firm where he acquainted himself with Canadian manufacturing and engineering methods. From Cobourg he went to the Black Lake Asbestos and Chrome Company at Black Lake, Quebec, where he served as superintendent and learned how to handle men. Then he became associated with an engineering firm in Toronto, where he acquired office and selling experience.

In 1914 he enlisted with the 48th Highlanders from which he transferred to the Eaton Machine Gun Battery in 1915 for overseas service. He went to France with the 4th Brigade, Canadian Machine Gun Company. He later returned to England and went again to France in command of the 10th Machine Gun Company of the 4th Division.

Invalided back from France just before Vimy, he was in charge of advanced training of machine gun depots at Seaford and Crownbrough and upon his return to Canada he resumed command of the Canadian Machine Gun Corps.

He returned to civilian life just before the Armistice was signed as chief engineer for Lever Brothers, Limited, and later became works manager. He left Lever Brothers to go into business for himself and since that time has operated several engineering companies.

Fifty-two years old, five feet, eight inches in height, the new D.A.G. (civilian) is as lithe and physically alert as a man of half his years. This may be attributed to a life-time interest and participation in sports. As a youth he played association football and was an active wrestler and yachtsman. In later years he has confined his athletic energies to badminton, squash and golf.

Col. Mess is a member of the Lambton (Toronto) Golf Club, the Racquets Club, the National Club of Toronto and the United Services Club of Montreal. He is on the board of trustees of the National Institute for the Blind and the Boy Scout Association of Toronto. Before going to Ottawa he represented the Government on the Board of the Dufferin Shipbuilding Company.

His wife is the former Kathleen Frances Osler, daughter of the late E. H. Osler of Cobourg, Ontario. His daughter, Suzanne Kathleen, is at home and a son, John Osler Mess, is with the Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars overseas.

In total war, the celebrated "business as usual" policy of the British has come in for its share of criticism but here is an instance of its practical application which surely calls for nothing but admiration. When Nazis raided Norwich many merchants saw their shops blown to bits. Now, disused 'buses like these form a shopping centre for the Norwich housewives, some of whom are shown laying in a supply of kitchen needs.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

New Watchdogs of the Economy

BY P. M. RICHARDS

"THE only trouble with capitalism is that it has produced too few capitalists," someone has said in explanation of the increase of socialism during the past decade or so. Certain it is that the latter-day surge toward socialism, collectivism, statism—call it what you will—was induced by the sufferings of the Great Depression rather than by the example of Soviet Russia; also that if a man's only economic interest is in a subsidy or wage he receives from the Government, he will care little or nothing whether the general economy is running down, whether corporate enterprise is prosperous or impoverished, or whether the security markets rise or fall. But when he is given a tangible ownership stake in the general economy, in corporate enterprise and in the security markets, his interest in their welfare becomes alive.

Some years ago we ended the period in which the "isms" were fertilized by economic trends, and since then we have been in a period of large and rapid business expansion, of high employment and widely diffused purchasing power, during which an unprecedentedly large and steadily increasing proportion of the people have become possessed of an "ownership stake" through investment in Victory Bonds, War Savings Certificates and compulsory savings.

The widening, by this means, of investment ownership in the United States is evidenced by a recent statement of Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau that $6 billions of War Savings Bonds were sold to some 20 million Americans in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1942. In July alone, 18 million workers subscribed $200 millions for war bond purchases, and the number and amount are increasing monthly. It is expected that by the end of 1942 more than 20 million American employees will be investing close to 10 per cent of their gross earnings through payroll savings.

25 Million Investors

These figures are taken from a bulletin of Standard & Poor's Corporation, which adds that given another year of war, it is not unreasonable to expect the roll of individual investors in U.S. government bonds to reach 25 millions, with a total investment of $24 billions by the end of 1943. And a longer war would increase the amount of bonds in the hands of individuals, if not the number of persons holding them.

The war, then, will succeed in creating a large body of investors, a condition which is prerequisite to a change in mass psychology to the direction of conservatism. In the United States better than one person in seven now owns government bonds, and the ratio is expected to reach two out of every eleven. In Canada the proportion of government bond owners is considerably larger, as evidenced by the fact that one in each 3.9 persons in Ontario bought Victory Bonds in the Third Victory Loan alone, and that 5½ million individual sales were made in the three Victory Loans together.

Asking if history will repeat itself, Standard & Poor's reviews the record of World War I financing and its aftermath. Some $21 billions of U.S. Liberty and Victory bonds were sold from 1917 through 1919, the greater part finding their way into the hands of the public. Although no accurate distribution data are available, the subscription records indicate that the number of buyers totaled around 15 millions. Whereas the United States entered that war with perhaps 2 per cent of the population numbered among the owners of corporate stocks and bonds, roughly 15 per cent had been initiated into the investor class by late 1919.

Toward Conservatism

Many who bought bonds strictly under the urge of patriotism sold them when that motive lost its force, and retired from the ranks of investors. Many others, however, improved their acquaintance with securities as investments, selling government bonds to increase their income in government securities or, upon payment of government debt, reinvesting the proceeds in corporate stocks and bonds. For the most part, these individuals financed the development of private industry during the late 20's and provided the fuel for the great security market boom. Additionally, the fact that the U.S. had become a nation of investors, as much as the high prosperity then obtaining, was responsible for the political landslide of 1920 when Harding was elected on a strictly conservative platform.

Against that record, there are points of differences in the present situation and prospect. In the last war the new investors were unacquainted with investment's dangers. Those now buying securities for the first time remember or have heard about 1929 and 1932. Entertaining a certain skepticism toward corporate securities, they may disappoint those who now foresee another market boom built from war savings. This does not mean, however, that the factor of security ownership, even though it remains largely in government bonds, will not tend to create an aversion to excessive government spending, inflation and at least certain types of regulation.

And conversion on a moderate scale into corporate stocks and bonds may reasonably be expected. Under modern prohibitions, many of the abuses prevalent in 1929 cannot be repeated. Once introduced to investment in securities through War Bonds, many individuals are likely to recognize the extent of the reformation that has come about in security markets, which should do much to erase the 1929 background from their minds. But such conversion to corporate securities is likely to be much less marked than it was in the 20's; a larger proportion of government bonds will probably be held to maturity than was the case after the last war.

Whether it is in government or corporate securities, the fact remains that the accumulation of capital, discouraged during the depression, is again in process, and that millions of new investors will henceforth be watchdogs of the economy.

ministration for all civilian goods except agricultural supplies, and the Department of Agriculture for agricultural products.

This direction to use existing agencies will mean, too, the greatest difficulty in working out techniques and routines to subject the many operations of a great Department such as Agriculture, or other important branches such as O.P.A. to the policy decisions of a newcomer, a policy-making intruder. In Canada, however, the price ceiling is enforced on all commodities and all services by one agency alone, the Wartime Prices and Trade Board and it uses its own administrative machinery to execute the policies it decides must be enforced.

Another significant distinction between the Canadian and American approach is that the President's Order, as since translated into action by Mr. Henderson's Regulations, does not go farther than to freeze the price of certain foodstuffs and other miscellaneous consumer items; for nothing has been said yet about overall national ceiling on fuel, luxuries, clothing and services, although there is a promise to deal drastically with rents in certain congested areas very soon. On the other hand, in Canada when the price ceiling came into effect on December 1, 1941, it was an absolutely overall ceiling on all goods and services and the executive order widened a pre-existing rent ceiling.

In the case of wages the President's Order does not bar increases but only requires that certain very stiff conditions be met before such increases can be made by the War Labor Board (with the Director's approval in some cases), while the $25,000 limit on salaries has no real anti-inflation basis. It is almost wholly a psychological device; the Canadian system "froze" wages along with prices and except for the most extraordinary conditions, involving very depressed wage levels, no broad wage changes are allowed. Instead, there is a system of cost-of-living bonuses to supplement wage payments with the bonuses geared to changes in the cost-of-living based on the Dominion Bureau of Statistics' monthly index. There is no doubt that under the President's Order the War Labor Board has a much broader discretion to deal with wages and salaries than have the corresponding agencies in Canada.

While the President has geared the price ceiling to a limitation of "profits," nowhere does there appear in this legislative message the straightforward condemnation of "hoarding" and "profiteering" that Canadian legislation has had since September 1939. Both the Canadian and American systems, however, provide for subsidies to maintain the price ceiling and the purchase of specific commodities by Government agencies in aid of that ceiling.

Movement of Labor

The President, too, has delegated the very important authority over the movement of labor from plant to plant and region to region to the Director of the Office of Economic Stabilization. Such important and far-reaching power has not yet been given to any agency in Canada although the Director of National Selective Service was vested with authority to require seven days' notice before workmen were permitted to leave their jobs or could be laid off and he can compel unemployed Canadians, under certain conditions, to take employment. But neither in the U.S. or in Canada is there any existing administrative machinery that remotely seems to touch the problem of labor transfers and so it must be assumed that some new machinery will have to be developed by the Office of Economic Stabilization to enforce these powers.

The limited number of specific exemptions to the President's directives in his order indicates how all embracing the order was intended to be. Yet the use of so many discretion-filled phrases—"so far as practicable," for agricultural products, and "gross inequalities," "effective prosecution of the war," with respect to wages,—has saddled the President's Director of Economic Stabilization with the most difficult problem of decision. Because of the extent of his discretion he will be asked to make decisions that will have to be determined as much by considerations of political adjustment as of economic wisdom. The raising of wage rates, the fixing of farm prices, the shifting of labor from plants or regions all of which can be matters for his discretion, are problems filled with the most severe political calculations whatever may be the economic merits in a given case.

By contrast the National War Labor Board in Canada has a very limited area in which it may use its discretion to breach the wage ceiling. Moreover, in Canada it is unlikely that the Board will be faced with highly efficient and well-organized labor units to press their case with political vigor and statistical efficiency for by comparison with the United States the Canadian trade union movement is an anaemic infant.

Similarly, the Wartime Prices and Trade Board regards the whole price ceiling as an absolutely integrated mechanism with no exceptions save for the most special conditions and usually those conditions are the kind that have had the very careful consideration of the Cabinet.

It is true, of course, that there is no price ceiling in Canada on sales of products among primary producers, on fresh fruits, vegetables, certain seasonal goods and on casual items such as newspapers and magazines, but these exemptions were permitted because of the exceptionally harsh effects of the ceiling in the special case, the unusual character of the industries operations and the negligible effects on price control in general of the exemptions.

"So Far as Practicable"

It remains to be seen whether the expression "so far as practicable," as it relates to farm products, does not subject Mr. Byrnes to the most persistent and extreme demands for the use of his discretion to push farm prices upwards.

Then, too, the price ceiling in Canada has been aided for many months now by a substantial approach to national rationing to those commodities of which there were real or impending shortages,—sugar, gasoline, tea and coffee—while voluntary self-limitation has been operating effectively to reduce the consumption of pork and beef products, whenever there were marginal scarcity problems because of export needs to Britain or production difficulties at home.

Finally, the price ceiling in Canada has been aided most of all by an exceedingly heavy tax and war savings and loan program that will drain off from the Canadian consumer at least 4.2 billion dollars in taxes and savings in 1942 out of an estimated national income of 7.2 billion dollars.

No such drastic reduction of consumer buying power has been determined upon in American fiscal policy. Indeed, Congress has just passed a tax measure which may take no more than 25 billions out of a national income that may run as high as 112 billions in 1942.

The very essence of price ceiling experience in Canada is that that ceiling is most necessary and yet most difficult to maintain at that period in the war economy when tax and savings policies are not yet in fact abreast of the rate of war spending and the consequent swift rise in national income. But as fiscal policy begins to cut deeply into that buying power and comes more abreast of these rises in national income—in the share which it extracts from the nation's buying power—then the administration of a price ceiling grows ever more simple and its place in the war economy becomes progressively less important—although direct rationing at the same time grows more important.

Yet, though Congress gave to the President powers that now have permitted an attack on rising living costs, that attack well may fall short of its "stabilizing" objectives, if not fail alogether, unless Congress at the same time makes the strongest assault upon that huge reservoir of purchasing power that is now dammed up behind these controls.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

A presentation, in easily understandable form, of the Bank's

ANNUAL STATEMENT

31st October, 1942

RESOURCES

Cash in its Vaults and Money on Deposit with Bank of Canada		$112,710,235.61
Notes of and Cheques on Other Banks		45,053,234.05
Payable in cash on presentation.		
Money on Deposit with Other Banks		38,814,805.11
Available on demand or at short notice.		
Government and Other Bonds and Debentures		683,835,390.58
Not exceeding market value. The greater portion consists of Dominion Government and high-grade Provincial and Municipal securities which mature at early dates.		
Stocks		311,309.43
Industrial and other stocks. Not exceeding market value.		
Call Loans		16,210,253.81
In Canada	$ 1,920,538.28	
Elsewhere	14,289,715.53	
Payable on demand and secured by bonds, stocks and other negotiable collateral of greater value than the loans.		
TOTAL OF *QUICKLY* AVAILABLE RESOURCES *(equal to 81.65% of all Liabilities to the Public)*		$896,935,228.59
Loans to Provincial and Municipal Governments including School Districts		23,569,694.65
Commercial and Other Loans		221,354,236.76
In Canada	$205,232,367.17	
Elsewhere	16,121,869.59	
To manufacturers, farmers, merchants and others, on conditions consistent with sound banking.		
Bank Premises		13,900,000.00
Two properties only are carried in the names of holding companies; the stock and bonds of these companies are entirely owned by the Bank and appear on its books at $1.00 in each case. All other of the Bank's premises, the value of which largely exceeds $13,900,000.00 are included under this heading.		
Real Estate, and Mortgages on Real Estate Sold by the Bank		808,330.38
Acquired in the course of the Bank's business and in process of being realized upon.		
Customers' Liability under Acceptances and Letters of Credit		16,184,995.02
Represents liabilities of customers on account of Letters of Credit issued and Drafts accepted by the Bank for their account.		
Other Assets not included in the Foregoing (but including refundable portion of Dominion Government taxes)		2,566,745.60
Making Total Resources of		$1,175,319,231.00

LIABILITIES

Due to the Public

Deposits		$1,064,645,439.71
In Canada	$930,996,417.53	
Elsewhere	133,649,022.18	
Payable on demand or after notice.		
Notes of the Bank in Circulation		15,354,907.00
Payable on demand.		
Acceptances and Letters of Credit Outstanding		16,184,995.02
Financial responsibilities undertaken on behalf of customers (see off-setting amount in "Resources").		
Other Liabilities		2,340,875.07
Items not included under the foregoing headings.		
Total Liabilities to the Public		$1,098,526,216.80
To meet which the Bank has resources as indicated above amounting to		$1,175,319,231.00
Leaving an excess of Resources over Liabilities, which represents the Shareholders' interest over which Liabilities to the Public take precedence.		
Capital	$36,000,000.00	
Reserve Fund, Profit & Loss Account and Reserves for Dividends	40,793,014.20	$ 76,793,014.20

PROFIT and LOSS ACCOUNT

Profits for the year ended 31st October, 1942, after making appropriations to Contingent Reserve Fund, out of which Fund full provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts has been made, and after deducting Dominion Government Taxes amounting to $2,539,874.12 (of which $72,360.97 is refundable under the provisions of The Excess Profits Tax Act)		$3,283,018.19
Dividends paid or payable to Shareholders	$2,700,000.00	
Appropriation for Bank Premises	500,000.00	3,200,000.00
		$ 83,018.19
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st October, 1941		$1,153,668.75
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward		$1,236,686.94

HUNTLY R. DRUMMOND, *President*

G. W. SPINNEY, *General Manager*

* * *

The strength of a bank is determined by its history, its policy, its management and the extent of its resources. For 125 years the Bank of Montreal has been in the forefront of Canadian finance.

GOVERNMENT
AND
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SECURITIES

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Business Established 1889
TORONTO
Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Victoria
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INTESTATOR!

Thousands of people in England scrambled to make their Wills after the bombs began falling — literally shaken into action.

During the periods of heavy air raids, Corporate Executors and Trustees in London experienced a remarkable increase in appointments — not only under new Wills but in replacing, under existing Wills, individual Executors, called up for war service, or unable, for other reasons, to act if needed and, at best, exposed to the same uncertainties of existence as the testators themselves. Many Wills also were altered to meet changed conditions.

Making a Will is something that can easily be attended to before emergencies arise. This duty should not be neglected. The logic and advantages of appointing a Corporate Executor and Trustee are obvious and well recognized.

All that is needed to get the job done, and done well, is to ask us to help you plan your Will, which we shall gladly do without charge. You can then have it drawn in proper legal form, naming The Royal Trust Company your Executor and Trustee, execute the Will and file it with us for safekeeping.

YOU should not be — A MAN WITHOUT A WILL.

THE ROYAL TRUST COMPANY
CORPORATE SECURITY
PERSONAL SERVICE

Offices across Canada from Coast to Coast

4225E

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THE PORTAGE MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
MUTUAL SERVICE
WITH SECURITY
EST. 1884
108

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JAMES McKENZIE
J. C. MILLER, K.C.
ARTHUR SULLIVAN, K.C., Wpg.
JOSEPH TRIMBLE

M. G. TIDSBURY
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A. G. HALL
Treasurer
A. H. THORPE
Mgr.-Secretary

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The PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE
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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

ASBESTOS CORP.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would be glad to have any information you can give me on Asbestos Corporation, Limited and particularly your opinion as to whether earnings in 1942 will cover the dividend being paid.

—E. O. P., Saskatoon, Sask.

Earnings figures for 1942 are not available, but as the company has just stepped up its dividend disbursements for the year to a total of $1.40 per share, as against $1.20 for 1941 and 1940, it is to be assumed that per-share earnings will be better than the $1.24 shown for 1941 and $1.21 for 1940. Shipments of the company's products to the United States have increased this year and seem likely to increase further in line with the growing requirements of that country's war production program. Against this, there has been some decline in shipments to Britain due to shortage of shipping space. The company is in very good shape financially, with current assets on December 31, 1941 of $3,590,721 against current liabilities of only $695,856, and in view of the demand for asbestos that will be occasioned by reconstruction requirements after the war, the company's long-term as well as shorter-term prospects appear to be good.

DEVON, JODELO, WALES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Will you kindly give me information on Porcupine Triumph Gold Mines, now Jodelo Gold Mines; Coulson, now Devon; and Wales Red Lake Syndicate.

—F. C. N., Lindsay, Ont.

None of the companies on which you seek information is active at present, while Devon Gold Mines is defunct. The assets were sold last year by the trustee in bankruptcy, and the price received left nothing available for shareholders. I understand the Toronto interests who bought

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: American common stocks, for some months back, have been in a broad accumulation area, with various technical indications pointing to a major market upswing as having commenced from the April 1942 low points.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from the April low, Industrials 92.92, with peaks, to date, but recently made. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although possibility of technical price correction at this time is not to be overlooked.

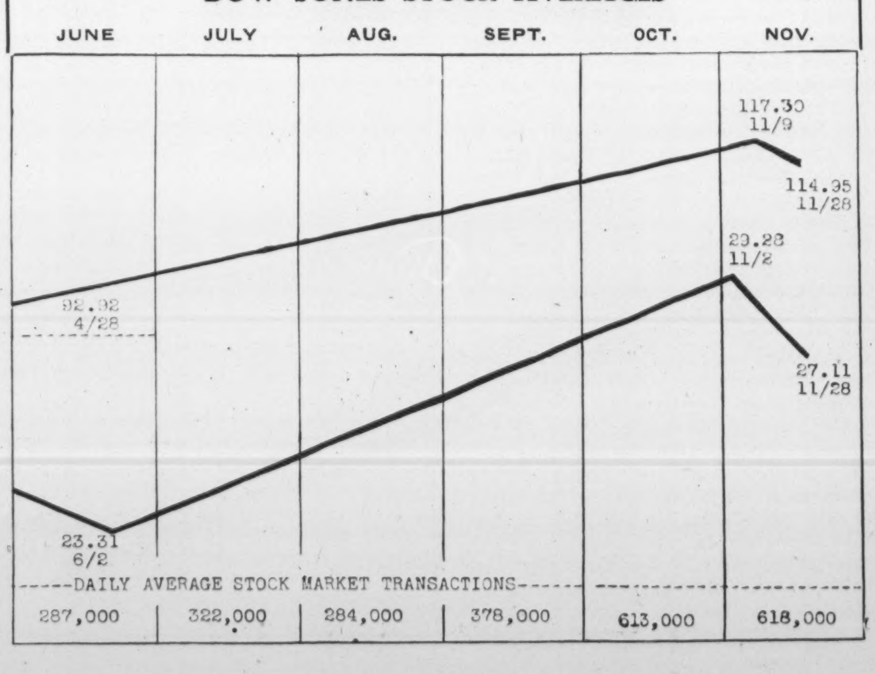
MARKET HAS NOT FULLY DISCOUNTED IMPLICATIONS OF RECENT WAR GAINS

During the course of the uptrend from last April there have been two distinct phases of advance. The first advance, in terms of extreme range, carried the Dow-Jones industrial average up by some 16 points and covered a period of approximately 11 weeks—from late April to mid-July. There then ensued hesitation and irregularity running into mid-September. The second advance, carrying into November, moved up the industrial average by some 12 points, and it, in turn, has been followed by an interval of trading and price weakness. From an extreme level of 118.18, established on November 9, the industrials had moved off to 113.46.

Important market trends, once under way, generally continue, either (1) until the character of the news background undergoes an important reversal or (2) until the trend itself has rather fully discounted the character of the dominant news as projected to its probable culmination. The March 1938 market bottom, when prices turned on announcement of the huge U.S. Treasury deficit spending program, illustrates the first type of market reversal; the May/June 1940 bottom, when the market turned on the realization by investors that prices had discounted all German successes short of Britain's defeat, illustrates the second. In the current instance we have observed no fundamental change in the moderately improving news background that has been in evidence over the past several months, nor does it seem that the market can have fully discounted the implications of these developments, chief of which is the indication that the Axis has passed its military zenith and is in gradual eclipse.

Such decline as has recently been witnessed has been accompanied by small volumes. This, in the absence of excessive trading or breadth of activity at the recent peak would suggest that the current period of irregularity, like the July-to-September period, is a prelude to further strength. The averages, in due course, as outlined in our last week's Forecast, will verify or reject this conclusion. Meanwhile, the advance, in its entirety from April, has carried far enough as to suggest the withholding of cash purchases, except from a trading standpoint.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



SYSTEMATIC SAVING BEST

Determine the amount of money you intend to save, and budget your controllable expenses accordingly. We'll help you. Open a Savings Account with us. Your money will be available at any time it is required. When you subscribe to a war purpose or a government loan, issue your cheque and keep within your budget.

CANADA PERMANENT
Mortgage Corporation
Head Office, 320 Bay St., Toronto
Assets Exceed $66,000,000

KERR-ADDISON
GOLD MINES LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)

INTERIM DIVIDEND NO. 15

Notice is hereby given that an interim dividend of eight cents per share has been declared on the issued capital stock of the company payable in Canadian funds on December 30th, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business on December 10th, 1942.

By Order of the Board.
G. A. CAVIN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, Ontario,
November 27th, 1942.

DIVIDEND NOTICE
BRITISH AMERICAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED
B-A

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Twenty-Five Cents (25c) per share has been declared on the issued No Par Value capital stock of the Company for the fourth quarter ending December 31st, 1942. The above dividend is payable in Canadian funds, January 2nd, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 10th day of December, 1942.

H. H. BRONSDON,
Secretary.

Dated at Toronto,
November 27th, 1942.

ASSOCIATED BREWERIES OF CANADA LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT a Quarterly Dividend (No. 57) of 1¾% upon the outstanding Preferred shares of the Company has been declared payable, subject to the approval of the Foreign Exchange Control Board, on the Second Day of January, 1943, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the Tenth day of December, 1942.

NOTICE IS ALSO GIVEN THAT a Quarterly Dividend (No. 54) of Fifty Cents per share on the No Par Value Common shares of the Company, issued and outstanding, has been declared, payable, subject to the approval of the Foreign Exchange Control Board, on the Thirty-First day of December, 1942, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the Tenth day of December, 1942.

By order of the Board.
I. N. WILSON,
Treasurer.

Calgary, Alberta,
November 24th, 1942.

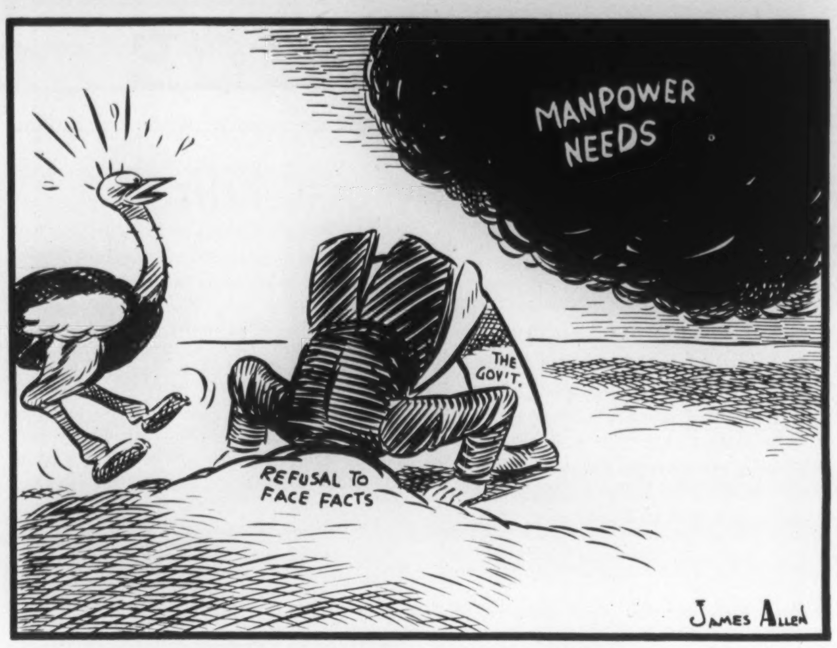
The Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada, Limited

DIVIDEND NO. 75

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of 50c per share on the paid up Capital Stock of the Company for the six months ending December 31st, 1942, with a Bonus of 75c per share, has this day been declared payable on the 31st day of December, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 2nd day of December, 1942.

By Order of the Board.
J. E. RILEY.

Montreal, P.Q.
November 27th, 1942.



HE'S GOT NOTHING ON THE OSTRICH !

the property have disposed of the machinery.

Exploration was discontinued by Jodelo Gold Mines over a year ago due to lack of finances. A shaft was sunk on the property to 350 feet, but lateral work was confined to the first level. Good assays were secured from the second and third horizons, but I have not seen a detailed statement dealing with the ore possibilities. It was reported that consideration of mill erection would come up when the second and third levels had been fully opened up.

There has been no activity by Wales Red Lake Syndicate for some four years. The property has only had surface exploration and as this failed to reveal ore values, the holdings cannot be regarded as more than an acreage proposition.

MAGNET CON.

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Would you be kind enough to give me your opinion on Magnet Consolidated, and whether you consider it a sound investment at present?

—B. S. L., Almonte, Ont.

No, Magnet Consolidated shares can not be considered "a sound investment!" At the annual meeting this year it was stated that if the ore shoot continued to hold its length and value, the mine should continue to produce for several years. Grade last year was lower than in the previous twelve months. Ore reserves at the beginning of 1942 were 114,000 tons, sufficient for 2½ years' milling at last year's rate. Production has had to be cut, however, due to labor difficulties.

On the upper levels the ore has been nearly all mined out. At the eighth horizon, at 1,230 feet, appreciable lengths of ore were opened with the results the best encountered in the mine to date. The ninth level, at 1,380 feet, disclosed several shoots, but the ore exposures were more erratic than above and carried none of the rich sections of the eighth floor. The eleventh, 1,730 feet, is the deepest opened as yet and 1,800 feet of drifting failed to pick up the extension of the ore conditions exposed on the eighth level. However, flat drilling suggests the displacement of the vein and the intersection of 18 inches of half ounce ore leads to the hope the vein may continue to carry ore to much deeper horizons.

Net profit last year was 9.8 cents a share as compared with 14.2 cents the previous year. The first dividend declared this year is three cents, payable December 14, while 12½ cents per share was distributed in 1941. The company's net working capital at the beginning of the year was $134,700.

DOM. STORES, INT. PETE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

One of my investments is Canadian Investment Fund Ltd., and I note that two of its recent purchases are shares of Dominion Stores and International Petroleum. I am inclined to question these and would like to have your views on them.

—M.S.A., Ottawa, Ont.

While, on its record, Canadian Investment Fund Ltd. merits a good deal of confidence, I think that your questioning of its purchases of Dominion Stores and International Petroleum is reasonable enough. Justification for those purchases is, in part, contained in the sentence which immediately follows the list of purchases in the communication to shareholders which you sent me: "The above individual transactions should be considered in relation to the company's portfolio investments as a whole." In other words, an investment trust may reasonably purchase securities which an individual investor, lacking its power of diversification and presumably its sources of information, could scarcely buy reasonably.

Dominion Stores has definitely improved its position in the last two years, as evidenced by the rise in net earnings from a deficit of 45c per share for 1939 to a net profit of 36c for 1940, and of 61c per share for 1941, leading to the establishment of a profit and loss surplus of $207,136 at the end of 1941. On August 20 last the company paid its first dividend in seven years. However, the situation is not as bright as these facts by themselves would indicate. The company's sales in the first half of 1942 were substantially in excess of the same period in 1941, but during recent weeks the effect of shortages in supply and narrowed gross margins has been increasingly evident, according to a statement in a letter to shareholders from Mr. Horsey, President, accompanying dividend cheques recently. The difficulties connected with gearing the operation of the company to constantly changing conditions imposed by war continue to increase, he stated. These difficulties include special war restrictions, shortage of a long list of commodities and the freezing of retail prices, which in many instances tends to eliminate reasonable returns.

International Petroleum did well last year, with net earnings equal to $1.23 per share on the capital stock, as against 94c for 1940. The company is paying dividends at the rate of $1.00 a share annually, and the current indications are that per share earnings for 1942 will be sufficient to cover this dividend by a fair margin, but that the figure will be below the $1.23 earned last year. A recent adverse factor has been the decision of directors of Andian National Corporation to omit the dividend usually due at this time. Thus International Petroleum will receive from Andian only $1.00 a share this year, against the $2.00 per share received last year. International Pete is running into wartime troubles in various fields, and at the moment the outlook is not very encouraging from the stock market's viewpoint.

SEVEN MINES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Will you please let me have your opinion of the following mines: Beattie, Central Patricia, Chesterville Larder Lake, Coniaurum, Leitch, Pickle Crow and Upper Canada, regarding the prospects of the properties and the possibilities of lower market prices.

—D. L. N., Brandon, Man.

While it is impossible to predict if the gold mines may have to suffer further hardships before the war ends, if I held the group of stocks you mention I would not be inclined to sacrifice them at present prices. The fact, however, that they are "collateral security" makes it difficult to advise you. As to the future, the recent action of the stock market indicates that further favorable war news would likely be followed by an improvement in prices. With the exception of Leitch, earnings of the whole list have been reduced by the manpower shortage, high taxes, etc.

Earnings of Beattie were down in the first nine months of the year due to labor shortage. Ore reserves here are sufficient for six years' or more, and minewise the situation is good. The company is an important producer of arsenic for which there is a keen war demand.

Labor troubles have reduced the production and milling rate at Central Patricia. Net profits were 8.07 cents for the first half of the year against 13.8 cents in the same period last year. Ore reserves are sufficient for over three years' and recent exploration results have been favorable.

Wartime conditions have also cut the milling rate at Chesterville. For the nine months ending September 15, operating profit, before taxes, was $115,000, compared with $340,110, in the corresponding nine months last year. Ore reserves are ample for over three years', milling and development of five new levels is being delayed.

Coniaurum is maintaining its ore position but tonnage and production has been decreased. Nine months' profit, before depreciation, was $326,533, as against $358,237. Profit for Leitch, however, is up, being 7.90 cents per share for nine months as against 6.23 cents for the same period last year. Ore reserves here are sufficient for nearly eight years' and five new levels are opening up some very high grade ore.

A steady decline in production figures this year have been shown by Pickle Crow, due to labor troubles and the present rate of dividends is not being earned. The ore position is good with the new north zone up to expectations. Development of this zone below 750 feet will have to await more favorable conditions. Upper Canada has about four years' ore developed. It controls Queenston, which has possibilities of making a profitable mine, but where development awaits a return to normal times.

Dominion Textile Co.
Limited
Notice of Preferred Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One and Three Quarters per cent (1¾%) has been declared on the Preferred Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 31st December, 1942, payable 15th January, 1943, to shareholders of record 15th December, 1942.

By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary.
Montreal, November 18th, 1942.

Dominion Textile Co.
Limited
Notice of Common Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One Dollar and Twenty-five cents ($1.25) per share, has been declared on the Common Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 31st December, 1942, payable 2nd January, 1943, to shareholders of record 5th December, 1942.

By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary.
Montreal, November 18th, 1942.

Canadian Wirebound Boxes
LIMITED
Dividend Notice

The Directors of the Company have declared a dividend of Fifty Cents (50c) on account of arrears on the Class "A" shares of the Company, payable January 2nd, 1943 to shareholders of record the close of business December 15th, 1942.

By order of the Board.
F. H. ELLIS,
Secretary.

National Steel Car Corporation
Limited
NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share has been declared payable on January 15th, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business, December 31st, 1942.

By order of the Board.
CHAS. W. ADAM,
Secretary.

Continued Efforts

The Third Victory Loan was the most successful in Canada's history. It was widely distributed amongst 1,825,000 subscribers and realized over $971,000,000—significant totals for a population of less than 12,000,000.

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Also included is a summary of War Finance in Canada

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Examine Insurance Policies Before Filing

BY GEORGE GILBERT

It may seem strange but it is a fact that the average individual who buys insurance does not know definitely the extent of the coverage it provides or the conditions which must be complied with in order to be sure of being able to collect in case of a claim.

Mere possession of an insurance policy is no guarantee that a person is properly protected. Therefore it pays to go through the misery of perusing the contract clause by clause until it is fully understood, calling in a competent and reliable agent to assist if necessary. The time to do so is before a loss occurs.

BACK in the reign of Charles II the British Parliament passed an Act known as the Statute of Frauds, which required certain classes of contracts, in order to be binding and enforceable, to be expressed in writing. It was designed to prevent fraud and perjury, as well as to fix a lasting and unchangeable memorial of the agreement of the parties to a contract.

It is generally agreed that the common experience of mankind has shown it to be necessary to reduce contracts to writing, if dishonesty is to be prevented and uncertainty and misunderstanding between the parties removed. Insurance companies are accordingly exercising a right approved by human experience when they put their contracts in writing, and the courts usually hold that the contract between an insurance company and its policyholder is to be found in the contract as agreed between them in writing.

It is natural therefore that the attitude of insurance companies in general should be an intention and purpose to stand upon their written contracts with the insured. They are well aware of the fact that in construing their policy contracts the courts will follow the rules of construction most favorable to the insured in order to avoid forfeiture of the benefits of a policy. As they can expect no favors from the court or jury, they must rely upon their written contracts.

Changes and Waivers

As insurance companies operate through agents, it is also essential to the safe conduct and maintenance of the business that the authority of the agents be definitely prescribed. Having prepared in writing the contract, and the only contract which the agent is authorized to deliver, the insurance companies go a step further by making it plain in their contracts that only an authorized agent has authority to change the contract or to waive any of its conditions, and that no change or waiver is valid unless an endorsement is added to the policy signed by an authorized agent or official of the company expressing such change or waiver.

Thus the position of the insurance companies may be said briefly to be this: "Measure our rights as well as our duties by our written promises." Therefore it behooves holders of policies to take the necessary trouble to make sure that they understand the significance of the various provisions and conditions in their contracts and of their answers to the questions in the application for the insurance. The time to satisfy themselves that they have the coverage they think they have and are in a position to collect in case of a loss, is before a loss occurs.

In some cases it is claimed that the insurance company by its actions or the actions of its authorized agent has waived certain conditions of the written contract, and the question as to whether there has been a waiver or not comes before the courts for decision. For instance, one of the statutory conditions in a fire insurance policy requires the insured to make a sworn statement of the loss.

Sworn Statement of Loss

A few years ago there was a case in Quebec in which it was held, on appeal, that where the adjuster sent by the insurance company obtained and was satisfied with all the information called for in the deposition, and procured from the insured a detailed statement of the loss and his signature to the appraisal fixing the amount of the loss at a determined sum, that the fact constituted a waiver of the condition requiring a sworn statement. It was also pointed out by the court that the jurisprudence favors a liberal interpretation of the obligations imposed on the insured, and that in this case the insured had been left under the impression, by the silence and reticence of the company in answer to his demands for settlement, that the sworn proof of loss was not required, "seemingly in breach of the good faith which must govern the relations of the insurer with his insured."

On the other hand, in another case which went before the Manitoba Court of Appeal it was held that there could be no waiver by the insurance company of the statutory condition in a fire policy as to proof of loss, except by a waiver clearly expressed in writing as prescribed by statutory condition 22, which reads: "No condition of this policy shall be deemed to have been waived by the insurer, either in whole or in part, unless the waiver is clearly expressed in writing signed by an agent of the insurer."

Vacancy of Premises

It was also held in this case that where there was non-compliance with the statutory condition as to vacancy of insured premises, no knowledge of the company's agents or parole term contradictory to the written policy could be admitted to vary its legal effect. The statutory condition in question reads in part as follows: "Unless permission is given by the policy or endorsed thereon, the insurer shall not be liable for loss or damage occurring: . . . (d) when the building insured or containing the property insured is, to the knowledge of the insured, vacant or unoccupied for more than thirty consecutive days, or being a manufacturing establishment, ceases to be operated and continues out of operation for more than thirty consecutive days."

In a case before the Ontario Court of Appeal, where the fact that an automobile was encumbered with a lien was not stated in the policy or endorsed thereon, it was held that the insurance company was not liable, even though the agent of the company who effected the insurance knew of the existence of the encumbrance, but either by inadvertence, carelessness or fraud omitted to mention it in the application for the insurance which he filled in for the policyholder.

In another automobile insurance case which went to the Alberta Court of Appeal, the lawyer for the insurance company, after his address to the jury in an action against the insured, learned for the first time of a bill of sale on the insured's automobile given during the currency of the policy without notice to the insurance company. But pending instructions from the insurance company, the lawyer continued to represent the insured at the trial and in another action against the insured arising out of the same accident.

Later on, after receiving instructions from the insurance company, the lawyer withdrew from both cases. It was held that the action of the lawyer did not amount to an election to continue to represent the insured, and that the insurance company was relieved of liability owing to a breach of the statutory condition. It was also held that authority to relieve from forfeiture given by the Alberta Judicature Act did not apply to a breach of a statutory condition in an insurance policy.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Will you please give us a report on the Franklin Insurance Co. of Philadelphia, as to whether they are a safe company to insure with.

—M. F. L., Port Arthur, Ont.

The Franklin Fire Insurance Company of Philadelphia, with Canadian head office at Montreal, is an old-established and sound American company, having been in business since 1829. It is affiliated with the Home Insurance Company of New York and is under the same management and control. It has been operating in Canada under Dominion registry since 1922, is regularly licensed here, and maintains a deposit with the government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively. All claims are readily collectable and the company is safe to insure with.

At the end of 1941 its total assets in Canada were $236,162, while its liabilities in this country were nil, all business being reinsured with the Home of New York. Its total assets were $21,147,611; total liabilities except capital, $11,253,387; surplus as regards policyholders, $9,894,224; cash capital, $3,000,000; net surplus over capital, unearned premium reserve and all liabilities, $6,894,224.

G. WALTER BROWN has been appointed Vice-President of Bristol-Myers Company of Canada Limited, Montreal, makers of Ipana Tooth Paste, Sal Hepatica, Mum, Vitalis, Ingram's Shaving Cream, etc. The appointment became effective December 1.

For fourteen years Mr. Brown was an executive of Ronalds Advertising Agency Limited, in Windsor, Toronto and Montreal. He became a director and partner in 1937. Prior to joining the Ronalds Advertising Agency he was Assistant Advertising Manager of Ford Motor Company of Canada Limited.

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Recharging British Industry

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

> **Britain has done much to mobilize her industry for war, but no one could pretend, says Mr. Layton, that the process has gone according to a well-conceived and coherent plan. Now, the new plans of the Minister of Production are bringing to light deficiencies in the apparatus on which the new plans must depend for efficacy.**

London.

IT IS A LONG time since the British Government, amid the applause of the people, took powers to move men, machinery and managements about as it wished and the war dictated, but still a program such as that lately indicated by Mr. Lyttelton can create a certain wonder at its boldness, and provoke argument as to its chances of success. The authorities have themselves to blame that their barks are received with the mental reservation that their bites will probably be much less impressive.

No one knowing what has been done in the industrial sphere would suggest that there had not been a great mobilization, a great weeding-out of the inessential and a great expansion of the essential. But no one could pretend that this process had gone according to a well-conceived and coherent plan. There is the case of coal, where nothing was done except in the wrong direction. There was the case of aircraft production, where Lord Beaverbrook was allowed to act the buccaneer, pirating on other production departments, and where the authorities seemed not to see the plain implication, that if such a policy was necessary then something was lacking in the general scheme for war production. There is the case of shipbuilding, which an extraordinary myopia allowed to lurch along with anachronistic leisureliness until dire peril gave its spur to action.

Unevenness in war production is indeed a necessity, for the needs of war change and the emphasis of production must change with them. But such variations should be acts of deliberate policy, rendered possible of implementation because of a basic elasticity in the general plan, and to make a virtue of them when they proceed from lack of forethought and design is to misunderstand the need.

Deficiencies

Now, the new plans of the Minister of Production bring to light deficiencies in the apparatus on which the plans must depend, for their efficacy. Mr. Lyttelton, on the evidence afforded by a total survey of war industry, is preparing to move labor and firms from "congested" to less congested areas, and to regroup firms, or prevent their acceptance of further contracts, or to rearrange their activities. He intends to reshape part of the industrial set-up and to recharge the whole of it, so that new impetus, which cannot be provided in any measure by additions of labor, will be given to war output by heightened efficiency. It is a plan deserving of commendation; it applies to the national sphere the sound and energetic policy on which large private industry has worked on the past in its own smaller realm.

The grand decision is taken by the Government, but the multitude of smaller decisions which will decide the success or otherwise of the scheme—and success is largely a matter of time—are in other hands. Notably in the hands of the regional production boards. These boards have been working for a considerable time, and their powers are large. Their performance, by common consent, has been lamentably inadequate.

Their job is to organize production, and their special province is with sub-contracting, in which their responsibility is to secure a general acceleration of production by levelling the "loads" borne by different production units and areas. It was understood that they should work in such a way as to cause the minimum of interference with manufacturers, but they have taken this injunction, apparently, more seriously than the prior order to do their job. It is reported on the best authority that the extent to which they have not "interfered" is disconcerting, and the extent to which they have organized pitiable.

Why this is so it is hard to understand, for there are more than fifty regional and district capacity offices, and together they could control production with the ruthlessness almost of a Nazi gentleman. It seems that they have been granted only grudging and infrequent co-operation from other departments, and that the lack of publicity concerning them has been so grievous that even within their own areas the makers of the machines of war have been virtually unaware that they existed.

It is part of the Lyttelton scheme that the regional organizations shall be expanded, and it is also obvious, from the statement that full use will be made of the local knowledge of the boards, that measures will be taken to revitalize them. Perhaps it will be necessary for Mr. Lyttelton to inform them personally that they have, within their areas, the same powers and duties as he has himself on the national scale.

The problem must be dealt with quickly, or the fine planning of the Minister of Production may prove abortive. The executioners of the program can only be the regional boards, for only they are vested with the authority and the knowledge to contribute towards industry's new charter and its individual clauses.

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Company Reports

BANK OF MONTREAL

WITH deposits passing the billion dollar mark for the first time in its history of a century and a quarter, and with assets at an all-time high, the Bank of Montreal in its annual report, presents an impressive war-time record. Increased holdings of government and other bonds are a direct reflection of participation in the government's financing of the national effort, while loans to business and industry have been reduced. The ratio of quickly available assets substantially increased, as the bank's strong position was well maintained. Extended banking operations resulted in a moderate expansion of earnings, but higher taxes paid into the federal treasury brought about a sizable reduction in net profits.

The total of assets as at the end of the fiscal year October 31 was $1,175,319,231, showing an increase of $128,767,752 over the preceding year. The bank's strong position was further shown in the total of quickly available assets, which at $896,935,228, equal 81.65 per cent of all liabilities to the public.

The bank's record deposits at $1,064,645,439, showed an increase, compared with the preceding year, of $136,257,550.

That the large available funds were employed extensively in meeting the war-time needs of the federal government is indicated in the fact that holdings of government and other bonds increased by $185,094,854—from $498,740,536 to $683,835,390. At the same time commercial and other loans in Canada were reduced from $254,427,218 to $205,232,367 and loans outside Canada from $21,271,754 to $16,121,869. The reduction of commercial loans may be taken as an indication of the curtailment of financial requirements of industry, engaged to a large extent in war production and now being financed by the government. The small current public interest in stock trading is seen in a further decline in call loans in Canada to $1,920,538 from $4,472,437. Call loans elsewhere were reduced to $14,289,715 from $15,569,284.

Profits for the year, after deduction of Dominion Government taxes, at $3,283,018 showed a reduction of $154,008 and compared with $3,437,026 of the preceding year. The federal taxes increased to $2,539,874 (of which $72,360 is refundable under the provisions of The Excess Profits Tax Act) from $2,242,905 in the previous year, this increase being substantially greater than the decline in profits shown. The profits represent 4.31 per cent on the shareholders' equity as compared with 4.51 per cent shown a year ago.

Dividend payments of $2,700,000 were less by $180,000 than in the previous year. After the usual appropriation for bank premises, the balance to be carried forward was $83,018, which increased the surplus of profit and loss to $1,236,686.

$1,515,315
Dividends returned to policyholders in 1941

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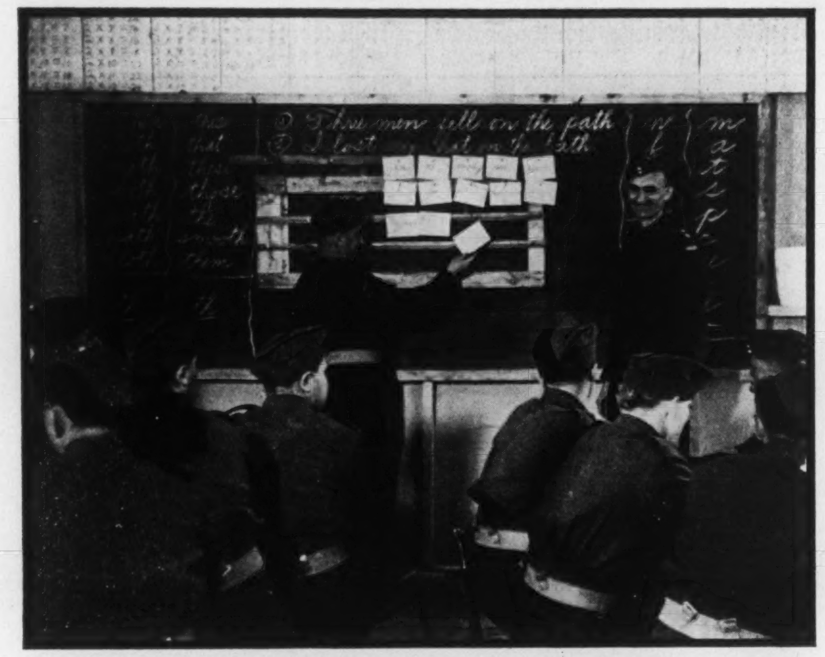
AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

How Illiterates in Canada's Army Are Redeemed

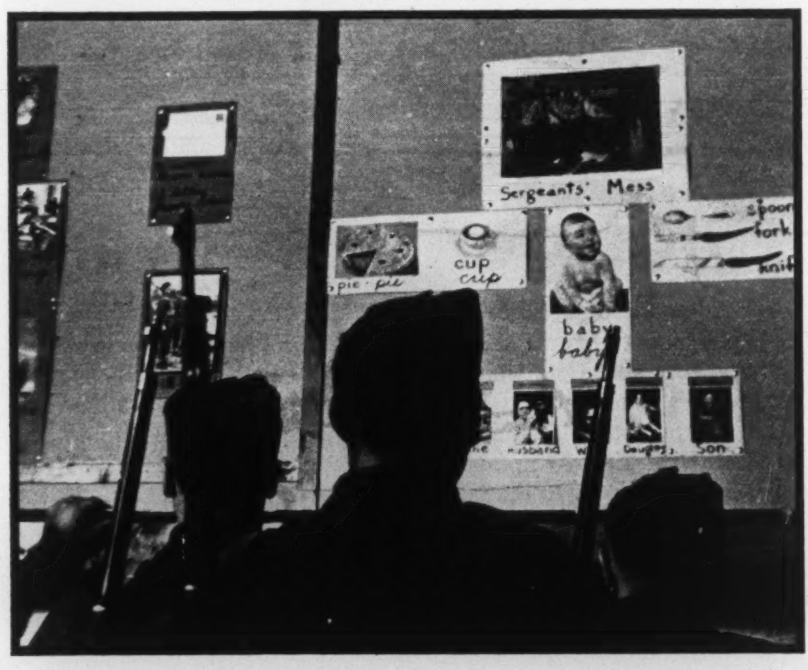
BY FRANCIS FLAHERTY

A startling discovery of this wartime is that thousands of men who join Canada's army are virtually illiterate. Incredible as it seems, there are men who have never heard of Hitler and do not know what country is south of Canada!

How these men are given the knowledge which modern soldiering requires and which also will equip them to be better citizens afterwards is told here.


Three men fell on the path
I lost my hat on the path

At the Canadian Army Educational Centre, North Bay, where men, many of whom are completely illiterate, receive the elementary education that enables them to discharge their duties as soldiers of the modern army in which the private as well as the officer must be able to read maps and orders and study written manuals. In this photo, instructor uses a pack of cards with a printed word on one side and the handwritten word on the other to teach recognition. Below, another view of the classroom . . .



. . . shows it to be decorated with illustrations and explanatory words so the men may pick up additional knowledge between teaching periods.

At the Educational Centre, learning is not confined to the classroom. All around the camp are signs telling of activities taking place at particular points. The one here marks the start of the assault course.

STRANGE things happen in war and perhaps one of the strangest, so far as Canada is concerned, is that it was left for the Army to bring to light hitherto unsuspected blank spots in what most Canadians believed was a universal system of free, compulsory primary education. Stranger still, perhaps, is the fact that the Army, not ordinarily credited with too much inventiveness or imagination, has found a solution to a problem which escaped the country's educationists.

Mobilization brought to light the fact that hundreds and thousands of Canadians gifted with normal and even superior intelligence are illiterate for practical purposes. They are unable to read enough to supplement oral instruction with the study of simple books of instruction, unable to read newspapers or street signs, completely unaware of the social organization of the world in which they live.

In earlier wars the military authorities did not worry much about the illiteracy or literacy of the private soldier. Illiteracy is a problem to the modern army because the private soldier has to be able to read maps, read orders and study written manuals. When Canadian training centres began accumulating groups of men who, while physically fit and able to pass intelligence tests, were unable to absorb their basic training the Army was faced with the problem of either discharging them and thereby losing a lot of men or repairing the gaps in their educational equipment.

The educational training centre was the expedient hit upon after getting the advice of some leading psychologists and educationists. It is proving a success as men who are completely illiterate when they enter it leave with a working proficiency. They spend four months at the centre and in that time get their basic army training, ordinarily obtained in two months, plus an elementary education.

Two such centres are now functioning, one for French-speaking soldiers at Joliette, Que., and the other for English-speaking at North Bay. The French-speaking centre was an offshoot of the original bilingual centre at North Bay when it was found the experiment worked and more men required educational conditioning than could be accommodated at North Bay.

The Ultimate Value

While the Army is primarily concerned with making soldiers the ultimate social value of this venture will undoubtedly be of more consequence than the military value. To begin with thousands of men will be more useful citizens after their military service is over. Then if the civil authorities have the vision to profit by the army's experiment great things can be done in the field of adult education. For every man the Army discovers with educational deficiencies there are probably two women somewhere and for every man who gets into the army in that condition there is probably one man who remains a civilian.

The education of adult civilians may not be as easy as the education of soldiers because the soldier is brought sharply face to face with his own deficiencies. When he sees that he can not do the things other men can do he realizes he has missed something and, under sympathetic teaching, is willing to work to catch up. Had he remained a civilian he might never have realized his handicap. Yet the fact that the Army's educational training centres turn out several hundred men each month with the equivalent of a public school education where they had none before points to the possibility of lifting the fog of ignorance from the minds of many thousands of Canadians.

An examination of the case histories of the individual soldiers who pass through the North Bay training centre provides no suggestion of a sure way of seeing that every child gets an education. It does point to some ways of lessening the number who reach adult years without schooling. For instance, it shows the danger of allowing education to lag under adverse economic conditions. A significantly large number of the men were 12 years old during the depths of the depression. They were unable to go to school because they were needed to help on the farm or in the woods, because they lacked clothes or because the local school was closed when the community was unable to pay the teacher, something which happened more often in the drought area of the prairie provinces than elsewhere.

Training is Sympathetic

From a strictly educational point of view the importance of giving sympathetic attention to the retarded pupil is a lesson driven home by every phase of the Army's educational program. Many of the soldiers who missed an education in childhood did so because they were too big for the classes in which they were placed. After missing a few years from school they got a chance but did not like being in class with small children. They were the butt of jokes because of their age and size and gave up.

A staff of highly trained and experienced teachers has been organized for the North Bay training centre under the direction of Maj. G. W. Macklin who is the chief educational officer and who was principal of the High Park Forest School in Toronto. The men coming to the centre are carefully tested for both literacy and intelligence. The least literate and the least intelligent are grouped together and each class room contains men of approximately the same level of intelligence and literacy.

In such classes there are no outstanding bright boys and no dubs. Embarrassment and reserve is gradually broken down. A visitor can not escape being amazed at the lack of self-consciousness displayed by these groups of grown men going through their lessons, learning to spell "Cat," arranging simple sentences with words written on cards, doing little sums in arithmetic. One of the rules of the classrooms is that no pupil is stepped on for a wrong answer. The men have been stepped on so much that they hesitate to give any answers at all. So they are encouraged to speak up, right or wrong. If the teacher gets a wrong answer from one pupil he takes no notice, passes on to another until he gets the right answer.

Most men come to the centre with badly shattered morale. They have been disappointed in the Army. They got nowhere with their training. As the dubs of the training centres they were the butts of the wit and profanity of drill sergeants and instructors. They received more than their share of fatigue duties. They were well on their way to desertion or discharge under the heading of "not likely to become an efficient soldier."

Lieut.-Col. Murray Muir, commandant of the centre, looks upon the rebuilding of the trainee's morale as the first step towards success in his education. So he sees that the men get spruced up in appearance as soon as they arrive, get new uniforms if necessary, and get a general clean-up. Strict military discipline prevails throughout but the atmosphere in the class rooms is easy and informal. The operation of the morale-building process is evident in a comparison of the bearing of a newly entered squad and a graduation squad on the parade ground. After their stretch at the centre the men march with the confident bearing which comes from pride in themselves as well as from drill of which most of them had lots before they came.

All the educational courses are closely related to military subjects. The English lessons emphasize military terms and expressions. Arithmetic is taught in lessons which use military terms. The social studies course is designed to give the men a picture of the world in which they live and explain the reason they are called upon to fight.

The depth of the ignorance displayed by many of the trainees about the world and its peoples is even more startling than their inability to read and write. Many have never heard of Hitler. Many do not know what country is south of Canada. Most have little or no understanding of who our enemies and allies are and of what the war is about.

Yet These Men Vote!

Yet had the Army not found these men out and attempted to repair their deficiencies they would go through their lives voting when election time came around and having their say about public issues of which they knew nothing.

The Army's social studies course makes no attempt to impart any philosophy of government or of social organization. It steers strictly clear of controversial subjects and ideology and attempts only to give an objective picture of the social organization of mankind, starting with the community and advancing through the province, the nation, the continents, the Empire, the enemy nations and the allied nations. Its object is merely to make a man a better soldier by teaching him who he is fighting against, who he is fighting with, what the enemy wants to do, what means he has and what means we have to prevent him from achieving his objective of world conquest.

If an attempt were made to educate a similar group of people for citizenship it would seem desirable, even at the risk of running into disputes, to make some attempt to explain democracy and its workings as compared to other systems, to go more deeply into the rights of the individual and the individual's responsibility to society.

Lieut.-Col. Murray Muir, commanda
of the North Bay Educational Centr